★ Jan. 28, 1956

THE NEW YORKER

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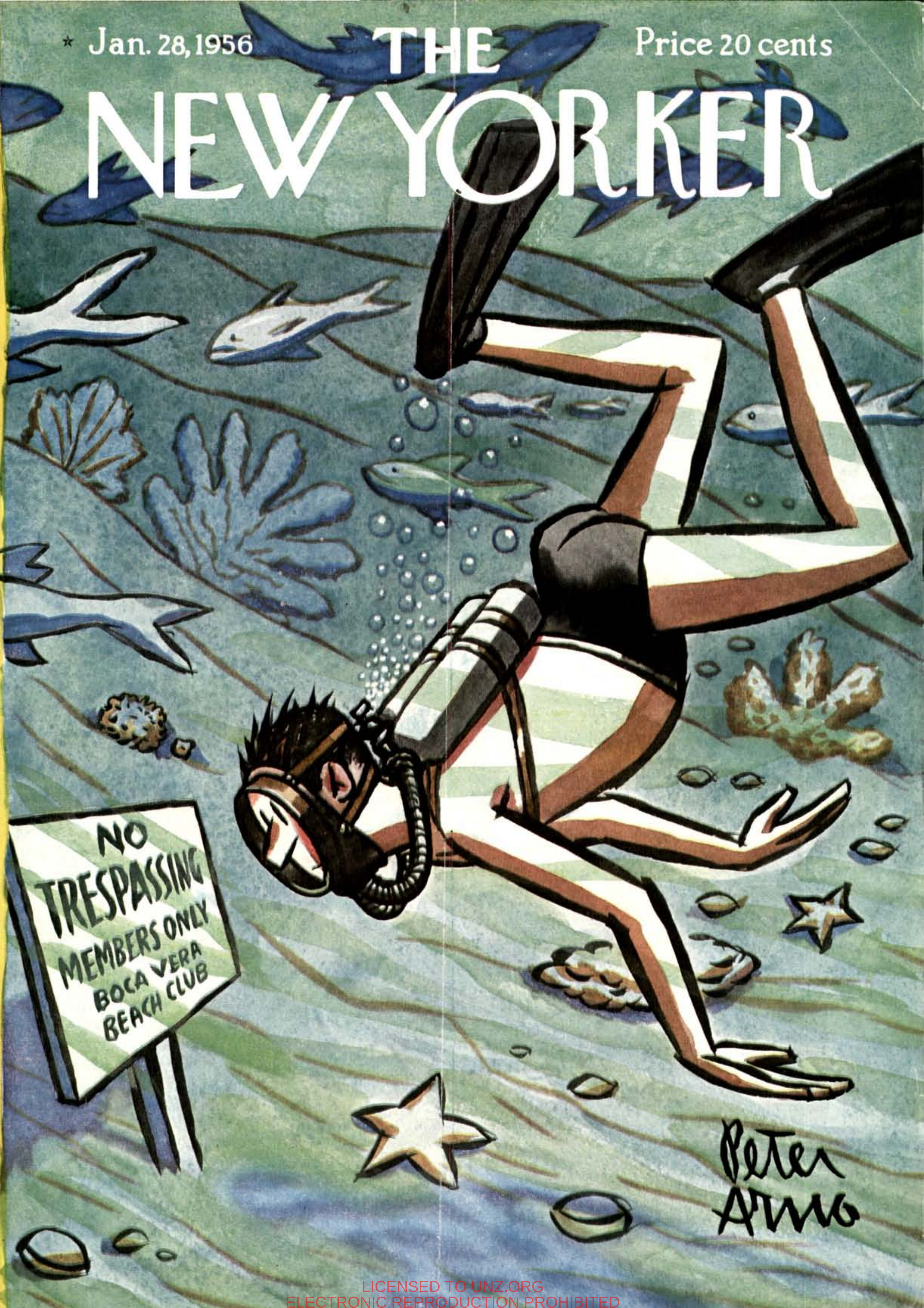
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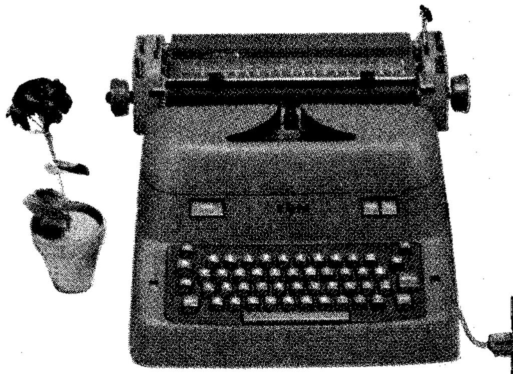

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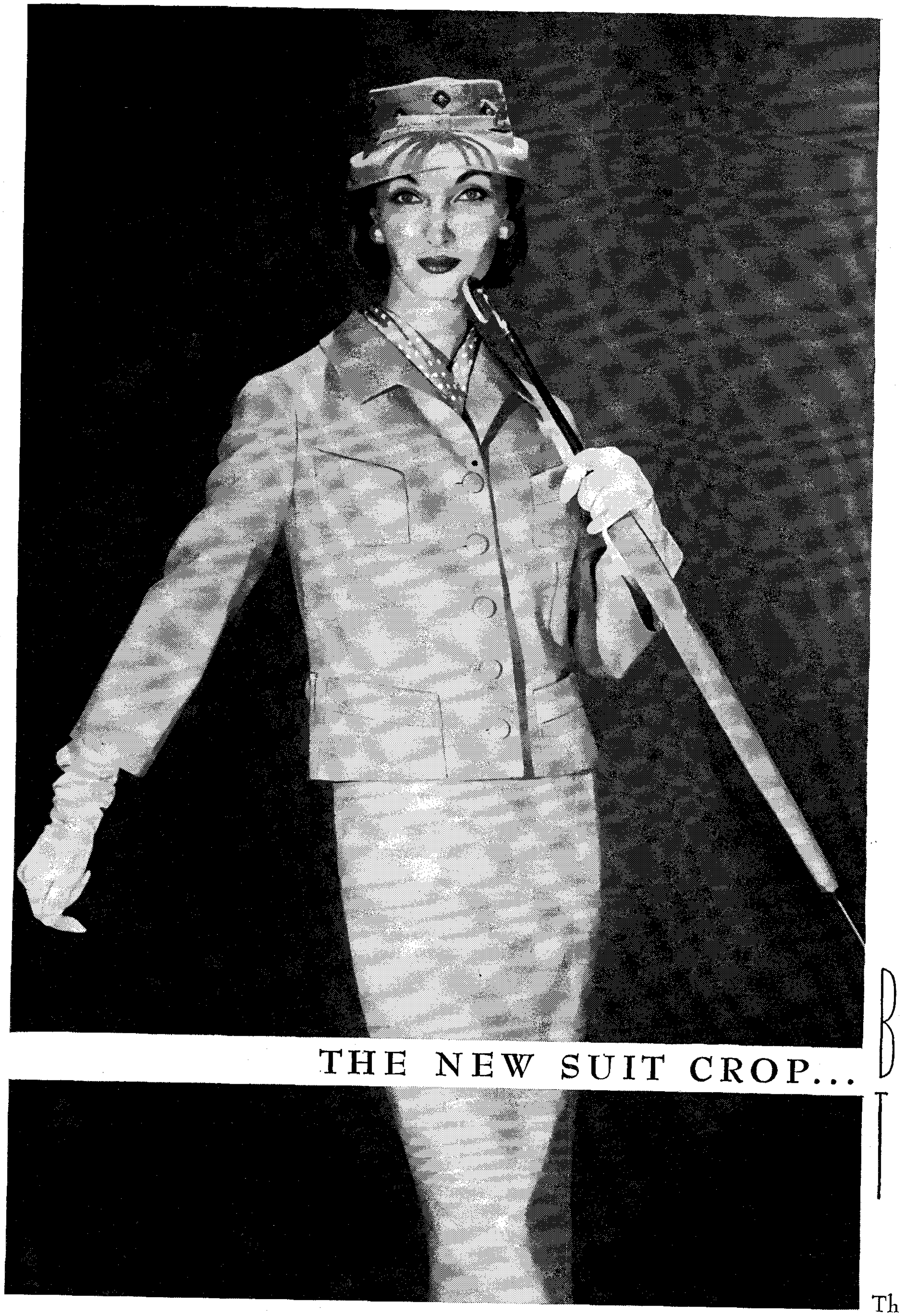

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Chalk Garden—Enid Bagnold's comedy about an extremely peculiar British household may be just the thing for admirers of writers like Evelyn Waugh and Ivy Compton-Burnett. Gladys Cooper heads an accomplished cast that includes Betsy von Furstenberg, Siobhan McKenna, and Percy Waram. Cecil Beaton designed the set and costumes. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 29.)

The Desk Set—Shirley Booth, who can do practically everything in the theatre, is disarmingly funny in William Marchant's rather routine comedy about a woman who outthinks an electronic brain. With Dorothy Blackburn, Frank Milan, Byron Sanders, and Elizabeth Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—This sensitive dramatization of the record left by a young victim of the Nazis is very moving, and the production is superb. Young Susan Strasberg scores a triumph in her first Broadway appearance, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber are splendid in other leading roles in Frances Goodrich's and Albert Hackett's play. Garson Kanin's direction and Boris Aronson's set are also of enormous assistance. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fallen Angels—Nancy Walker's ferociously inspired performance gives this revival of Noel Coward's 1925 comedy a much-needed lift. She is assisted by Margaret Phillips, Alice Pearce, William Windom, William LeMassena, and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Great Sebastians—There isn't much substance to this Lindsay-Crouse comedy melodrama about the ups and downs of a mind-reading team of democratic persuasion in modern Czechoslovakia, but Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne make it quite tolerable. Ben Astar, Simon Oakland, and Eugenia Rawls are included in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hatful of Rain—Although Michael V. Gazzo's play about a young drug addict and his heroic wife is occasionally flat and inexpert, Ben Gazzara and Shelley Winters are very good in the leading roles. With Frank Silvera, Anthony Franciosa, and Henry Silva. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Janus—Carolyn Green's comedy about the influence of adultery on tax returns is a flimsy affair, but Margaret Sullavan is captivating, and Robert Preston and Claude Dauphin give her commendable support. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Lark—Joan of Arc again, this time in Lillian Hellman's adaptation of a play by Jean Anouilh. In the central role, Julie Harris is fascinating in combining businesslike efficiency with charming wistfulness. Boris Karloff, Christopher Plummer, Theodore Bikel, and Joseph Wiseman are also on hand, and very helpful. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Matchmaker—Ruth Gordon is wonderfully comic in Thornton Wilder's fine period farce about a woman who arranges a marriage to her own satisfaction. Loring Smith and Eileen Herlie do nobly with co-starring roles, and there are also nice performances by Arthur Hill, Rosamund Greenwood, and Patrick McAlinney. Directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

No Time for Sergeants—Ira Levin's stage version of Mac Hyman's novel about a draftee whose kindness almost kills the Army is probably the funniest thing you will see this year. Andy Griffith is a delight as the hillbilly hero, and so are Myron McCormick and Roddy McDowall in subsidiary roles. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Righteous Are Bold—A galvanic performance by Irene Hayes adds a lot to Frank Carney's drama about an Irish girl in close touch with the beyond, and Denis O'Dea is notable as an understanding priest, but the play, by and large, is fairly simple-minded. (Holiday, Broadway at 47th St. CI 5-5530. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tamburlaine the Great—Although Christopher Marlowe's savage and bloody tragedy is queer and shapeless by modern standards, this performance is certainly a magnificent spectacle. The cast, drawn from the Festival Company of Stratford, Canada, has been brilliantly directed by Tyrone Guthrie. Anthony Quayle is tremendous in the title role. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, March 10.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Tiger at the Gates—Jean Giraudoux's play, translated by Christopher Fry, uses a variation of the Trojan legend to achieve an eloquent and scintillating satire on warmongers. Michael Redgrave is superlative in the leading role, and the rest of the admirable cast includes Barbara Jefford, Leueen MacGrath, Diane Cilento, Morris Carnovsky, and Catharine Lacey. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A View from the Bridge—Arthur Miller's waterfront tragedy is a shocking and compelling piece of work. The cast includes Van Heflin, Jack Warden, and Russell Collins, who also appear in a rather shapeless curtain-raiser called "A Memory of Two Mondays." (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 4.)

Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?—A kind of Faustian legend involving a worker in the Hollywood vineyard who sacrifices his soul for assorted emoluments, including a delectable blonde. The George Axelrod comedy wobbles between good fun and regrettable silliness. Orson Bean, Jayne Mansfield, Martin Gabel, and Walter Matthau head the cast. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**bus stop:** William Inge has marooned a lot of people in a luncheonette and let them talk about their emotional problems. Currently with Barbara Baxley, Kent Smith, Elaine Stritch, and Dick York. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 11.) . . . **cat on a hot tin roof:** A drama by Tennessee Williams concerning a tribe of powerful and self-tormented landowners in the South. Barbara Bel Geddes and Burl Ives have the leading roles. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **inherit the wind:** A rearrangement of the Scopes evolution trial, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the teahouse of the august moon:** John Patrick's comedy dealing with the Americanization of Okinawa, now with John Beal, Terence Kilburn, Paul Ford, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **witness for the prosecution:** A mystery melodrama by Agatha Christie, with Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, and Robin Craven featured in a cast of thirty. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Hot Corner—Sam Levene and Vicki Cummings in a comedy by Allen Boretz and Ruby Sully. Eleanore Saidenberg is the producer, Mr. Levene the director. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Time Limit!—A play by Henry Denker and Ralph Berkey, with Arthur Kennedy, Richard Kiley, Allyn McLerie, and Patricia Benoit. Presented by the Theatre Guild and staged by Windsor Lewis. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Damn Yankees—George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel

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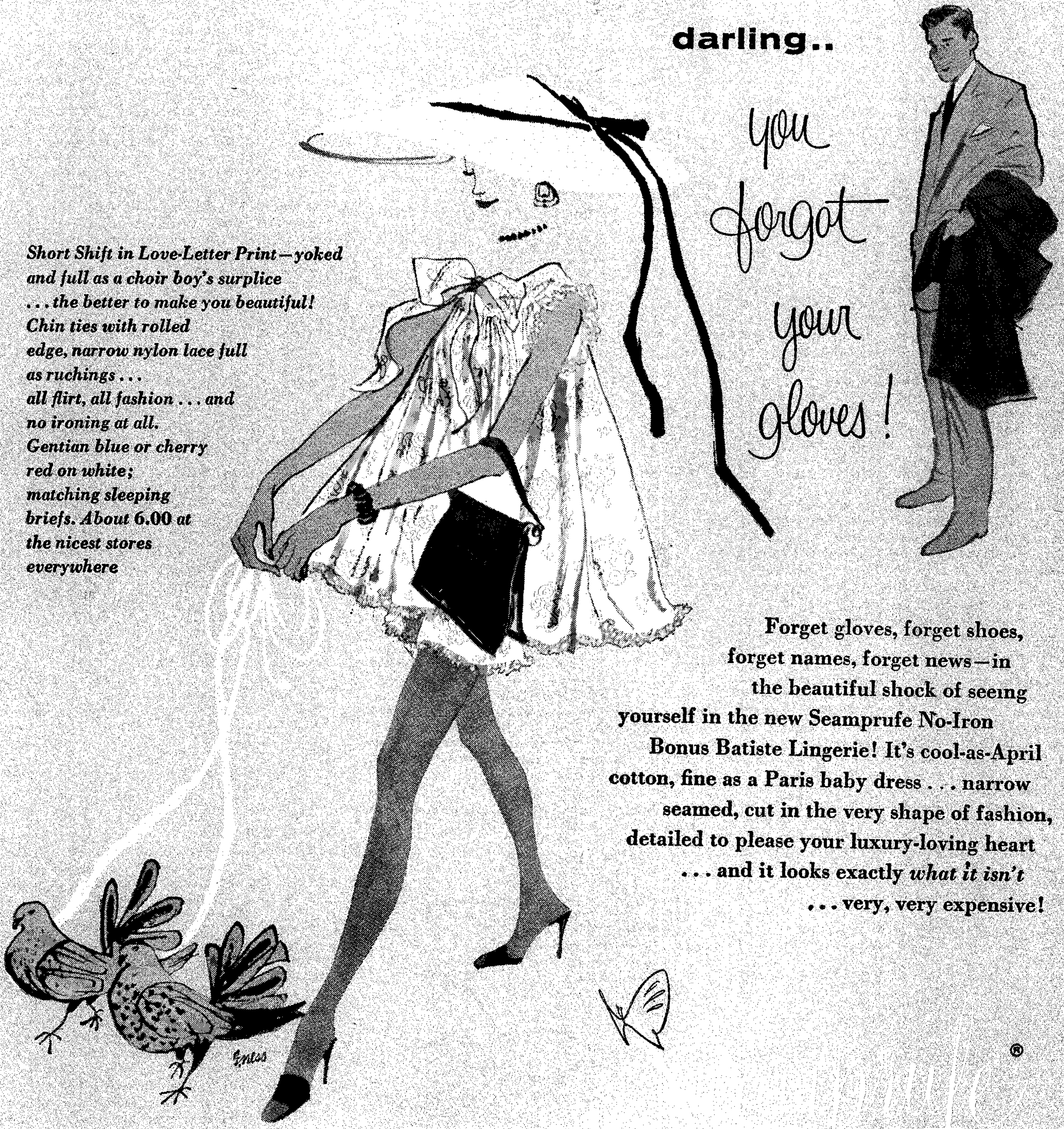
They'll adore you with the doves, but darling..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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant" is very comic, and the music and lyrics, by Richard Adler and the late Jerry Ross, are very agreeable, too. Gwen Verdon is most stimulating as a lady from Hell, Ray Walston is fine as her sinister boss, and Stephen Douglass does well as her reluctant mortal admirer. Moreover, the gentlemen of the chorus, miraculously, look as if they actually know how to play baseball. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pipe Dream—Oscar Hammerstein II hasn't been able to do much with the Steinbeck novel "Sweet Thursday," from which this musical was adapted, but the songs, on which he collaborated with Richard Rodgers, are often up to the old standard. The capable cast is headed by Helen Traubel, William Johnson, and Judy Tyler. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fanny:** A big plot-and-character musical show based, a little obscurely, on the doings of some poor but tuneful folk in Marseille, two of whom are Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)... **the pajama game:** Love and labor relations in a pajama factory. In the cast are John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Helen Gallagher, and Julie Wilson. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **plain and fancy:** An account of manners and morals among the Pennsylvania Dutch, with Barbara Cook, David Daniels, Evelyn Page, and Eric Fleming. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **silk stockings:** A musical interpretation of "Ninotchka," with songs by Cole Porter. Hildegarde Neff and Don Ameche are in evidence most of the time. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Theatre Company—Orson Welles' conception of the mad monarch in "King Lear" may be open to some question, but at least it is like nothing you've ever seen before. With Viveca Lindfors, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and John Colicos. Mr. Welles directed. Closes Sunday, Jan. 29.... ¶ Marcel Marceau, the French pantomimist, will appear as the second presentation in a series of three. Preview Tuesday, Jan. 31. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 1, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 12. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Through Sunday, Jan. 29: "Lucia di Lammermoor."... ¶ Starting Friday, Feb. 3: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Circle in the Square—A revival of "The Cradle Song," by Gregorio and María Martínez Sierra, in an English translation by John Garrett Underhill. José Quintero is the director, and Lola D'Annunzio and Betty Miller have the leading roles. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Fourth Street Theatre—Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," with Franchot Tone, Signe Hasso, George Voskovec, and Clarence Derwent. Produced and directed by David Ross. Previews through Sunday, Jan. 29. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 31. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, except Jan. 28, and Sundays at 2:40.)

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Phoenix Theatre—A rather broad rendering of Pirandello's fantastic comedy "Six Characters in Search of an Author" that loses much of the point of the original but is still probably worth your attention. Tyrone Guthrie has directed a cast that includes Natalie Schafer, Francis Bethencourt, Whitfield Connor, Michaël Wager, and Betty Lou Holland. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Feb. 5.)

President Theatre—"Third Person," a play by Andrew Rosenthal, with Louise Allbritton at the head of a cast directed by Bill Butler. (President Theatre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—A Gilbert and Sullivan repertory, presented by the Light Opera Theatre. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 26-29: "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury." ... ¶ Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 2-5: "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40. Through Sunday, Feb. 12.)

Shakespearewrights—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," directed by Norman Peck. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. The cast is headed by Lotte Lenya and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Hollywood Ice Revue—Gundi Busch, Andra McLaughlin, Margie Lee, and Freddie Trenkler head a company of two hundred whirling through "Cinderella" and a batch of other production numbers. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Sunday at 7 and every other evening at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Monday, Jan. 30.)

Yugoslav National Folk Ballet—The first appearance in America by this group, which comprises forty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—At the **grace rainey rogers auditorium**, Metropolitan Museum: "The Magic Flute," Friday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.... ¶ "Rumpelstiltskin" and "The Nutcracker Suite," Saturday, Jan. 28, at 3, a performance primarily for children. (Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Call TR 9-5512 Thursday and Friday, 9 to 5.)... **brooklyn academy of music:** "Rumpelstiltskin" and "The Nutcracker Suite," Saturday, Feb. 4, at 3, a performance primarily for children.... ¶ "The Magic Flute," Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club (jewels by Cartier, gowns by Dior) has dinner music until ten, then dance music by the veteran Chauncey Gray's first-string band and a rumba group. Closed Mondays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The lounge "under the clock" is a cocktail-hour anchorage for commuters, commuters' wives, commuters' children, commuters' children's dates, and just plain New Yorkers. The accompaniment is a series of cadenzas on the harp of James Kirk every day but Sunday. Mondays through Fridays, he also plays from seven to nine in the Madison Room. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Still a favorite watering place for people who would rather watch each other than study a floor show. Charles Holden's orchestra and Don Alfredo's rumba band never pause for breath.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Hildegarde is involving the ringsiders of the Cotillion Room in her little dramas of unreal life. She chants, too, in her celebrated teasing voice, and plays piano in her finishing-school manner. She lets go at both dinner and supper, except Sundays, when she sings only for her dinner, and Mondays, when the room is closed. Stanley Melba's band and a trio set the pace for any dancers. On Tuesday, Jan. 31, Denise Darcel, an extrovert student of show business, will take possession of the piano, the stage, and the ringsiders.... ¶ In the Café Pierre, there's dancing every day from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is generally Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Ted Straeter's combination of orchestra and glee club issues its perpetual and irresistible invitation to the dance, and Mark Monte's music-makers help out now and then. At dinner and supper, there are the songs of the beautiful Polly Bergen, a beguiling child of nature despite her occasional lapses into melodrama. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Dining in state is still the order of the evening in the grand old Rendez-Vous Room, where the dreamy dance music of Maximillian Bergere's and Walter Scott's flocks starts at eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's musicians make appropriate sounds at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.... ¶ In the Edwardian Room, the LeFleur group does a reprise at the dinner hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo, his brothers, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts are producing music to dance to in the Grill, which is closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The halls of Montezuma had nothing on the sumptuous Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's bouncy little bands are in non-stop attendance. After the theatre, Julie Wilson, *une poupée vivante, respirante,* is having a high old suppertime here—not much voice, but lots of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in her stanzas. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—All week long in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra ministers to anyone in a mood for motion.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Tex Beneke's orchestra, which provides a fine, solid beat, takes care of the dancing in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Sometimes it looks like the dress rehearsal of a big Broadway musical; sometimes it looks like the finale of a five-day convention. Dancing in an alcove.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The new revue that punctuates dinner and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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supper purports to be another Arabian Nights, but its problems (male vs. female, show business, and the like) have a curiously contemporary ring. The brightest moments are Larry Daniels, a persuasive talker, and Neile Adams, a singer and dancer animated largely by jet propulsion. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jane Froman, who appears at dinner and supper in the Empire Room, belongs to the old school of vocalism—a commanding presence and audibility. Armed with her best party dress, she breezes majestically through a program that contains only a couple of clinkers. The lapis-lazuli dance music of Nat Brandwynne's sonorous orchestra occupies the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In one estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, Daphne Hellman, a Marie Laurencin portrait come to life, strums her harp from six to eight; thereafter, Jozsi Ribari's group and a trio play for dancing until one. On Sunday, the only noise is dance music, from eight to twelve, by Mischa Borr's band.

Note—The Rainbow Room, an ark at the peak of the Mount Ararat known as Rockefeller Center, presents hushed non-dance tunes from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

WEYLIN ROOM, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): Otis Clements, a sociable young crew-cut, is now romping on the piano in the bar. He's in action from six to eight and from ten to one; Sunday is his sabbatical. It's just possible that the room will be closed after Tuesday, Jan. 31. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): In a *grand-luxe* stage set, Addison Bailey, who has a Texas accent but a New York repertoire, muses at the concert-grand piano during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when Paul Morse drops in. . . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Cocktail, dinner, and supper piano in the bar of a wine-with-each-course restaurant. The salient characteristic of the music is that it's made by Cy Walter, inventor and dean of the genre. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini's educated Spanish guitar alternately swoons and smolders from nine to one every night but Sunday in this hall of mirrors. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The most recent beach club set up by Louis Hawkins, pianist, newscaster, and Southern gentleman, may look very modern to frequenters of his earlier establishments, but the old spirit of "come on in, the water's fine" prevails. The host and Wayne Sanders take turns at the keyboard from six o'clock on. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins in a reasonable replica of their native habitat and indulging in native folkways, such as rose-in-the-teeth singing and dancing. The patrons may join in the latter sport from time to time. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): The dusk-to-dawn patrol is apt to use this place as a conference room. The piano background, partly upbeat and partly romantic, is supplied by Carl Norman from six on, and by Ralph Strain and Mr. N. after nine. At eleven-thirty, a light-fingered drummer arrives, to keep Mr. S. company until dawn. Mr. Norman does the whole job on Sundays. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): This European school of cookery is placid, jolly, and (from seven-thirty until the small hours) full of just the music you'd expect. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Old Hungarian specialties, such as goulash and the zimbalon, are served up in a manner that is all quite folksy, all quite amiable. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE VOUVRAY**, 132 E. 61st St. (TE 8-5383): William Adler, whose violin was long an ornament of Park Avenue, now patrols the small bar and dining room here. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after eight every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis is reviving the pet melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely song and piano, in an extremely relaxed youth hostel.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): They had floor shows like this in Pompeii, which has for some years been in ashes. They may not have had Billy Daniels, whose simultaneous rendering of Broadway folk music and impressions of St. Vitus have brought him a certain renown. He weighs anchor on Wednesday, Feb. 1. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Another survivor of the Pompeii-Nineveh-Tyre circuit. Its impact is softened by Jean Carroll, a slapstick humorist who just doesn't give a damn. She checks out on Wednesday, Feb. 1. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Carmen Amaya and her coryphees can now tell the folks back home in Spain that they have seen everything. Unaccustomed though you may be to ballet in such surroundings, the duenna of the Hispanic dance is worth a visit. Performances at dinner and supper every night, and a late late one Fridays and Saturdays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Martha Davis, laughing like crazy as she and her helpmeet, Calvin Ponder, riffle through their disconnected arias, rules this roost. Among the other guests of honor are Jill Corey, whose adroit trilling will mesmerize you if you don't watch out, and Jorie Remes, a pulsating *diseuse* with a lot of bones to pick. The Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard are the musical backdrop. . . . ¶ Except Saturday nights, a breakfast-with-the-Davis-family soirée is conducted in the lounge from two to four. The Lyons group joins in. There's cocktail and dinner piano there, too (if you're thinking of moving in for good), by Alex Fogarty the rest of the week. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Irwin Corey, the man who really wrote all Shakespeare's plays, is presenting his modern-undress version of them. A lady puma named Tobi Reynolds is dishing out some couplets right off the griddle, and the King Odom quartet are putting on a lively gospel meeting. As usual, the Norman Paris trio gives support above and beyond the call of duty. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Enid Mosier, a pepper pot from the West Indies, is explaining—in English, British, and patois—why you should go South, young man. She is flanked by three right-off-the-boat Trinidadian steel drummers. Lynn Taylor, a songbird of domestic origin, adds several happy grace notes. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A pair of Amazons who belong on almost everyone's list—Kaye Ballard, a wit who adds a fourth dimension to the meaning of *enfant terrible*, and Sylvia Syms, virtuoso of sad songs, glad songs, bad songs, mad songs. Tony and Eddie's vehement parodies of celebrities who should sing only in the bathtub are also audible. Jimmie Daniels (the ringmaster here), Tiger Haines, the Three Flames, and Bruce Kirby spend the evening getting into everybody else's act, and Hazel Webster, mayor of Eighth Street, operates the piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAMEO**, 139 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-5285): Julie London, a rider of the air waves, starts singing around nine-thirty with the aid of her loyal supporters, the Bobby Troup trio. They are on hand every night but Monday. The setting is satin-lined chophouse. On Thursday, Feb. 2, Frances Faye, a singer who doesn't get around town much any more, becomes the floor show. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DUPLEX**, 55 Grove St. (WA 4-2730): A nostalgic segment of San Francisco's casbah, painstakingly and neatly reproduced in Greenwich Village. The most interesting inhabitant is Lovey Powell, whose aloof little odes to amour have understandably made her the prize-winning singer of the Golden Gate's bright young people. There is also a fellow named Hal Holbrook, whose fancy it is to do readings from Mark Twain, and another, named Brooks Morton, who attends to the piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Mabel Mercer, whose way with a lyric has made her into a one-woman little theatre, arrives late in the evening at her comfortable new bower, but there's the proper sort of mood piano, by Sam Hamilton and Bob Printz, from cocktail time every evening until dawn. Miss Mercer vacations Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Mary Harmon, a wayward daffodil, brings to this Village green an airy but waspish sense of humor it has long lacked; Jeff Warren sings about passion as though he meant it; Bob Downey and Harold Fonville fool around at the twin pianos. Sundays, silly old silent movies replace Miss Harmon; Mondays, amateur nights replace Mr. Warren. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth Ave. at 51st. (CI 5-9465): A plain, unfancy advanced-study forum for pupils who are a bit ahead of their classmates. Two young women (Cynthia Gooding and Laura Mitchell) sing calmly of the sweet uses of love; two young men (Igor and H.) tilt at the windmills that fence our civilization in. Murray Grand is the head musician. Closed Sundays.

7TH AVE SUB
SUBWAY MAP
G.W.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most other places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The noisemakers provided by the management are all on the podium, not on the tables. They are, in no particular disorder, Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Walter Page, Pee Wee Russell, George Wettling, and Mr. Condon. Ted Roy does the interlude piano. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives show up, are often mass madness. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): This pine-panelled hunting lodge is now home for Dorothy Donegan's trio and Jonah Jones' quartet. Cocktail and dinner piano every day, too; Sunday nights, Jack Elliott's topnotch vanguardist trio is in charge. . . . **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): An easily accessible weekend resort. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, Erroll Garner's blithe trio and the Max Roach-Clifford Brown quintet, whose subtleties require careful study of the blueprints, will be in residence. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, Gerry Mulligan's sextet will proselytize for California's latter-day adventists, and Gene Krupa's quartet will be the thunder and lightning. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A hardy collection of veteran Villagers cook up a fairly hot time in their old home town. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jazz with the bark left on is played by Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, George Foster,

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EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Sonny White, all sticklers for tradition. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays.... **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Tal Farlow, who owns a trio and two of the cleverest hands ever laid on an electronic guitar, has just been joined by the modernist threesome of Barbara Carroll, a pretty picture indeed as she bends over her piano. The Farlows are absent on Sundays, the Carrolls on Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the eminent Juilliard pedagogue, delivers his piano études from six to around ten every evening but Saturday, and all night on Sunday and Monday.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Through Wednesday, Feb. 1, the artful voice of Jeri Southern, the subdued intricacies of Johnny Smith's foursome, and the antic music of the Australian Jazz Quartet. Next evening's arrivals will be the Terry Gibbs quartet, the Tony Aless-Seldon Powell sextet, and Beverly Kenny, who sings. Mondays, as usual, are guest nights.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, an influential member of the ladies' guild of pianists, is holding down the chair of modern piano inside the circular bar. She and her trio start at ten. Frannie Thorne, who is playing hooky from the Ivy League, gets to the keyboard at nine. No music Mondays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): A bumptious shooting gallery that is nevertheless suitable for family parties. A constant stream of musicians (among whom you are apt to see Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins) amble on and off the quarter-deck behind the bar from 7 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M., huffing and puffing like mad.... **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Musicians who stand with reluctant feet between Beale Street and Bartók talk over their problems here. The Jazz Messengers, with Art Blakey on drums, and the Dick Katz trio are commiserating with one another right now. Closed Tuesdays.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Duke Ellington and his boys in deep, deep blue will be moving out of this underground warehouse on Saturday, Jan. 28. Dancing.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): There's life in the old Grill yet, at least on weekends. Saturday, Jan. 28, there'll be a heated argument, from eight to two, between Bobby Hackett, Buck Clayton, Billy Butterfield, Coleman Hawkins, Bud Freeman, Vic Dickenson, Joe Marsala, Hank Duncan, Sonny Greer, Jimmy Rushing, and the Red Onion Jazz Band. For the session on Sunday, which will begin at five, Woody Herman's band will go in at fullback for the Onions. Dancing.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, this play pen will be populated by such incunabula as Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five, Pee Wee Erwin, Tony Parenti, Panama Francis, Dick Wellstood, Don Kirkpatrick, and Herb Fleming.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

OLIVER ANDREWS—Sculptures in steel, bronze, wood and lead, wire, copper, and so on, by a young Californian; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

EDMONDO BACCI AND SALVATORE—Paintings by the first and sculptures by the second—both Italians exhibiting for the first time in the United States; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

ERICH BUCHHOLZ—The first American showing of paintings by an artist, now in his sixties, who in his early days was one of the pioneer German abstractionists; through Feb. 11. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

RHYS CAPARN—Sculptures, bas-reliefs, and drawings by this American sculptress; through Feb. 6. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

JOSEPH CORNELL—Constructions dealing with the zodiac and with stars in the winter skies; through Feb. 11. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

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GUSTAVE COURBET—A loan exhibition of nineteen paintings, about half of which have not been publicly shown here before; through Feb. 11. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

LOUIS EILSHEMIUS—Oils and water colors, the majority of them on loan from private collections and the earliest one dated 1889, by this artist who died in 1941; through Feb. 18. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

FRANCES FIELD—Recent oils, pastels, and caseins; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Duveen-Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

SUE FULLER—String compositions, water colors, and collages of Japanese subjects; through Feb. 11. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—New abstract paintings, based for the most part on figures; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

ABRAHAM HARRITON—His first solo show in five years comprises portraits, landscapes, and marines; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

JAMES J. KEARNS—A first one-man showing by a young man who works with equal force in three mediums—painting, sculpture, and drawing; through Feb. 10. (Gallery G, 200 E. 59th St.)

GASTON LACHAISE—Sculptures in bronze, alabaster, and pewter, along with drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

LE CORBUSIER—Oils by the Swiss architect, painter, and writer, who for many years has lived in Paris; through Feb. 11. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

LEONID—Paintings of rice fields and shrimp-fishing along the coast of Europe, as well as views of the Maine coast, where the artist visited for the first time last summer; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

GEORGES MATHIEU—Paintings done in 1955 by this French abstractionist; through Feb. 11. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

HANS MOLLER—Recent oils and collages by a naturalized American, German by birth; through Feb. 11. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

ANTONIO MUSIC, GIORGIO MORANDI, AND MASSIMO CAMPIGLI—Oils, drawings, and gouaches by three contemporary Italians; through Feb. 11. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

PICASSO—Forty-nine pen-and-ink and six colored-crayon drawings, dated 1953-54, never before seen in the United States; through Feb. 11. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

GEORGE RÁTKAI—An American artist born in Hungary shows drawings and caseins (1954-55), most of them pictures of street musicians, serenaders, and such; through Feb. 11. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.)

KAY SAGE—Surrealistic paintings completed since her exhibit here four years ago; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

HYDE SOLOMON—Landscapes treated semiabstractly make up an exhibit of his 1955 oils; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

THEODOROS STAMOS—Oils on nature themes, painted between 1953 and 1955; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

STUYVESANT VAN VEEN—A salute to the vanishing Third Avenue "L," various aspects of which are depicted in gouache; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

VLAMINCK—A selection of his flower paintings, done between 1910 and 1952; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Schoneman, 63 E. 57th St.)

JOHN VON WICHT—Paintings in oil and wax on rice paper; through Feb. 11. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

ZAO-WOU-KI—Oils, water colors, and colored lithographs by the Chinese-born French abstractionist; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

WILLIAM ZORACH—Ten 1914-20 canvases serve as a background for sixteen sculptures, in bronze, wood, and stone, produced between 1918 and 1955; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

TREASURES OF THE MUSÉE JACQUEMART-ANDRÉ—Fifty paintings and sculptures by Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and French masters on loan from and for the benefit of this small but charming museum in Paris; through Feb. 18. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

CUBISM 1910-12—Thirty-two paintings, principally by French artists, among them Braque, Gris, and Picasso; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

SCULPTURES—Works executed during the past year by twenty-five American sculptors, including David Hare, Hugo Robus, and David Smith; through Thursday, Jan. 26. (Tanager, 90 E. 10th St. Weekdays, 1 to 6.)

AUDUBON ARTISTS—Their fourteenth annual contains oils, water colors, caseins, pastels, sculptures, prints, and drawings, totalling some four hundred works. The prize-winners include Eugene Higgins, Victor Candell, and Henry Rox; through Feb. 5. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

DRAWINGS—A retrospective of drawings, extending in time from early Persian and Indian to modern American and European artists (Mondrian, Klee, Mark Tobey, and others); through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

PRINTS—About sixty examples by fifteenth- to twentieth-century masters, from Pollaiuolo and Rembrandt to Picasso; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **MIDTOWN,** 17 E. 57th St.: William Thon, Dong Kingman, and Oronzio Maldarelli are among the artists who have paintings and sculptures in the gallery's twenty-fourth anniversary group show; through Saturday, Jan. 28.... **MILCH,** 55 E. 57th St.: Leon Kroll, Stephen Etnier, Sidney Lauffman, and other present-day painters; through Saturday, Feb. 4.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ART CENTER OF THE CONGRESS FOR JEWISH CULTURE,** 25 E. 78th St.: A painting or sculpture apiece by forty artists, among them Chagall, Chaim Gross, and Sigmund Menkes; through April 30. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) ... **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: To celebrate the opening of the gallery's new building, an exhibition of paintings and sculptures (mainly dating from 1938) by Americans and Europeans, including John Hultberg, Matisse, Klee, Karel Appel, Marino Marini, and Henry Moore, plus one Canadian, Paul-Emile Borduas; through Feb. 11.

FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—About thirty recently acquired oils, by such artists as Chagall, Picasso, and Soutine; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.—The third annual water-color exhibition, in which seventy artists are represented; Hugh Gumpel is winner of the first prize. Through Friday, Jan. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

COLLEGE ART—A continuing series. At the moment, the show is by faculty members of the University of Alabama, including Lawrence Calcagno and Thomas Scott, and consists of oils, water colors, colored wood blocks, and sculptures. Through Thursday, Jan. 26. (Forum, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

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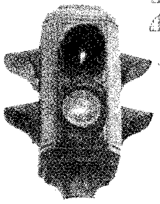

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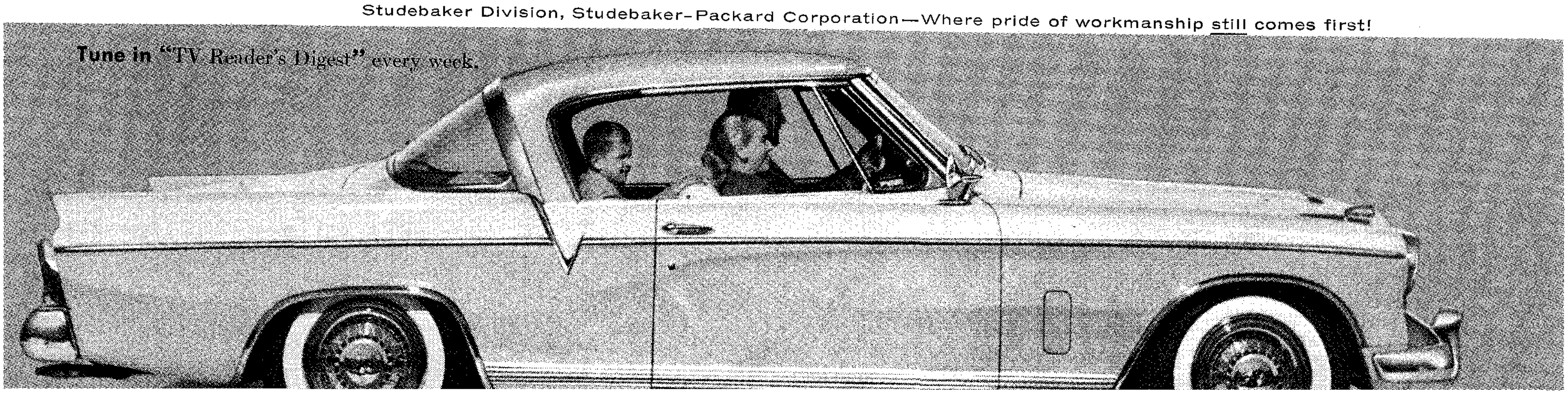

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Japan; through Feb. 25. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

Congo Sculptures—Art products from various Central African tribes; for instance, masks, cups, stools, ivory carvings and amulets, and statues. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **associated american artists**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Nicolai Cikovsky; starting Monday, Jan. 30. . . . **carstairs**, 11 E. 57th St.: Pierre Sicard; starting Monday, Jan. 30. . . . **de nagy**, 24 E. 67th St.: Helen Frankenthaler; starting Tuesday, Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: Group show; starting Tuesday, Jan. 31. . . . **duveen-graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Carl Holty; starting Wednesday, Feb. 1. . . . **kleemann**, 11 E. 68th St.: Willi Baumeister; starting Saturday, Feb. 4. . . . **midtown**, 17 E. 57th St.: Henry Koerner; starting Tuesday, Jan. 31. . . . **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Joseph Glasco; starting Monday, Jan. 30. . . . **weyhe**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Edward John Stevens; starting Saturday, Feb. 4. . . . **willard**, 23 W. 56th St.: Lyonel Feininger; starting Wednesday, Feb. 1.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Islamic and Indian Miniature Painting," an exhibition of recent Museum acquisitions and pieces on loan, all of them representative of eleventh- to eighteenth-century schools of painting in Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Turkey, and India; through Feb. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first major show in several years devoted to paintings, sculptures, and collages acquired by the Museum for its collection. Included in more than fifty items by artists from four continents are one of Monet's large water-lily paintings, Léger's "Three Musicians," and Noguchi's fourteen-foot-high ceramic sculpture, "Even the Centipede." Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ "Latin American Architecture Since 1945" comprises large-scale photomurals, plans, and three-dimensional color slides showing university cities, public-housing projects, a night club, churches, private houses, and the like; through Feb. 19. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The 1956 biennial exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and graphic arts by artists who live in Brooklyn or teach there, among them Reuben Tam, Adolph Gottlieb, and Nathaniel Kaz; through Feb. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Selection VI," composed of paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection, by Cézanne, Seurat, Bonnard, and other leading artists of the past seventy-five years, and including recent acquisitions (by Giacometti, Arp, and others) and several previously unexhibited paintings; through March 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Around twenty-five canvases by the modern American painter Nahum Tschacbasov (most of which have never been shown before) and also some of his stoneware and etchings, all done between 1942 and 1955; through Feb. 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of more than a hundred water colors, oils, and drawings by Charles Burchfield; through Feb. 26. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 26, at 7:45: "Lohengrin," with Eleanor Steber, Margaret Harshaw, Brian Sullivan, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Victoria de los Angeles, Nadine Conner, Mildred Miller, Martial Singher, and George London. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 1:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Albert Da Costa, Paul Schoeffler, Giorgio Tozzi, and Gerhard Pechner. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8:15: "Samson et Dalila," with Risë Stevens, Ramon Vinay, Clifford Harvuot, and Nicola Moscona. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 30, at 8: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Jean Fenn, Giuseppe Campora, and Ettore Bastianini. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 7:45: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Nell Rankin, Mildred Miller, Jerome Hines, Charles Kullman, and Giulio Gari. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Thelma Votipka, Jan Peerce, and Frank Valentino. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Zinka Milanov, Martha Lipton, Dolores Wilson, Mario Ortica, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 3, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Lily Pons, Jan Peerce, Ettore Bastianini, and Nicola Moscona. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 2: "Faust," with Dorothy Kirsten, Giuseppe Campora, Jerome Hines, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Victoria de los Angeles, Nadine Conner, Martial Singher, and George London.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 27, at 2:30 (both with Gina Bachauer, piano, and with Carlos Chávez conducting one of his own works); Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8:45 (a Mozart-Schumann program, with Giovanni Bagarotti, violin); Sunday, Jan. 29, at 2:30 (again with Gina Bachauer, piano, and with Carlos Chávez conducting one of his own works); and Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 3, at 2:30 (both with Michael Rabin, violin). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:45 (with Carl Sandburg, narrator).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Sir Thomas Beecham conducting an all-Mozart program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting a program presenting the 1955 winners of the Music Education League's concerto and vocal competitions. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 2:45.)

City Symphony Orchestra of New York—Franz Bibo conducting, with Bernard Nierow, piano. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Symphony of the Air—Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Sylvia Zaremba, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8:45.)

I Musici—Italian chamber orchestra, in the second of two concerts. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8:40.)

Collegiate Chorale—Ralph Hunter directing a program of German music. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Donald Gramm—Bass-baritone. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Kroll Quartet—With Artur Balsam, piano. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Erica Morini—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Mattiwilda Dobbs—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 8:40.)

New York Pro Musica Antiqua—A program of Italian baroque music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 8:40.)

Adolph Teichert—Harpsichord, with a string ensemble conducted by Alfred Mann. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Robert Schrade—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

Mozart Festival Quartet—The Albeneri Trio and Paul Doktor, viola. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Pete Seeger—Folk singer. (Society for Ethical Culture Auditorium, Central Park W. at

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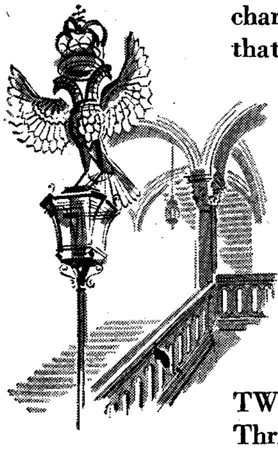

INTERIOR
PARADOR-UBEDA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

64th St. TR 4-5200. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Note—Ralph Kirkpatrick will give a harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 5, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 31, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—The Franklin D. Roosevelt Birthday Memorial Dinner Concert, Deems Taylor presiding, with Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society in a concert version of "Don Pasquale," and with Laurel Hurley, soprano; John Brownlee, baritone; Salvatore Baccaloni, bass; and Charles Anthony, tenor. A benefit for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. (Grand Ballroom, Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

Jazz Concert—Sarah Vaughan, Count Basie and his orchestra, Al Hibbler, Johnny Smith, Lester Young, Bud Powell, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Bob Baker vs. Tommy Jackson, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 3. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Skating—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships—Friday, Jan. 27, at 8 A.M.: School-figures competition; Women's and Men's Junior Singles, and Juveniles' Singles. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 27, at 5:30 P.M.: Free-skating competition in the classes listed above, and Mixed Pairs. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8 A.M.: School-figures competition; Women's and Men's Senior Singles, and Women's and Men's Novice Singles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 5:30 P.M.: Free-skating competition in the classes listed above, and Women's Pairs. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 29, at 9 A.M.: Veterans', Senior, and Junior dance competitions. (Iceland Rink, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. Tickets at the box office only, and only on the days of the events.)

Track Meets—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Feb. 3, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call MU 6-1456.) . . . ¶ Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 7:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY: Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Ruby Mercer, narrator, and dancers from the High School of Performing Arts. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 3.) . . . BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA: Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 3.)

Plays—By the JUNIOR THEATRE: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . ¶ "Little Men," Saturday, Feb. 4. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Afternoons at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . KING-COIT CHILDREN'S THEATRE: The last in a series of four performances of "Aucassin and Nicolete." (330 E. 56th St. MU 8-0166. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 5.)

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—"Rumpelstiltskin" and "The Nutcracker Suite." (Grace Rainey

Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Call TR 9-5512 Thursday and Friday, 9 to 5. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 3. . . . ¶ Same program; Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Twice Around the Sun," demonstrates the changes in the skies during 1955 and previews astronomical events for 1956. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium, starting at 8, take place every night except Monday.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until Feb. 7, when the Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene. In the meantime, there are still periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene Mondays *through* Fridays *at* 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—At the **grace rainey rogers auditorium,** Metropolitan Museum: Ogden Nash reading from his own poetry. (Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.) . . . **brooklyn academy of music:** A group of actors, sponsored by Peggy Wood, reading Shaw's "The Man of Destiny" and Alfred Sutro's "A Marriage Has Been Arranged." (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8:15.) . . . **kaufmann auditorium,** Y.M.H.A.: Katherine Anne Porter reading from her as yet unpublished short story "Hacienda." (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8:40.)

Earth, Sky, and Stars—An exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, books, and maps dealing with astronomy, astrology, and geography in the Middle Ages; through March 3. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Benjamin Franklin—Two exhibitions in honor of the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of his birth—At the **morgan library:** Included are notes from Franklin's "Autobiography," letters on scientific and political subjects, and first editions of his writings; through Feb. 29. (33 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.) . . . **new york public library:** A show consisting of Joseph Silfrède Duplessis's portrait of Franklin, a 1736 edition of "Poor Richard's Almanac," and various other memorabilia; through Feb. 29. (Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Winter Antiques Show—A collection of European and American furniture, paintings, silver, porcelains, and other relics, exhibited by a hundred and twenty-five dealers. For the benefit of the East Side House Settlement, the Stepney Camp, and the Winifred Wheeler Day Nursery. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 26-27, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Jan. 28, from 1 to 6.)

Auction—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition Hours: Thursday and Friday, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Jan. 28, at 1:45: Georgian furniture and decorations, paintings and drawings by English and Continental artists, silver, and Oriental rugs; from several collectors.

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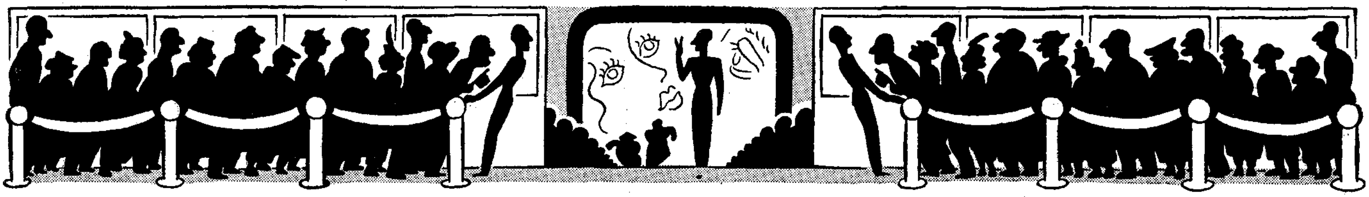
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Desperate Hours—Joseph Hayes' adaptation of his play about three escaped convicts who invade the home of an Indianapolis businessman and make life hell for him and his family. An excellent melodrama, in which Humphrey Bogart and Fredric March distinguish themselves as, respectively, a psychopathic criminal and a shrewd, decent householder. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 27, tentative.)

Diabolique—A French film, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, that gives an unsettling idea of what a man's wife and a mistress can do to him if they join forces in analyzing his weak points. All very good, until it falters at the end. In the cast are Vera Clouzot, as the wife; Simone Signoret, as the mistress; and Paul Meurisse, as the victim of their designs. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Showings at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10. Extra performances at midnight on Saturdays. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

Guys and Dolls—The Goldwyn-Mankiewicz version of the stage success. Very long, very loquacious, and too stingy with the songs of Frank Loesser. Marlon Brando, Frank Sinatra, Vivian Blaine, and Jean Simmons participate. Mr. Brando and Miss Simmons are a bit weak in the pipes, but Mr. Sinatra and Miss Blaine line out their numbers satisfactorily. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

I'll Cry Tomorrow—Susan Hayward in a lachrymose run-through of the autobiography of Lillian Roth, which has to do with a talented musical-comedy actress who couldn't hold liquor any better than a sieve. Miss Hayward cuts loose with perhaps too much enthusiasm, but she sings some good old songs very nicely. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Letters from My Windmill—Marcel Pagnol's interpretation of three stories by Alphonse Daudet, which are concerned with life in Provence. Two of the three describe some gloriously funny dilemmas a number of priests get themselves into; the last is a more ordinary description of the plight of a windmill operator who won't give in to steam. Henri Vilbert, Rellys, and Daxely head the enormously competent cast. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Marty—The romance of a Bronx butcher projected so ingeniously that the film may well be the best thing you're going to see in these parts for quite a while. Ernest Borgnine plays the meatcutter, and Betsy Blair is the lady in whom he eventually finds solace. Both get fine support from the rest of the cast. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Jan. 31, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Feb. 1, tentative.)

Oklahoma!—The Rodgers and Hammerstein hymn to the cow country expanded by a process called Todd-AO into the most inflated item the movie optical experts have cooked up yet. Among the large, overpowering images thrown on the screen are those of Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Charlotte Greenwood, and Rod Steiger. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Mondays through Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Fridays at 2:30, 5:40, and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, 6, and 9:30; and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Prisoner—Alec Guinness as a prince of the Church who has been jugged by the Communists in a totalitarian Balkan state. Not too long on political or ecclesiastical logic, the picture is nevertheless meritorious because of the vigorous performances by Mr. Guinness and Jack Hawkins, who is cast as the Communist inquisitor. An English film. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Rose Tattoo—Anna Magnani is altogether splendid as the heroine of Tennessee Williams' play about an emotional Italian lady, resident in Louisiana, who wants to cling to the memory of her dead husband's virtues but also feels highly stimulated by a boisterous truck driver. Burt Lancaster does extremely well as the truck driver. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

Umberto D.—A sorrowful chronicle of the unhappy lot of a pensioner in Italy, for whom life holds out very, very little. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, the film has its poignant episodes, but it is less satisfactory than such other De Sica works as "Shoeshine" and "The Bicycle Thief." Carlo Battisti, as the pensioner, Maria Pia Casilio, as a forlorn waif who is his friend, and Lina Gennari, as his unsympathetic landlady, are all commendable in their roles. In Italian. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Jan. 29.)

REVIVALS

All About Eve (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Jan. 29-31.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Jan. 28.)

Bread, Love and Dreams (1954)—The frustrations of a middle-aged marshal of the police (Vittorio De Sica) in pursuit of a village doxy (Gina Lollobrigida). An Italian film. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Feb. 1.)

Dial M for Murder (1954)—Alfred Hitchcock's adaptation of the thriller about a tennis player who wants to lob his wife to eternity. Ray Milland and Grace Kelly. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

Fanfan the Tulip (1953)—A French burlesque of love, war, and costume dramas, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 27.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. With Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Jan. 29-30.)

Last Holiday (1950)—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his final fling at a fancy watering place. A British picture. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8700; through Jan. 30.)

Mädchen in Uniform (1932)—The old German picture about a girls' boarding school. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 1.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 1.)

Romeo and Juliet (1954)—An English adaptation of the Bard, made in Italy. With Laurence Harvey and Susan Shentall. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Feb. 1.)

Suspicion (1941)—Another Hitchcock job, this one based on Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Jan. 29: "Million Dollar Legs" (1932), with Jack Oakie and W. C. Fields. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 30: "Professor Mamlock" (1938), in Russian. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE ROSE TATTOO.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
GUYS AND DOLLS.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Helen of Troy," Rossana Podesta, Jack Sernas.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Ransom!," Glenn Ford, Donna Reed.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Indian Fighter," Kirk Douglas, Walter Matthau.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
I'LL CRY TOMORROW.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Jan. 31: "Artists and Models," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis. From Feb. 1: "The Court Jester," Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
OKLAHOMA!

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Jan. 31: "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts," Tom Ewell, Sheree North. From Feb. 1: "The Bottom of the Bottle," Joseph Cotten, Van Johnson.

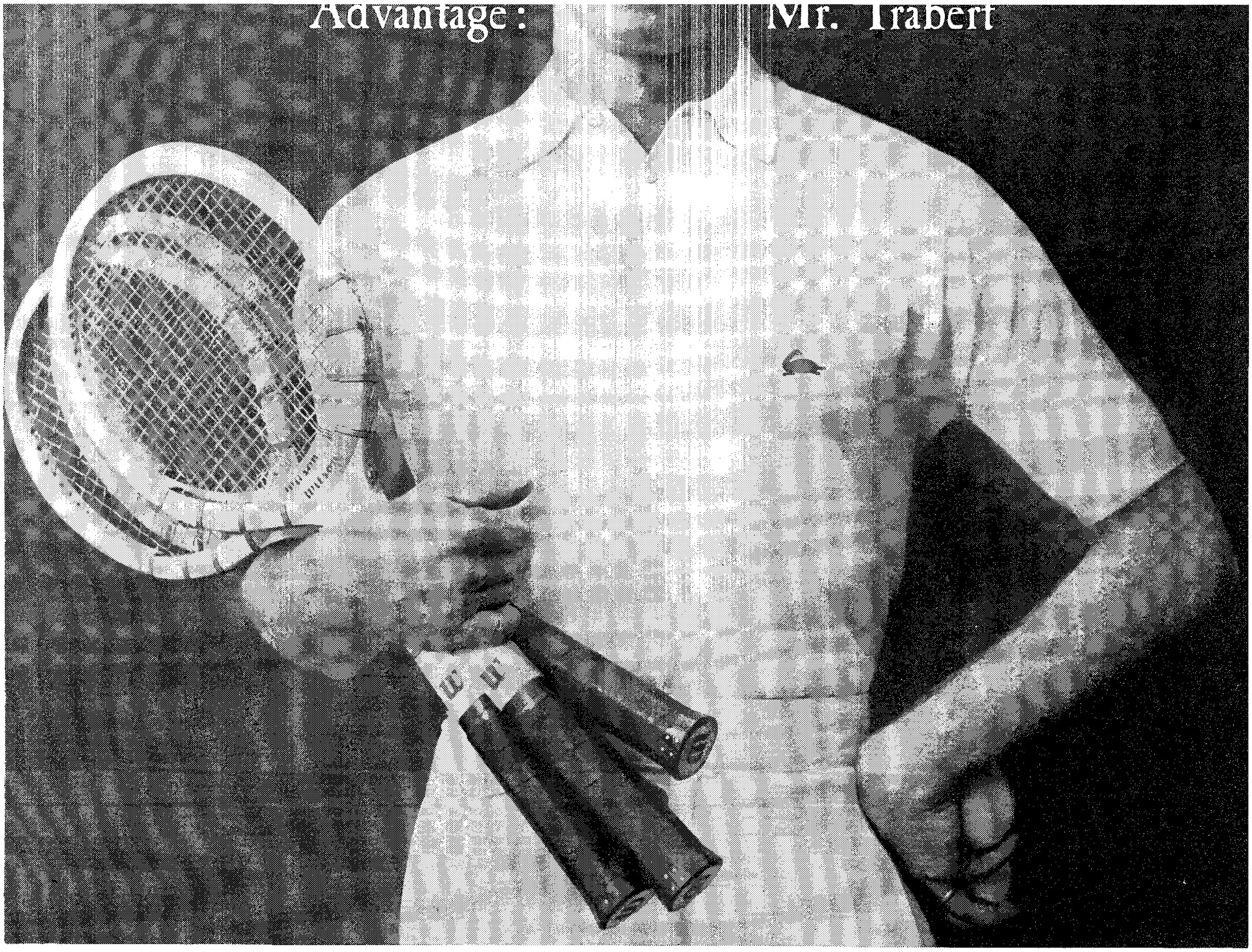
State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Diane," Lana Turner, Pedro Armendariz.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Man with the Golden Arm," Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama Holiday." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Castles in the Sky," Molly Picon.

Advantage: Mr. Trabert



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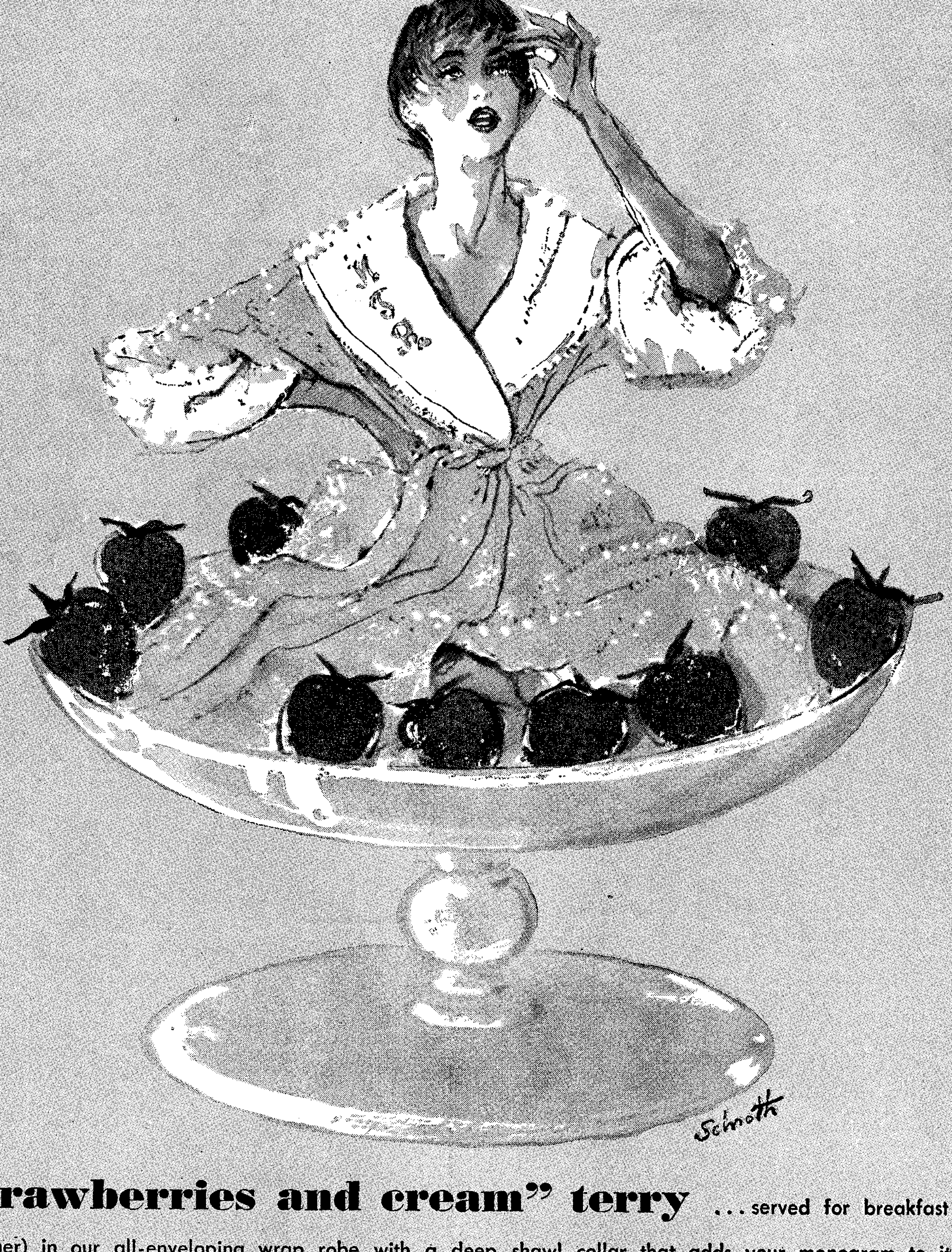

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE'VE been feeling unusually young and cheerful these past few days, and it's not because of any positive thinking on our part but because of some mighty positive doing on the part of someone we've never met and don't even know the name of. We heard of him while having lunch with an architect friend of ours, who mentioned that he was designing a house for a client unlike any other he'd ever had. We bit—what was unique about the man? "Why, just this," said our friend. "That he's a hundred and one years old." Our brows went up and stayed up. We asked whether, in order to make life easy for the client, the new house was to be all on one level. "Hell, no!" said our friend, with unwonted vigor. "I suggested that and nearly lost the job. He said he can't stand these modern flattened-out candy lozenges of houses. Said he wants a regular, straight-up-and-down house that sits on its own haunches, the way God meant a house to. I hinted at the nuisance that stairs are to most old people, and he said no, sir, he liked 'em, the more stairs the better. Claimed he hadn't fallen downstairs in a hundred years and had no intention of starting now." Before drinking the health of our new-found hero, we had one last question. Had the old boy, already several years beyond the maximum life span allowed for in life-insurance mortality tables, expressed an opinion on how long he might be around to enjoy the house? "Only indirectly," said our friend. "He told me he didn't care what it cost, he wanted a well-made house, a house he could *relax* in. Said he had no intention of running about patching leaky and rusty pipes when he got home from the office."

ACCORDING to a calendar put out by the United States Chamber of Commerce, last week was Take Tea and See Week, but to us it will always be Brink Week. For how often does one come across a week in which an upper-case "Brink," compliments of J. Edgar Hoover, and a lower-case "brink," compliments of J. Foster Dulles, share the headlines? Mr. Hoover latched onto the word first, but Mr. Dulles got the bigger play. We bet he was surprised. "Hey, the Brink case is practically wrapped up!" we can hear him exclaiming at the breakfast table, little realizing that a few days later he'd be deeply involved in a brink case so far from being wrapped up that pieces of it still seem to be scattered untidily all over the world. We wish we knew what Take Tea and See Week was all about.

Franklin Admirer

WE celebrated Benjamin Franklin's birthday last week by going down to the printing plant of the Comet Press, on Varick Street, and chatting with Samuel Franklin Chernoble, its president. Mr. Chernoble, whose birthday it also was, is a trustee of the International Benjamin Franklin Society and, as chairman of its Two Hundred and Fiftieth Benjamin Franklin Anniversary Celebration, wrote twenty-six thousand secondary schools in this country asking them if they would like free copies of "The Story of Benjamin Franklin," a play designed for school production. "Five thousand of them asked for it," he said, motioning us to a Pullman swivel chair covered with tweed and mounted on casters. Three duplicates of it graced the rest of his office, and he sank into one of them. "What do you think of these chairs?" he said, raising his voice slightly over the hum and clank of the presses in the adjoining shop. "I used to have an ordinary swivel chair, but it wasn't too restful, so I thought, Why not get a chair like in a train? I wrote the head of the Pullman Company, a man I didn't know, and said I wanted to relax and could I get some Pullman chairs? Well, after a while the chief storekeeper of the New Haven Railroad got me four chairs, for a hundred and forty dollars all told, and I added the bases and covering. Comfortable, aren't they?"

We said they were indeed, and pressed our host for the story of Samuel Franklin Chernoble.

"I'm fifty-one years old today and I've been a printer since I was sixteen," he said. "I was born in Odessa—Chernoble is the name of a town in Russia where my family used to be the chief rabbis—and took the middle name Franklin soon after coming here, at nine, because of my admiration for Franklin. I tried to pattern myself on him. I was raised with proverbs, anyway, from morning till night, so this fellow's ideas just fitted in. We got along fine. To me, Franklin's like Moses—the distilled and redistilled wisdom of all the ages. Save and have, early to bed—that's the way my people spoke. Franklin's proverbs are to me like the Book of Wisdom brought up to date. Kind of a code of behavior."

Mr. C., who is an animated, trim, clean-shaven man with a big smile, left high school after two years to become a printer. "You behave yourself, you grow," he said. "I'm not educated, but I know I'm bright. I say to myself, 'You're resourceful, even though you don't have great resources.' I have enough money. I'm blessed with a little more energy than most people. I was the first to convert the cylinder press to V-belt drive. Aptitude tests have shown that I'm inventive—look at those chairs. I've invented a three-door car. I had rocks thrown at me when I was a child in Russia, and at a very early age—in Orchard Street, where my father had a laundry—I learned how to break an arm. You learn to swing first and argue later. You learn to be handy with the fists, but you can also discuss the Bible. I'm an inveterate Bible reader. I'm strictly bilingual. I often think in Yiddish. We print a lot for schools and churches, and other people who use printing for nice purposes. We do a lot of college yearbooks. I'm a developer of the dry offset process. We do color work for Fifth Avenue stores. I'm a little snobbish about the work I take. We're about the smallest big shop in New York. I employ two hundred and fifty people. The key ones all own stock. I have friends in the industry from here to Los Angeles and back. I do setting-up exercises every morning to keep my weight down. I play checkers, chess, bridge, and pinochle, and like classical music. I sleep like a baby at night; I only worry on company time. I have no ulcers. My wife and I have two boys, ten and twenty-two, and a girl of nineteen. I have a house on West Tenth Street, and I rent the downstairs to the First Assembly District Republican Club. My wife's the kind of woman who goes to two meetings and gets elected vice-president of the P.-T.A. I like that. All the kinds of things that are corny are what I was brought up on."

Mr. Chernoble gave us a big smile and said, "I talk like this all the time. Do you want to know a couple of my favorite proverbs? 'Man does not live by bread alone' and 'First you pay the bills in the morning and then you eat your breakfast.' "

Simple Pleasures

A GIRL in this office recently got a letter from her grandmother, who lives high up and far back in the Great Smokies. The letter seems to demonstrate that despite all the mechanical and electronic gadgets we keep devising to while away the time, for sheer entertainment the old, reliable rites of passage are still pretty hard to beat. At any rate, they are in the Smokies. The letter reads, in part:

> I don't know whether anyone has written you about Harry Coxe's passing on. He went suddenly on Friday before New Year's. It was a great shock to many people. Harry's uncle, Mr. T. P. Coxe, was buried on Christmas Day. So though the holidays were quiet for us, we had somewhere to go.

Keep Moving

WHAT a cluster of parties we attended last week! One night, the Pierpont Morgan Library's "Earth, Sky, and Stars" shindig—dazzling exhibit of illuminated maps in the Exhibition Hall; illustrated talk on "Medieval Microcosmic Imagery" by Dr. Harry Bober in the Library's library before a black-tie and Indian-scarf audience (Mrs. Donald Oenslager, Mr. Arnold Whitridge, Mr. Vladimir Lada-Mocarski); fruit punch, Sanka, sandwiches, fruit-shaped ices, and jug-shaped butlers in the East Room; smoking in the directors' room only. Shades of J. P. Morgan all over.

Next afternoon, General Motors' reception for "some of our press, magazine, radio, and television friends" at the University Club. Plastic red-and-white name tags on chains festooned around hosts' and guests' necks, the entire dining facilities of the seventh floor given over to three liquor bars, two oyster-and-clam bars, and three refectory tables, one of them a block long and decorated with a receptacle containing ten dozen red roses. Tongue, ham, chicken, turkey, shrimp salad, chicken salad, chef's salad, pâté, chicken curry, chicken à la king, oysters poulette, sandwiches, pies, cookies, Old Grand-Dad, Cutty Sark, Virginia Gentleman, Bell's.

As we went in and shook hands with a reception committee consisting of President Harlow H. Curtice and Vice-Presidents Paul Garrett, Albert Bradley, and Cliff (Louis Clifford) Goad, we noticed that Mr. Curtice, who does not wear glasses, was greeting each guest (there were six hundred and forty) by his first name or nickname. "Hi, Harlow," we said, and embarked on a tour of "Garrett's Gallery of Good Guys," a collection of blown-up photographs of guests at previous press receptions. These included Earl Wilson, Les Gould, Wes Gallagher, John Rooney, Danton Walker, Billy Rose, Herb Wilson, Alan Gould, Frank Stanton, H. V. Kaltenborn, Turner Catledge, David Lawrence, George Sokolsky (in back of him, the University Club's portrait of George W. Wickersham, looking startled), Mac Muir, Dave Garroway, Otis Wiese, Rube Goldberg (in back, Michael I. Pupin, in academic robes), and John Kieran, in front of which stood John Kieran, looking calm. "I just stopped in early," he said. We strolled past likenesses of Sumner Blossom, Victor Ridder, Stuffy Walters, Larry Spivak, Bob Kintner, Roy Roberts, Mike Cowles, Bruce Gould, Merryle Rukeyser, and Harry Stanton.

Next, we spotted, in the flesh, Chuck Skinner, Nathan Straus, Ed Crenshaw, Skipper Upson, Mike Cowles, Larry Spivak, Merryle Rukeyser, Ted Patrick, Ted Saucier, Bill Nichols, Lowell Thomas, Jack Jessup, Ed Noble, Walter Kiernan, a radio commentator, and Perry Hall, a Morgan partner, who was wearing a stiff collar.

"I think it's a brave gesture to have this party on the day Ford brought out its stock," said Walter Kiernan.

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., chairman of the board of General Motors, waved at Kiernan and Saucier.

"He's amazing!" Mr. Saucier said. "Eighty, and fit as a fiddle! It's amazing how the automobile industry is expanding."

"It's our screwball economy," Mr. Kiernan said. "Scratch a windshield and you buy a new car. Let them change the horn from A tone to C tone and everybody buys a new car."

"The automobile is here to stay," Mr. Nichols said reprovingly. "I have to go home and dress for a dance for the John Russells."

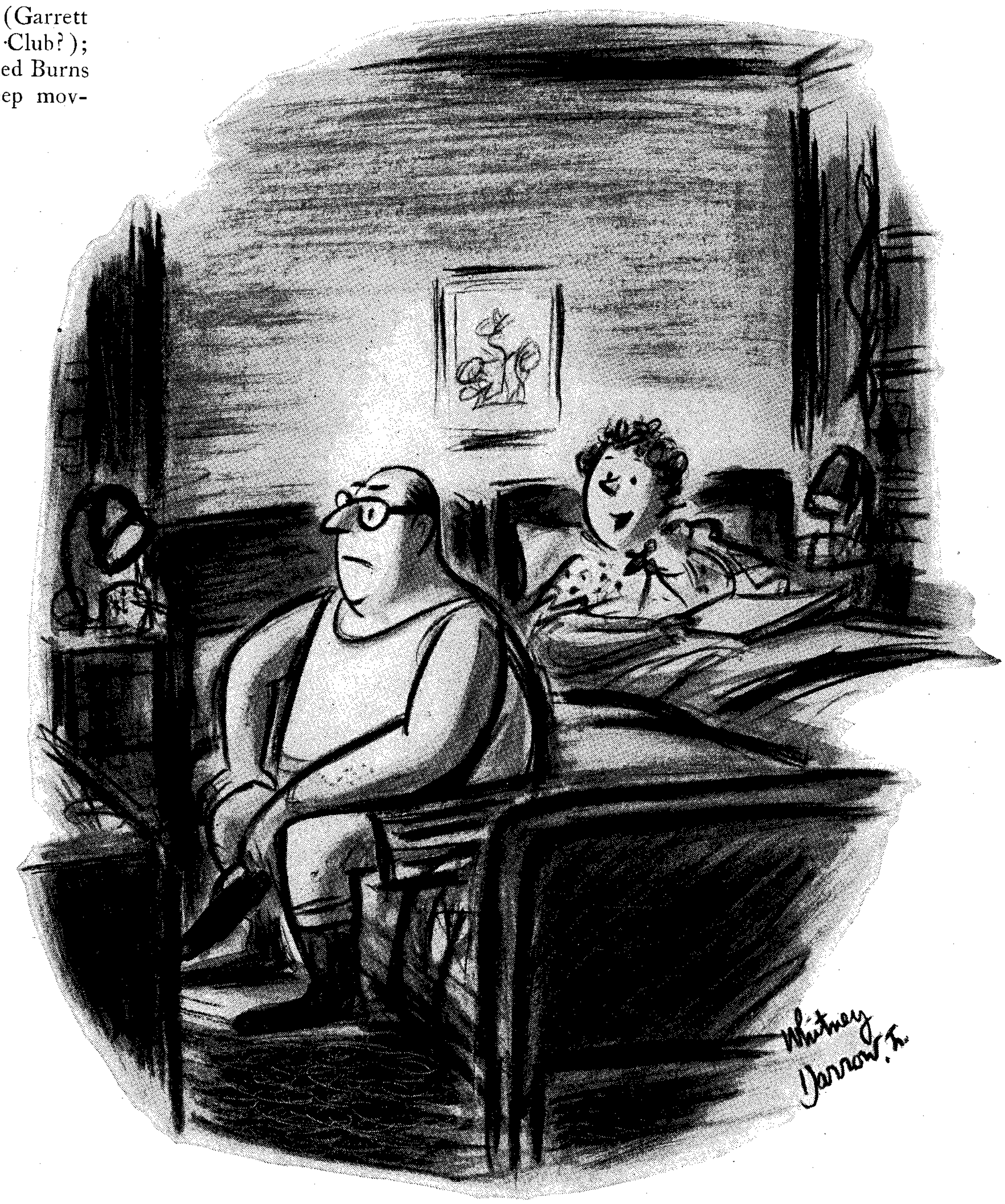
"This is a great annual event," intoned Mr. Jessup, the chief editorial writer of *Life*.

MR. CURTICE and his vice-presidents were still shaking hands as we left. We went home, changed our shirt, and repaired to the auditorium of Hunter College, where the New York Zoological Society's annual meeting was about to begin. Cozy family audience, with lots of young people; graceful talks by Fairfield Osborn, Laurance S. Rockefeller, and Father Robert I. Gannon, S.J., former president of Fordham University; splendid movies of octopuses, Singapore ocypodid crabs, box turtles outwitting skunks, and Reptile Curator James A. Oliver outwitting rattlesnakes by causing them to strike at punching bags.

A BAD night's sleep (nightmares of octopuses) and off, the next afternoon, to the preview of the General Motors Motorama at the Waldorf.

The entire Sert Room given over to coat-checking, with seven big signs saying "NO TIPPING PLEASE;" a Cadillac Eldorado brougham town car in the Park Avenue lobby; a pale-green Bel Air Cotillion and salmon-and-black Star Chief in the main lobby; attendants wiping them lovingly with dustcloths; a sign near the Norse Grill saying "GUESTS NOT WISHING TO PASS THROUGH RECEIVING LINE MAY USE THE LEXINGTON AVENUE STAIRS TO BALLROOM." Along with approximately half of the 6,005 other guests, we elected to pass through the receiving line. Twenty minutes' crawl up the stairs; Powers models with baskets of carnations and camellias; handshakes from the Messrs. Curtice, Bradley, and Goad (Garrett resting up at the University Club?); a hundred and fifteen uniformed Burns operatives saying "Kindly keep moving, please;" red-coated waiters with big red-and-white buttons reading "SCOTCH," "BOURBON," and "COCKTAILS" passing Scotch, bourbon, Martinis, and Manhattans; buttonless waiters passing canapés. (Suggestion for next year: break the whiskey waiters down into subdivisions of "Soda" and "Water," with a splinter group of "On the Rocks.")

Cars longer, more multicolored, and more menacing than ever; a model Aerotrain, thirty-five feet long, the experimental product of the Electro-Motive Division of G.M., full of model passengers; a black Cadillac town car with champagne cooler and bottle of champagne, electric toaster (without toast), and infrared cooker; Lowell Thomas, the Victor Weybrights, and Bill Nichols (looking fresh as a daisy); Countess Mara ties galore; "Congratulations on a wonderful show" galore; clams Rockefeller in the Pontiac Room.


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I don't care what Leonard Hall and all those others say. I think you'd make a perfect President."

LEAVING these sacred ceremonies, we responded to a clarion Western Union call from Benjamin Sonnenberg, the public-relations man: "YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO COME AND SEE THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BUSINESS OFFICES, PRESIDED OVER BY TEXAS OIL EXECUTIVE D. D. FELDMAN, TWENTY-FIRST FLOOR 460 PARK AVENUE."

"Our main office for domestic operations is in Dallas," said Mr. Feldman, who is six feet four. "These are our executive offices for foreign operations. More of a listening post."

"Go on and take a look at that lavabo," said Mr. Sonnenberg, motioning us toward a door. He assigned us to a lieutenant, who showed us not only the lavabo (panelling of Roman travertine, antique Italian rose marble floor, with trim of polished brass, towels and washrags marked "D.D.F.") but a host of other listening-post features. "Black-and-white marble entrance-foyer floor identical with that created in 1675 by Sir Christopher Wren for the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral in London," he said. "Reception-room black-and-white marble floor inspired by Robert Adam. The break-front bookcase is Chippendale, this cherry-red chenille carpeting was woven in Edinburgh. That's Mr. Louis Fifteen in the gold frame."

The lieutenant took us into Mr. Feldman's personal office (original 1690 oak panelling from Bower Hall, Steeple Bumpstead, Essex, England; big Chippendale desk, circa 1760, not a paper on it; vert antique marble fireplace mantel; a Constable, an Ingres, a Benjamin

Wilson) and then into the dining room. Carved Jacobean oak panelling; sixteenth-century stained-glass windows, one pane dating to 1572; Flemish baluster-leg table with red carnations; needlework chairs. "The carnations are mid-twentieth century," he said. "I like the paradox of looking out through these early windows at a modern city."

In a second executive office (small Chippendale desk; eighteenth-century Chinese calamander side chairs; etchings by Rodin and Sir Muirhead Bone), where drinks and caviar canapés were being passed by a butler, we ran into Donald Oenslager and Salvador Dali.

"Is all this furniture antique?" Mr. Oenslager asked.

The Sonnenberg lieutenant nodded. "Mr. Sonnenberg inspired the decoration," he said, "assisted by Mr. Stephen J. Jussel, of Arthur S. Vernay."

Mr. Oenslager whistled. "I have a rendezvous here with my wife," he said.

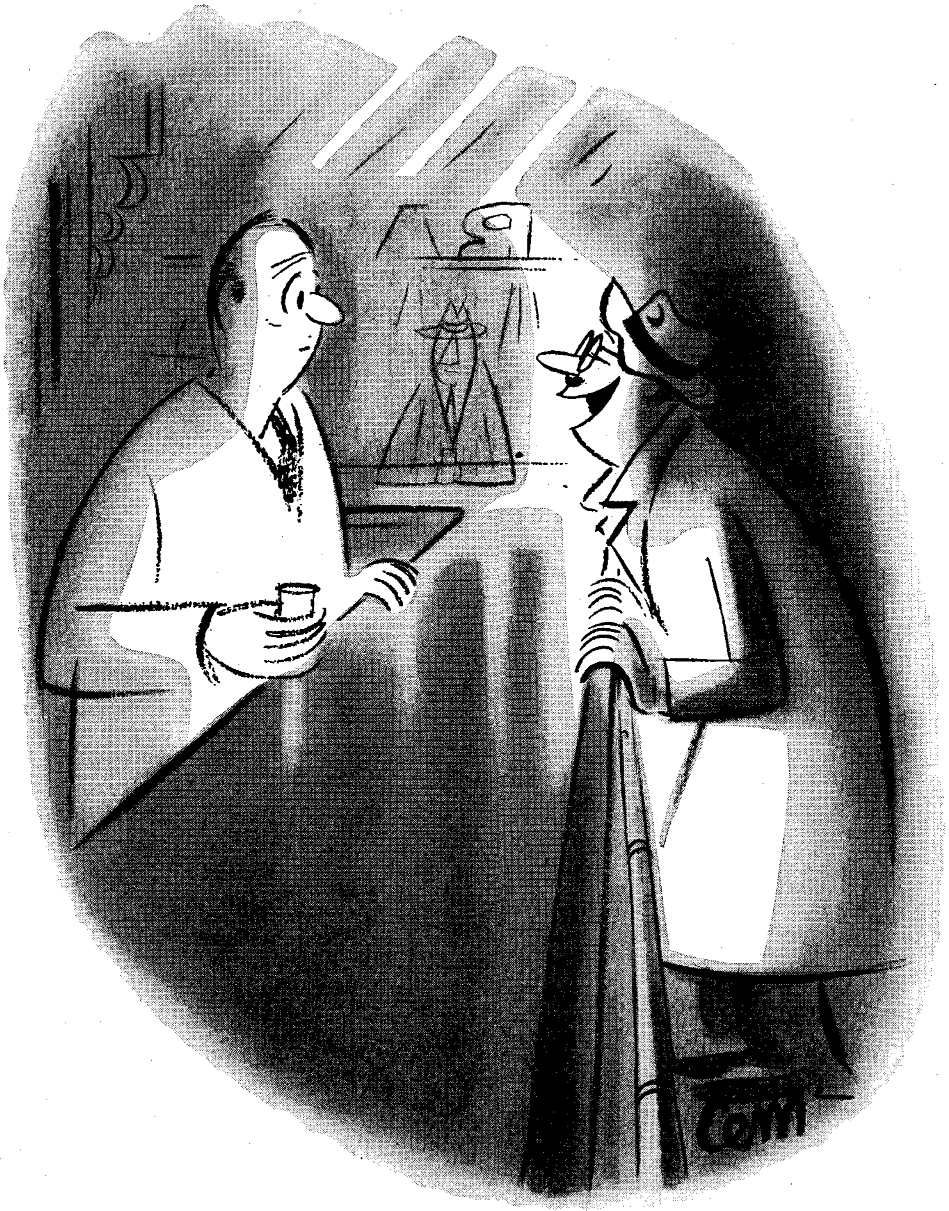
"I'm staying at the St. Regis," Mr. Dali said, twirling his mustache with one hand and his cane with the other. "Don't you think my English has improved?"

Mrs. Oenslager came in and greeted us. "I didn't quite get everything Dr. Bober said at the Morgan Library the other night," she remarked to us. "Don tells me they were puzzling over it at lunch at the Century the next day."

WE finished up the day at the Hotel Lexington, where Restaurant Associates, Inc., which runs the Hawaiian Room, had bidden us to a Polynesian dinner and show. *Sake*-marinated shrimps with citrus slices, sea-food Loma, spiced frothy pineapple frappé, hot pancakes stuffed with Pacific crabmeat and covered with an East Indian sauce of ginger and cream, Hula Hula (cold curry soup with diced mango), etc., etc.

"Most restaurants calling themselves Polynesian are really Cantonese," said Mr. Joseph Baum, vice-president of restaurant operations of Restaurant Associates. "We've tried to make the food sort of tell the story of the islands. I think the dishes are exciting where they should be, and—ah, presentable and atmospheric where they should be. We run the Newark Airport restaurants, Riker's restaurants, Ohrbach's restaurant, and the Corner-House restaurants on the New York State Thruway. All levels of the palate. It provides stimulation for the nineteen hundred people who work for us and provides interest for young people. Our chef here, Albert Stockli, is an unusual type of guy with a fantastic imagination."

We finished our banana-and-pineapple fritters, watched two men and a girl named Kimo, Manu, and Teva dance, and took an owner-driver taxi to Doctors Hospital.



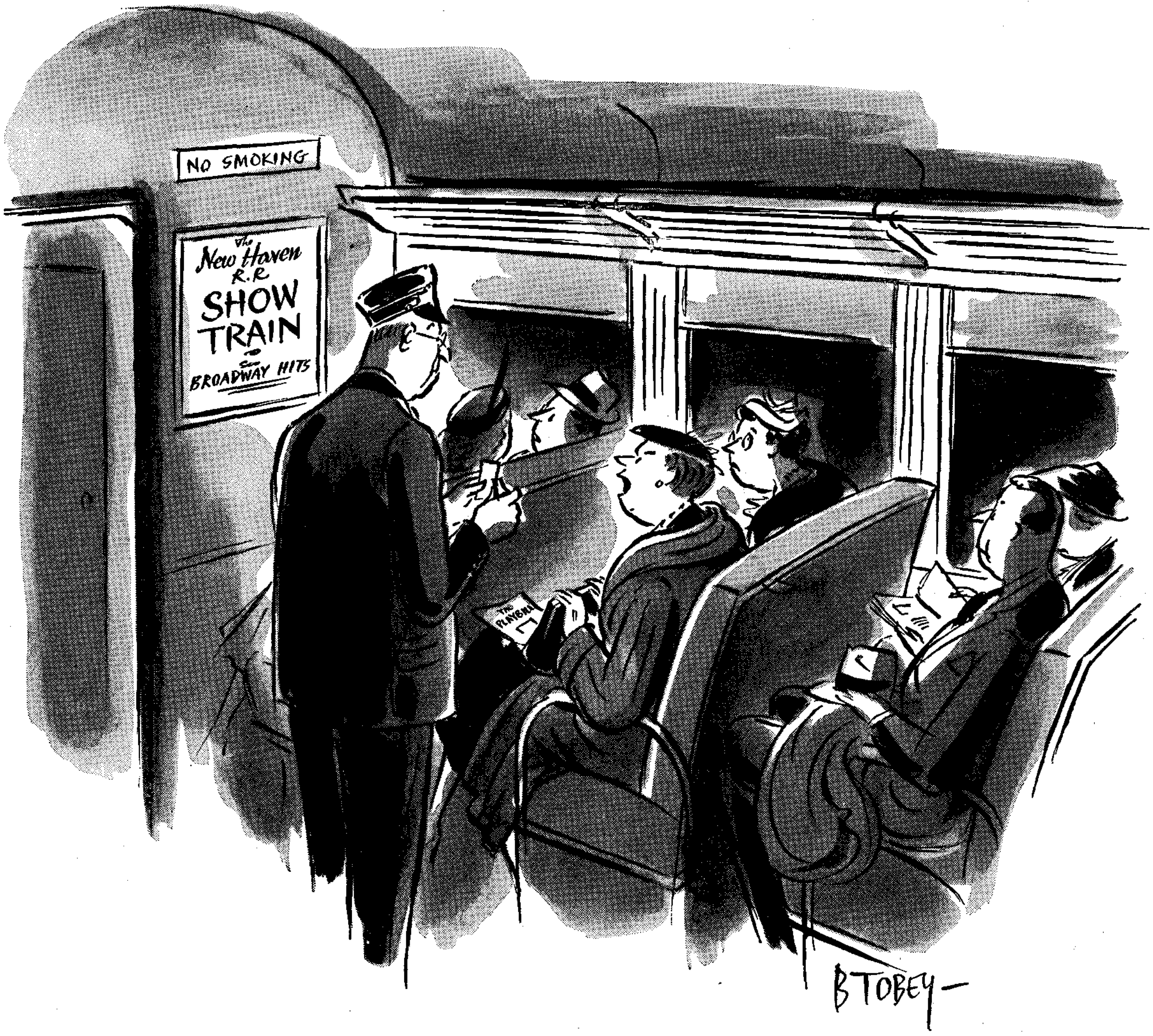
"Do you know what you're looking at, Pal? You're looking at a drunken psychoanalyst."

Occupation

FAR be it from us to discourage youthful philanthropists, or philanthropists of any age, but the fact is that a little over a year ago a person we shall call John Bates, who was then eleven, sent two dollars and his name and address to a local help-the-poor fund, and ever since, or almost ever since, has received such an enormous charity-solicitation mail that he has scarcely had time to do his homework when he got back from school, so busy has he been opening envelopes and throwing their contents into the wastepaper basket. The lad is now learning how to spell "anonymous," but it's probably too late.

Watch "Al"!

WE'RE fresh from our annual séance with that ebullient prognosticator, Frederic Snyder, who darts about the country from his home in Kingston delivering talks to Rotary Clubs, Chambers of Commerce, and the like on the general subject "Keeping Ahead of the Headlines." Mr. Snyder's specialty is something he calls, alternatively, "pre-indexing the news" or "oral pre-writing." What those mysterious terms amount to is foreseeing the future, but Snyder, a religious man, insists that prediction and prophecy are properly the province of Providence (Snyder has a passion for verbal acrobatics and can alliterate unfalteringly by the hour) and that all he does is provide dashes of the "paprikas of history." Nevertheless, he cherishes a number of fairly staggering specimens of clear-cut clairvoyance, including a statement he made on December 2, 1941, that the Japanese would be attacking Pearl Harbor in a matter of hours. "Got a little ahead of myself on that one," he confesses, in his majestic voice. His grand coup of 1955 came on September 17th, when, in a talk he gave at a convention of bankers at Lake Placid, he stated that the question of President Eisenhower's availability as a candidate in 1956 would depend on a word ending in "y." Sure enough, a week later the President suffered his coronary.



"The third act was terrible!"

In past Januaries, Mr. Snyder has tipped us off to key words or letters that would reveal the secrets of the year to come. One year, we recall, jagged black "v"s filled the headlines straight through December. On one January, he slipped us two key words ("solar" and "polar"), and scarcely a day passed that year when one or the other of them didn't glare up at us from the morning papers. Last year, he advised us to watch out for words ending in "y," and besides the President's coronary and, of course, recovery, there were "y"s enough to satisfy any but the most hardened skeptics. "A splendid year for oral pre-write!" Snyder boomed at us. "Mrs. Bixby killed in a plane crash, Sewell Avery caught in that big proxy fight, George Meany elected head of the new union giant, Grace Kelly winning an Oscar, Tiffany being sold, Waterbury getting flooded, Branch Rickey leaving the Pirates, Ladejinsky getting mixed up in that security tangle, a Kerry blue being chosen top dog in a big show! And what was the name of the man who in '55 became the first Los Angeles to New York commuter? Lieutenant John M. Conroy! And the name of the pilot who hopped the highest? Murray! 'Y!' 'Y!' 'Y!' "

Naturally, we begged Snyder to give us the high sign for the current year. "You'd like me to call the tricks for '56?" he asked. "You wish a bit of flish-flash to run through your wringer—is that it? Well, listen to this. We're moving out of the 'y' frequency and into the frequency of words ending in 'al.' The big news this year will be politic-al, not only glob-al and nation-al but Congression-al. This is also going to be a big geophysic-al year, with the different nations setting up bases in the antarctic coast-al regions. In financi-al circles, the news will be good but not sensation-al. On the other hand, our crimin-al aspect will grow darker and darker. More crime all the time! And the only way we can combat it is by a return to spiritu-al values. Less blare and more prayer. The Communists laugh at the power of prayer. Their grin can be our win. We may never be able to outweigh them but we can outpray them. Speaking of religion, I see the words 'Biblic-al' and 'Scriptur-al' being of great importance this year. Maybe there'll be more scrolls out of those Dead Sea knolls. I tell you, we need 'em! Uncle Sam is up on a mount without a sermon and he'd better hurry up and get one! Bear in mind 'scand-al,' 'raci-al,' 'diabolic-al,' 'individu-al,' 'chemic-al,' and 'nutrition-al'—they're bound to mix in '56!"

We had a final question for the seer of Kingston: Would the President run again? Said Snyder coolly, "The White House will see a change this year. Neither Eisenhower nor Nixon will be in the elector-al picture. Nobody knows better than our great President that Uncle Sam cannot win any game in which a stethoscope is umpire. That is my imparti-al and imperson-al opinion. I thank you."

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OUTSTANDING portion of a desultory conversation between two lady shoppers, overheard at Lord & Taylor's soup bar: "I've learned that most persons are persons you definitely would or would not want to talk to."

THE STORMS OF CHILDHOOD

I CAN'T remember when I heard my first thunderstorms, but my earliest clear recollections of them are centered on a period of two years or so when I lived, as a boy, in the Cripple Creek district of Colorado. They are the clearer, perhaps, because one of the storms was the occasion of the first real quarrel that I can recall between my mother and my father.

I was around eight or nine years old at the time (I was seven, I know, when we moved out there) and, as of course it must do to a boy from Connecticut set down suddenly in the midst of a real live mining camp, nearly everything about the place fascinated me: the steep, board-sidewalked streets and the hammer of men's booted feet on them as the mines' shifts changed; the mines fringing the town, their gaunt shaft houses or even gaunter bare gallows frames squatting on their ever growing dumps of waste rock; the hills that rose all around us—Squaw Mountain, Battle Mountain, Bull Hill, and so on—green or tawny but always treeless, for the camp, at some nine thousand feet, was just above timber line; the spacious mountain air, and the feeling of recklessness and freedom it carried with it.

I know now that at the time I was there, around 1907, the camp's fortunes were already beginning to wane. No new strikes were being made; most of the existing mines were gradually being bought up by outside interests and either merged or leased piecemeal to individual adventurers; the wilder days were over and the workaday era was setting in. It was wild enough for me, nevertheless, and when a group of cowboys rode in from some one of the ranches that still operated in the valleys round about, or a man walked past with the bulge of his gun showing plainly beneath the sober black coat he was wearing, when shots rang out somewhere off in the town, late at night, and I heard them as I lay bedded in my room, I watched or listened in both awe and fascination.

But there was something disturbing about all this, too, and the thunderstorms were part of this general feeling. We had settled first in Victor, which was, next to Cripple Creek itself, the largest town in the district. But transportation in that mountainous region was difficult. The mines lay scattered everywhere. And since the one my father eventually leased (it was called the Lily, I remember, and was then part of the vast Vindicator holdings) lay some distance off in the hills, we moved first to the town of Independence and then on to the still smaller settlement of Christmas Crossing, to get nearer to the workings.

The moves, to me, always meant trouble. In each town I was the "new boy," of course, as well as an Easterner. I'm afraid, since I was still mother-dominated, I was something of a sissy as well. Children's ideas of the motivations behind the actions of their elders are always tentative; for one thing, they are told so little. But I realize now there was a certain amount of dissension between my parents all through that Cripple Creek period—not serious or ineradicable, for they were a deeply loving couple, but, as long as the conditions that caused it existed, constant. I, too, was involved in it.

The truth was that my mother just did not like being there. An Easterner, and in her way a true Victorian—and a woman of considerable spirit to boot—she regarded the whole life of the place, when it wasn't definitely menacing, as rough, untutored, and vulgar; and although it would have been picturesque enough on a visit (as indeed it had been at first, since we'd gone there with no intention of staying), when she learned that my father had been tempted to try mining himself for a while, her attitude changed. When she found herself actually immersed in it—when he'd go off with his lunch pail and candle clip, overalled like any other miner, and come home gray with dust and dried muck; when she was forced to consort more and more with the other miners and their wives—her reaction must have been desperate indeed.

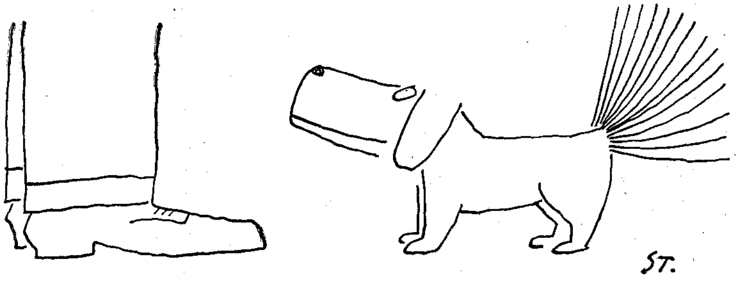
She was determined that I, at least, should not be contaminated, and so, through most of our stay there, she did her best to make me a little island of Eastern propriety in that vast, roily sea of Western freedom. I wore knee pants and long stockings, correctly, while the other boys generally wore overalls. I was kept close home, for the most part, and not allowed to run about too much, or wander, for my mother was afraid that the altitude might in some way affect me, and once I was out of her sight, her mind was instantly filled with thoughts of all the other dread things that might happen to me.

For fears rode her constantly—not only for my father, deep down in the close darkness of the mine workings, but for all three of us—and these were such a mixture of the just and the wildly exaggerated that they laid her open continually to my father's teasing and still, occasionally, provided her with the meagre satisfactions (and the frustrations) of a Cassandra. After all, boys—and others, too—now and then did fall into abandoned mine shafts, and in the mines themselves men were caught by the blast of explosions or overwhelmed by the fall of rock; hunters wandering in the hills were attacked by mountain lions.

My father laughed, but I quivered. Worst of all, from the point of view of my own existence, I was bright in my studies; and as most of the other kids, in that easygoing atmosphere, took their schooling catch-as-catch-can fashion, I was always not only the best but the youngest scholar in my class. And I'd been brought up to think that an E on a report card meant "Excellence."

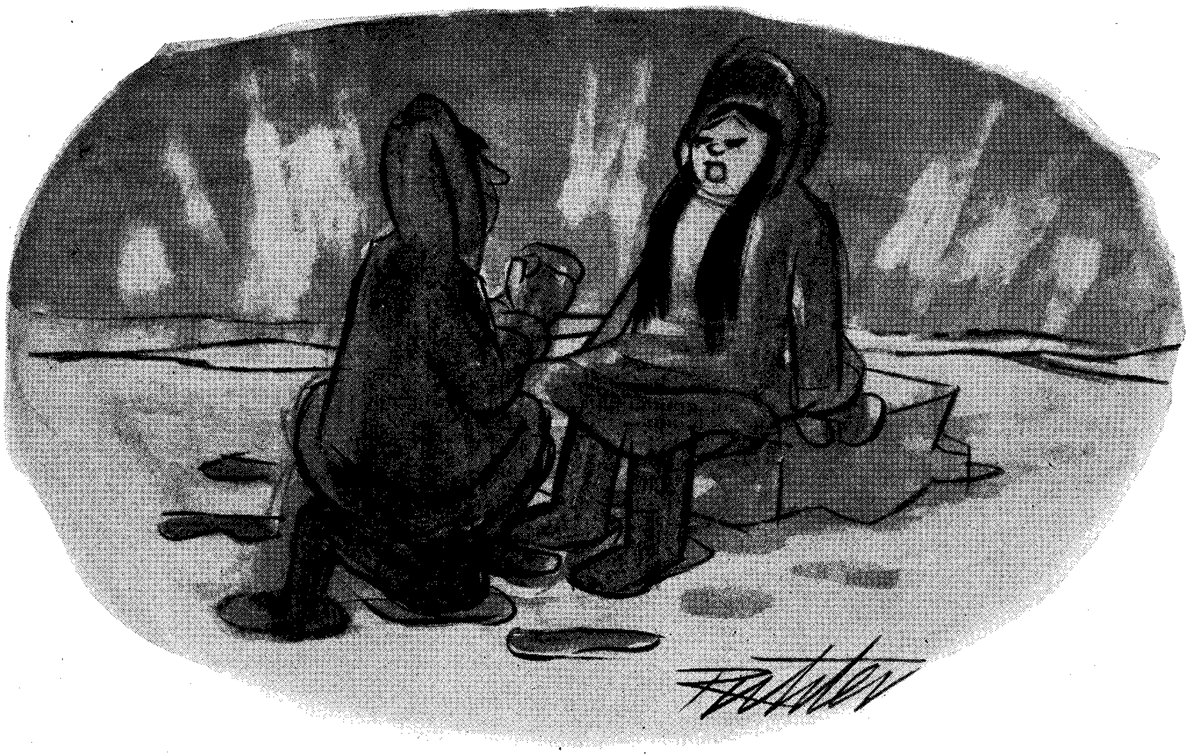
I think one of the most unsettling experiences of my whole childhood, and certainly my first encounter with active hostility in another, came in Victor, when one of the older boys (blond, big, overbearing, a Swede, surely: I can see him now) collared me outside the old Garfield School at the end of the day—during which I had come up with the answer to a question he'd stumbled over, and been praised by the teacher, Miss Brooks—and, with a heavy fist poised hammerlike over my yanked-up face, told me, damn it, not to be so God-damned smart, for a change.

Yet I don't think I suffered too much from it all. A boy of that age can adjust to anything. I felt shamed, more than anything else, by the other boy's anger. I was wrong, not he. I had surpassed a natural norm, and had become, in that sense, peculiar. Worse than that, I had betrayed him, and through him everyone else in the school, by my furious diligence. And as time went on I learned to dodge too much praise from the teachers, be less eager in rattling off answers to classroom questions, and to get along, at least, with my school-



mates—to conform, in short.

But it left me diffident, and a little lonely. I felt out of place there. I kept all this to myself, of course; as my parents did not confide in me, so—and so it is always between generations—I could not confide in them. Certainly, till the quarrel, I had no idea that either of them was concerned about me. I read a great deal, puzzling my way through books that were, actually, far beyond my age, and if some of this was because I hadn't much else to do, I didn't tell anyone. Like my mother, I was frightened a little by the strangeness: of all the many places I lived in as a child, Victor is the only one where I can't recall the name of a single friend or companion.



"Come back and ask me again in a few months, Nanook, when I can see you in the daylight."

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The thunderstorms, as I've said, were part of this general feeling; and these were slashing, flashing affairs of a kind of uproarious violence that I have never seen equalled elsewhere, and that somehow seemed to fit the very spirit of the district itself. We encountered them first in Victor, and from then on it was a rare day, all through that first spring and summer, when we did not have one. They came, too, with a queer sort of punctuality. Around four o'clock every afternoon, the sky would darken; clouds—clouds that had seemed harmless before: big, fat, cottony sunset clouds merely, lingering behind the peaks—would grow, gather, tower, and then rush down upon us. There would have been rumblings before, of course, and the kind of shuddering light-flashings that occur on the periphery of the heavens. But the storms came so suddenly that these were no real warning or preparation; the clouds, the darkness, the lightning came and overwhelmed us with an appalling swiftness—and then what fury would be unloosed!

Rain would come first, torrentially, and then hail, and the hail would rip down with such savage violence that horses, especially, were driven wild by it; it was the accepted custom for their riders or drivers to shelter them anywhere, and I can still recall seeing ore teams driven up onto the sidewalks in Victor—the horses stamping and stumbling on the unfamiliar footing and the drivers standing at their heads, holding them tight-bitted, people skirting them cautiously—till the storm had passed. And meantime, through it all, there were the thunder, the lightning—the thunder loud enough almost to stun the ears, and the lightning great, flaring bolts whose very breadth and brilliance showed the closeness of their origin—and the sheeted, cascading downpour.

Afterward, the sun shining again, the air crisp and almost acid with ozone, the whole countryside looking washed and glittering, I would be allowed to go out and sail wood chips, solemnly, on the brown rush of water that now filled the deep gullies on either side of the street.

The storms, fortunately, were as brief as they were violent, but to my mother they were one more menace to be lived through, a sort of polarization of the dangers that enveloped us. My father, of course, delighted in them, and so the storms became one more of the dividing points that separated my mother and my father all through that period. I think I sensed this, vaguely, but I was a long time in realizing that I was also involved in the situation. We were at Christmas Crossing by then, and the storms had followed us; in a sense, it was almost as if we had climbed farther into them.

For the Crossing, though it lay actually on a saddle between two higher peaks, was, at close to eleven thousand feet, a sort of eminence of its own. East and west, we could look out almost illimitably—in the early mornings, over a sea of white, vaporous clouds that still blanketed the valleys below while we stood in bright sunshine; through the day, at the tumble of lesser hills and valleys, dotted here and there with towns and settlements, clogged with mines and these all noisy with the sound of pumps, hoists, and compressors, their steep-roofed red- or black-painted buildings always dust-coated—a view that went on unhindered to the peaks of the Sangre de Cristos, a good seventy miles south and west of us; and by night, at the twinkle of lights from the towns and the isolated ones from the solitary cabins, the hot smoky glare from the lights of the mine shops below. We were literally among the clouds there. When the storms came, we were among them, too; we were even inside them, and when one was at its height we had not only the tumult without; in the house itself, frequently, static flowed, rippling in little livid green-and-blue streams along the wiring and the electric fixtures, and exploding sometimes in midair, erratically, in tiny, sharp, crackling sparks that echoed, in miniature, the great bursts of thunder and lightning outside.

To my mother, this must have been pretty much the last straw. My father, naturally, had tried to prove to her that the static was definitely harmless, as already he had brought to bear all the usual arguments to convince her that the bark of the storm, so to speak, was far worse than its bite.

"If you hear the thunder," he'd say, "if you even see the lightning, you're safe." And she'd shake her head stubbornly. "I don't *want* to see it," she'd reply. He would stare at her silently, put off for the moment by her lack of logic, and a little exasperated. And when a storm came—as, almost daily, one did—having first shut the doors, shut the windows, she would retreat to her bedroom, where, the shades drawn, a towel, often, over her eyes, she would lie immobile on the bed till the storm had passed.

Like as not, I'd be in there with her, not so much either to protect her or to be protected as just simply to *be* with her, sharing, at whatever distance and dimness of comprehension, whatever it was that went on inside her. My father, by that time, probably, would be out on the porch, for he loved the storms, truly, as much as she feared them. It seemed, indeed, almost as if he were drawn to them; and after standing for a while at one window or another to mark the flashes, and then moving to the doorway to see them better ("Fred! Fred! Shut that door!" my mother would be calling from her refuge in the bedroom. "Do you want to kill us all?"), he would wind up on the porch, in his own kind of freedom. I can still see him there, stamping back and forth as the storm veered, soaked with rain, perhaps, as the gusts whipped in, but oblivious—yelling in to us, sometimes unintelligibly, in sheer exultation at the might and excitement of it. (I would have tiptoed to the door, by then, and closed it.)

So, again, there was division between them, and I hovered uncertainly in the midst of it. But then how can a man describe the problems and trials of his childhood? It seems to me that a child lives on the lower levels of a tall, tiered series of adult experiences, and I remember once, with my father, in the drafting room of the Vindicator, being shown what I even then realized was the master survey of the whole mine's workings. It is one of those odd, isolated recollections with which everyone's remembrance is studded, but it fascinated me, for the survey had been made by "levels," duplicating the tiers of tunnels, which, like the floors of a building, took off horizontally from the descending shaft. Since the drawing had been done on the waxed, almost transparent sheets that draftsmen call "tracing cloth," and they were now kept racked in a cabinet built specially for them, the result was that one could pull out the survey of any one level and have, at a glance, a map of its workings or, conversely—and it was this that fascinated me—look down through the whole lot of them and see, clearly at the top and then more dimly, where one tunnel crossed another below it and was crossed, in its turn, by the tunnels above. So, it seems to me, it is when one looks back at one's childhood—through a veining upon veining of purposes and cross-purposes, up through which, too, the child must struggle to reach manhood and comprehension.

All I know now, really, is that when the quarrel came, it came suddenly—as suddenly as the storms and as dramatically—and since in the midst of it my father did a violent thing, and he was a man very slow to anger, I can only conclude that it must have been a climax of other quarrels, or differences at least, which had gradually built up to this one. I know nothing of these. All I know is that, one day, in the midst of a storm, my father came in, grabbed me by the hand, and led me out in it; beyond that, the rest is fragmentary. But I can still see them, both suddenly huge and strange as they reared above me, split apart and yet held, face to face, by their anger: shouting, too, while the storm roared, and I crouched and quivered—snatched at, maybe, and then snatched back again, though I can't recall that—between them.

I can't recall the voices or what they were saying, though I can imagine them. ("You've gone crazy with this Western stuff, Fred! You'll kill him!" And my father: "By God, Hattie! You're ruining the boy!") And it surely must have been a culmination, for abruptly my father turned, and in one of those blind acts of meaningless violence that are no more than a venting, physically, of the torments of anger, seized a bedside table that stood near to his hand and slammed it down on the floor again, hard, so hard, indeed—for my father was strong—that he smashed it. I can still see it lying there, splintered, and the things that had been upon it (a book, maybe, an alarm clock? I can't recall) tumbling on the floor.

I can't recall the voices, but I can imagine them, and, as I say, it must have been a culmination, for after that many things, things affecting my own life, changed abruptly, in that magical way they sometimes do for a child; and though I was still more restricted than the other boys of my age, I was allowed to wear overalls, and play duck-on-the-rock with the other boys, and a wild game of fox-and-geese (greatly expanded, in the Western fashion) that took us sometimes for miles up and into the hills. I was even allowed to go down in my father's mine. All I know is that, suddenly, I was out on the porch with my father, and for a moment or so, in the blast of the storm, all I could do there was to stand against the wall by the door, and cower.

I have an impression of my father coming at me, and I think now that for an instant he was going to slap me. But if so, he controlled himself; instead, he took me up in his arms. He was soothing me. "Look now, fellow," he was saying, or something like that; I can't recall the words, but I felt, and still feel, the change in his mood. "It's not so bad now, really, is it? Look at that flash, now, those flashes. Aren't they wonderful? Aren't they glorious?"

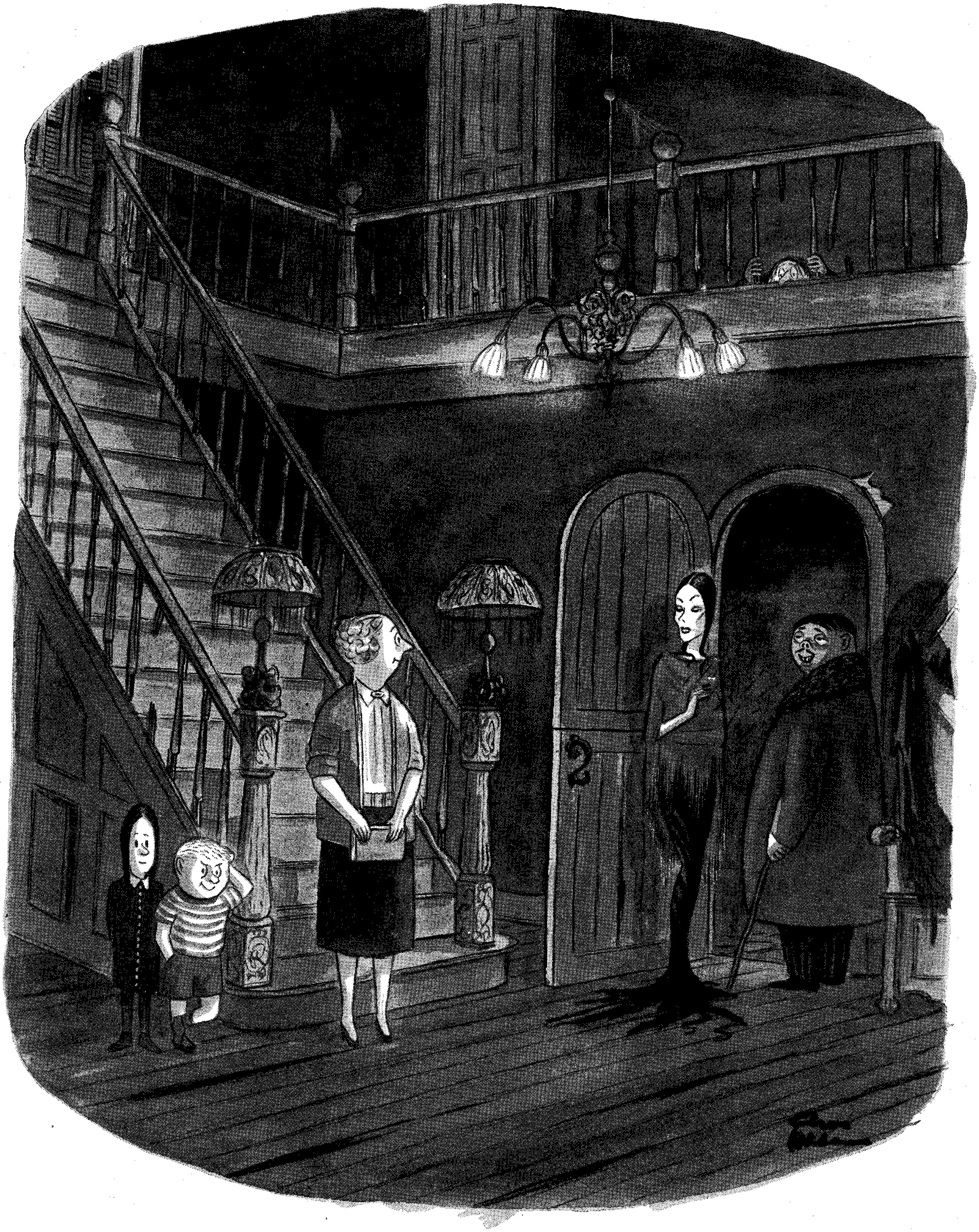
And suddenly, magically, they were. It was at Christmas Crossing that this happened, and I watched many storms from that porch with my father afterward; afterward, indeed, my mother watched some of them, too. So it's the storms in the aggregate, so to speak, that I remember, instead of this or any other single one: the great rush and roar of them, and the feeling of being enveloped by a force so majestic, mighty, and impersonal that even its menace became an exhilaration, while the fact that one was able to stand and see it in its full power was both a challenge and a reward. It was a good place, I felt, to be with one's father—most of all when, at last, the storm would be rolling out past us ("showing its heels to us," as my father put it), its lightnings still stab, stab, stab, stabbing as fiercely as ever but now in the regions beyond and below; and one could feel its tensions relaxing in the air around us, as they had already relaxed in the house itself.

—ROBERT M. COATES

ÜBER NACHT

Sleep would not come against those ritual bells,
The clanging hours like bells, my pulse like bells,
My thoughts like bells, knelling till daybreak.
Oh, all the steeples of my body rang
Headlong, nightlong, and only for our sake.
Could you not hear them? Did you not once wake?

—KENNETH SCHOLES



"We won't be late, Miss Weems. Get the children to bed around eight, and keep your back to the wall at all times."

A MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR

EVERY now and then, my friend Ned Simpson would say he was sick of the City; he would get out of it before it killed him. We did not pay much attention to these outbursts. All of us hated the City—that is to say, work, worry, noise. But most of us found our holidays too long. After a fortnight away from London, we wanted to get back to work, worry, and noise—to life. And when we grumbled at the City, our wives would smile wisely or sadly and say nothing. But Ned's wife would cry, "Then why don't you leave it? Why do you stay? You say yourself there's no need. And you're nearly sixty. In another year or two, it will be too late."

As our friend Grain, the tea man, says, Nell is a headlong woman; it's no good telling her. "Women," he says, "are the everlasting Bourbons of the world. They never forget anything and they never learn. All the experience in the world is no good to 'em. They start new from the beginning every day."

We had to agree that this was true—of Nell, at least. But we excused her. She was so devoted. She had that special devotion seen only in childless wives. Ned was her child, her only one, as well as her husband, and for years she had complained that she never saw the real Ned. Before work, he was simply a concentrated train catcher in such a fury at the timetable that he would not speak to her, and at night he came back so tired that he would say at the very door, "For God's sake, don't tell me things—I'm all in."

When Nell spoke of retirement, he would answer, to our alarm, "Yes, why don't I chuck my hand in? Why don't I put my damned umbrella through that damned old station clock? I tell you why—because I've lost my guts. Because I've nothing left inside but a comptometer and a lot of ticker tape. And what's it all for? The City is just a habit—a bad habit. And not so good as dope. That makes you feel good for a minute or two. You get something for your bargain." And he swore he would leave that half year.

But when, year after year, he was still cursing the City, that old vampire, still swearing this was his last month, and still catching the nine-twenty from Wimbledon every morning, we stopped being alarmed. We smiled when Nell said, "Ned is longing to go, but he's had such bad luck. Always some new crisis at the office. It's absolutely *extraordinary*."

Grain remarked dryly that all offices, and especially offices of commodity men, like us, were extraordinary in this way. But Nell assured us that Ned's office was quite a special case. Ned had never known such a lot of trouble, what with the change of government and the wild behavior of commodities.

"I've never known a tame one," Grain said. "My God, Ned and his copper! I wish I could shut him in a cage for an hour or two with tea. He'd know something about commodities then—if he came out alive."

Then, one morning, a very wet morning, during a bus strike, Ned resigned. He gave six months' notice, according to his contract, though he first said he would not stay another hour. The partners, sons of the man who had started the firm, with Ned's able assistance, were much disturbed. Ned had practically run Ackbee Electrical since old Ackbee died, just before the Second World War. He had kept it going during the war and reconstructed it afterwards. They said they had not expected their managing director to leave them at sixty-two. They begged him to reconsider; he was indispensable, at least for another five years, until the new overseas branches were in full operation.

They even went to Nell, and begged her to use her influence. Money was no object. They would give Ned anything he asked for, on top of his directorship. But Nell laughed at them. She had never liked the Ackbee brothers. She considered that they had exploited Ned.

And she was already looking for a country cottage. All she and Ned wanted, she said, was a simple little place with electricity and water, in an established garden with some good trees and a southern slope. Both Ned and Nell were keen gardeners; that is to say, Nell would work at their patch all the week, and on Sundays Ned would criticize it and tell her how much better it would be if it were twice the size and had better soil. And if he could work it himself.

Nell had to have a good garden, for Ned's sake. But she was not particular about the house, except that Ned could not bear Tudor or Queen Anne and she hated modern. All they wanted was a quiet little place without any fake or phony and with no suggestion whatever of a city land agency's window, a tourist folder, or an architects' review. It must look, according to Ned, as if it had grown there, among the flowers, as if its bricks and tiles were made of garden earth. It must be mature, of course, but a hundred years old would be enough. And it must be in first-class order. An old house in bad order can ruin a char-

tered accountant. Yes, and perhaps a little glass, but no view unless it was absolutely unspoilable—over the Green Belt, or National Trust land. And, oh, yes, it must be within ten miles of town, for Covent Garden. Nell wanted her operas.

We told each other the tale at the golf club and laughed about Nell. We agreed that this catalogue was just like Nell; she always demanded the earth, especially for Ned.

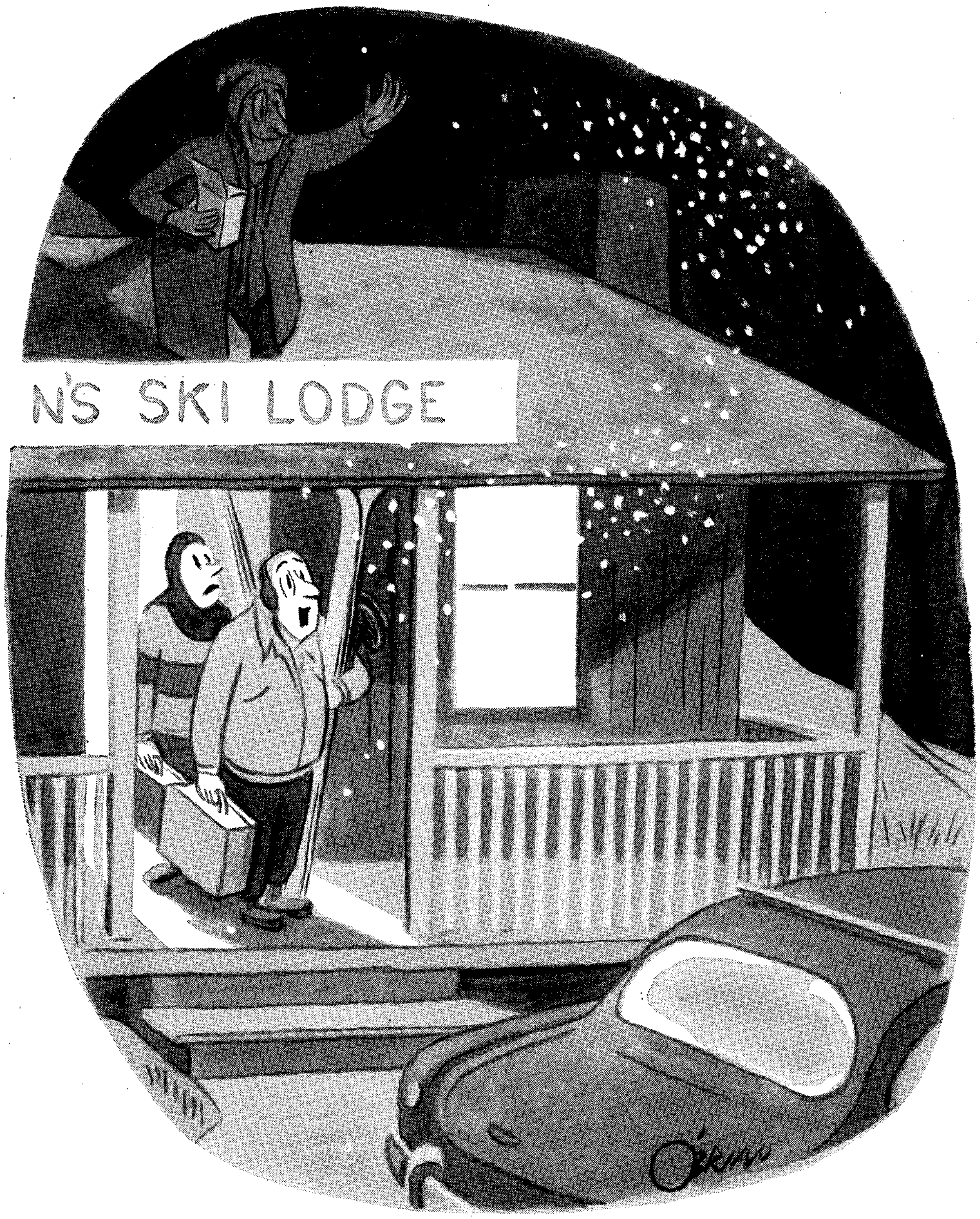
Grain took a deeper, more subtle view. Had Ned got cold feet and set Nell on an impossible quest? "We've got to remember Ned will never admit he's made a mistake. This house hunt is a get-out."

We agreed that there was something in this. Nell would never find a place to suit them both—not in Ned's lifetime. We all knew something about house hunting, especially for simple little places, in good order.

SEVERAL months went by. Nell had not found her simple little place. She was desperate, and amazed. "It's absolutely extraordinary," she said, "what people, quite nice people, will put in advertisements about houses. You wouldn't believe it. I went forty miles yesterday to see what they called a little gem, just redecorated, all conveniences, in a large garden with a view over the Thames valley. And do you know what it was?" We couldn't imagine. But we had difficulty in affecting surprise when we heard that the little gem had twenty-five rooms, in Victorian Gothic, and that it overlooked a gasworks and backed on a goods yard.

She did find a nice little house, in a builder's yard; and she also saw a wonderful garden, with what was called a gentleman's desirable residence, which turned out to be a wooden shack attached to an enormous vinery, rotten as a sleepy pear.

The six months were up. There was no house to go to, and Ned asked what the hell a man was to do in this goddam century. There was no place left for a Christian to have some peace. He supposed the idea was that the goddam City had got him and didn't mean to let go till it had sucked the last drop of his blood. But he'd show it. And he told the worried young partners, neither of them much over forty, that he could only stay from month to month until his arrangements were made. "I'm sorry," he said, "but you've had four-fifths of my life and I want a fraction for myself—just to feel what real life is like."



"Let's stick it out another day. There seems to be a touch of snow in the air."

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He was much excited by his own boldness of decision. "I'm sorry to let those chaps down," he told us, "but damn it all, it's now or never for me. And what was I born for? What have I got to show for my life? A lot of dirty paper. No, I want to *do* something, create something, if it's only a rockery. I have ideas about rockeries." And he pulled out an advertisement about garden stonework and alpines. He wanted us to say "Wonderful," but we were too worried. Things were rather dicky in the markets just then—we would miss Ned and his enthusiasms, his feuds, especially his rage against the City.

BUT six months later he was still the prop of Ackbee's. And his retirement had become a joke. Nell was still looking. She had discovered, indeed, a very nice place, with a good house and garden, in a pretty valley with no view except of fine trees. Its only fault was that it was sixty miles from town and rather expensive. Ned would not dream of it. "It's not the money; it's the distance and the train service," he said to us one day at the golf club. "I'm not going to let Nell cut herself off from her music. She'd wither away—she'd be impossible to live with. Nell needs Wagner as a cow needs oil cake. No, no, no—ten miles from town is the limit."

"What did I tell you?" Grain asked us after Ned had gone, and though we did not want to acknowledge his superior acuteness, we had to agree that he had been right. After that, jokes were made about Ned's plans even in his own

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DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS

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DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS

hearing. He was asked if he had ordered the rock for that rock garden; rocks were going up every day. Ned would smile at this or simply contradict. Rocks were still cheap if you knew the right man.

Then, one afternoon, we had a large party at the golf club. There was a lot of chaff before lunch. Some stockbrokers had joined us in the bar and were in a rollicking mood. Commodity men like to pretend that stockbrokers are a frivolous race who never come in contact with the harsh realities of life, as one does, say, in the corn or hide markets. This, of course, is a trifle sweeping, but it is a fact that brokers do sometimes, on 'Change itself, indulge in horseplay such as would be quite out of place among potato merchants, and utterly impossible among base-metal men, those Galahads of the High Quest. It must be admitted, too, that these brokers had had a bad week and were looking forward to a worse. They were therefore full of jokes, of the elementary kind we used to make in the trenches of the first war, before a big attack. "Where's Simpson?" one of them cried. "The great retirer." This was a jobber, and he was answered by a jobber.

"Retired."

"My God. You don't mean it? Hold me up."

"For the moment," said the other, a little dried-up fellow who, they say, has been in the City since the Jubilee of '97.

The first one, a bald, fat fellow of about sixty, notoriously facing bankruptcy, tipped the second one's cap off and shouted, "Forward, the Reds!" The rest at once joined in with shouts of "Up, the Arsenal!," "Manchester United!," and played football with the cap, so that when Ned came into the room he could not get at the bar.

"Hi," he called, "this isn't 'Change."

The fat jobber kicked the cap out of the window and shouted, "Goal!" There were yells of "Foul" and "Offside," and someone blew a whistle.

Ned had now got to the bar and was brooding over a double whiskey; he growled to me, "Look at Fatty—do you know he's got a heart? He might drop dead any minute." I said perhaps that was what he wanted.

The crowd of brokers, having argued for two minutes and proposed throwing the little old man out of the window to find his cap, closed in for drinks. The bald one, crimson, and panting for breath so that he could hardly speak, slapped Ned hard on the back and croaked, "The copper king is offended by the dead-end kids."

"To hell with copper," Ned said, "and you too."

"That's where we live," said the little man, laughing, and showing a row of china teeth like tombstones. "But it's been a bit hot this month."

"Five to one," gasped the fat man, "that Ned Simpson is here next year, and still retiring. In quids."

Ned was astonished. He turned red. "What the hell do you mean?" Then, suddenly understanding the chap, he said, "Taken. Where's your fiver?"

"No, old boy," the fat man said. "Not till you've retired. I mean really retired. Gone. Skedaddled. Vanished. Left the City."

Ned said to the barman, "Tom, put it down. If I'm still at Ackbee's at the end of another year, I pay Mr. James one pound. And if not, he pays me five."

We were all quiet now. We realized the possible consequences of such a challenge. Even the jobber was quiet for a moment. But, as I say, he was in a don't-care mood. He didn't cry off. And, in fact, he nearly won. It wasn't for another eleven months that Ned left Ackbee's. One of the partners had been ill, and the other got married. In sheer decency, Ned explained, he had to stand by the firm in these difficult circumstances.

But the bet had sunk home. He kept cursing at that jobber, even after the man went broke that autumn, and took too much sleeping pill about a week later. Ned subscribed for the widow, but declared that he would claim the bet from the fund.

Of course, he did not do so. But Grain was convinced that he had retired simply to score off that brash jobber. "And that's pretty stupid—to commit suicide because another suicide has challenged you to do it. Because it is suicide. You'll see. Ned won't last two years in retirement."

Grain, a bluff, honest fellow without much tact—who, I think, rather despises tact—told Ned himself, after a business lunch at the Savoy, one of those nice, regardless lunches you get on an expense account, that he was a fool. He was making the old mistake of all such fools. "If anyone was ever City, Ned, you're City. Back, belly, and sides. The only flowers you really care about are stocks. Your finest view is St. Paul's, your native heath is the pavement, and your proper atmosphere is smog. Country air and oxygen will rot your lungs in a year, and as for peace and quiet, you will lie awake all night praying to hear one lorry—only one heavy lorry—change gear only once and tell you that there's still some business going on somewhere."

This was within a week of Ned's re-

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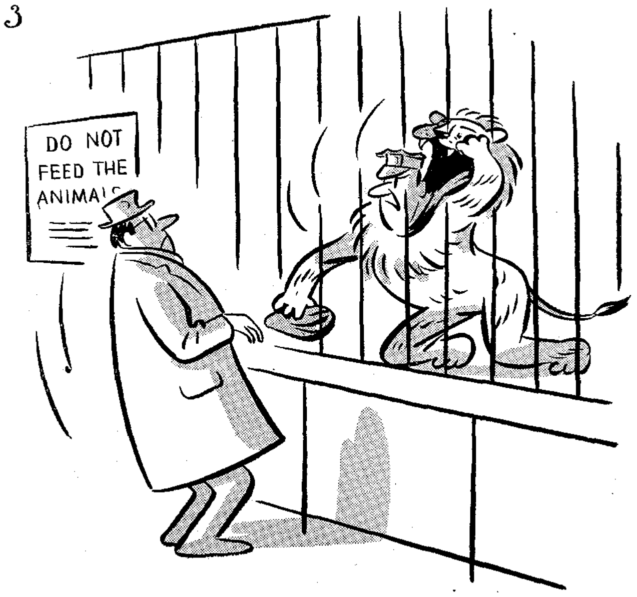
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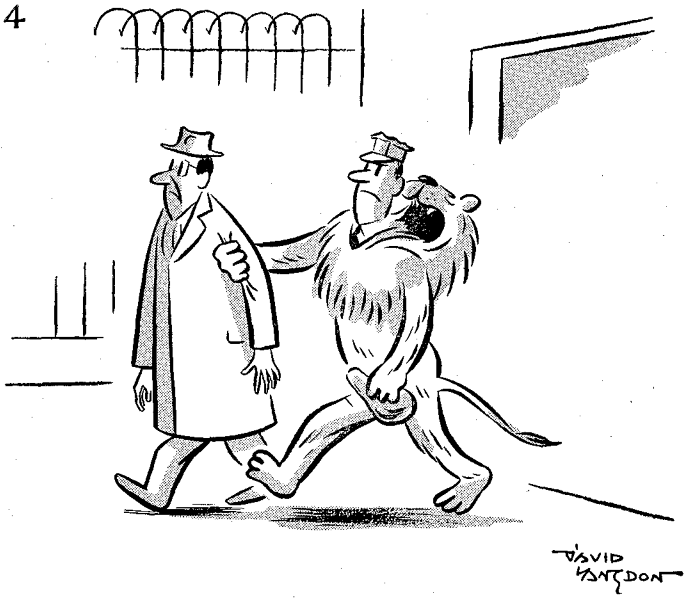

tiring date. It's not surprising that Ned, who loves good eating and drinking and who was savoring his cigar and his brandy, glared furiously at his old friend during this speech. Then, all at once, his brow cleared. The cigar, the brandy were having the right effect, the effect they are meant to have at a business lunch. And he answered mildly, "I'll see you all underground in your smog."

ACTUALLY, Ned stayed three weeks beyond the date fixed. There was an unexpected crisis. A creditor defaulted. The firm that was building the North German branch had a quarrel with the local council and threw up the contract. The Ackbees, in a panic, appealed to Ned, and he went on a tour of all the branches to make a general report on progress and prospects.

In that same month, Nell found the ideal place. It had not been advertised at all. It belonged to an old lady who was going to retire; that is to say, to live in an hotel. She had vaguely thought of shutting up her cottage, and meanwhile gave her housekeeper notice. The housekeeper had a sister in a shoeshop where Nell took Ned's shoes to be mended. And the sister heard Nell say to the proprietress that perhaps she would not be leaving the neighborhood that September, as she could not find a house in the country.

The sister said nothing till Nell had gone home. She was a woman of slow reactions. But the proprietress happened to meet Nell in a fish shop and told her of the cottage. Nell drove down at once. And the place was almost exactly what she had, so wildly, demanded—a sober box of a house, built about 1840, like any estate cottage of that time, whitewashed brick, with a narrow entrance passage thrown into the parlor to make a hall, and a patched-on living room at one end opening on the garden. A modest house that said only, "I have no pretensions, I am here to be used—a place simply for shelter and warmth." A house like a faithful cook.

And all in perfect order—rich old lady's order. An ancient glasshouse built against the kitchen wall, so that it needed no heat, had just been completely restored. The old lady did not grow pot plants, but she liked to take breakfast in the sun.

Nell hesitated when she found that the magnificent view was not, as the old lady had said, over the Green Belt but over a ducal estate, one of the finest in the country, and therefore almost certain to be cut to pieces and turned into building land as soon as the duke died and the Treasury took its eighty per cent of his property. And the duke was eighty.

But Ned, when he saw the garden, the southern slope, the rich, deep earth in the borders, clinched the deal. Nell was a donkey, he said; she never knew when she was well off. To hell with safe views. No view was safe in this world. Your Green Belts were flytraps. The damned old spider of a government was always hovering around ready to tie you up in a fever hospital or an airdrome at any moment. Governments love to break the law—it makes them feel good, it makes them feel like somebody. And that's what all governments were after.

He hurled himself into planning, digging, planting before the carpets were down. And that autumn, winter, and spring, he and Nell might have retired to Kamchatka for all we knew of them. They did not even fulfill a promise to ask us to stay with them. They did not answer invitations. Someone saw Nell at "Götterdämmerung," blissfully asleep in a stall. But I did not set eyes on her for a whole year—not till the next May, when I ran upon her, with sunburned cheeks and shiny crimson nose, coming out of a store in Victoria Street. She had been inspecting a new motor mower. Nell had been a smart-looking woman; Ned liked her to dress well. Now she was wearing a broken felt hat, a corduroy skirt bagged at the knees, and an old tweed coat that might have been Ned's oldest. She looked like someone playing the country duchess, except that she was obviously indifferent not only to her appearance but to her situation. She was not flaunting country clothes in town; she was treating town as a country capital where one went to buy agricultural machinery.

She beamed upon me and apologized for not answering my last letter. They had been so busy. They simply worked all day, and at night they were too tired to write letters. Ned often fell asleep in his chair. What a marvellous life! How wonderfully lucky they had been in that place! It was perfect—perfect. And Ned was planning an orchard—their own fruit, the latest bush apples. After all, as Ned said, he could count on ten or fifteen years, so why not grow trees? Even in five he would have apples for market, enough to pay for the garden.

That day, and the time at the opera, were the only times any of us saw Nell. And we did not see Ned at all till the next winter. He had a touch of arthritis and came up twice a week for massage. Luckily, he said, it was a slack time in the garden. And all his new apple trees were in. He and Nell were having a bit of a rest and, by Jove, they'd earned it. Yes, he would have just time to come in for lunch at my club in town and meet some of the crowd.

In fact, it became a regular thing to lunch with Ned twice a week at the club. Ned obviously looked forward to it. He liked to tell us how wonderful, how exceptional his masseur was; he would shake his head over the price of zinc and copper, and let us know in confidence that he had bad news of the firm. These young chaps were doing everything wrong, taking fearful chances. He understood they were deep in the red already. Typical of the young—they never follow advice.

When he had gone, Grain would say, "He's hankering. He's sick of his damned apple trees, now they're in. Nothing to do but watch 'em grow. The trouble is Ned will never admit he's tired of retiring."

The rest of us did not give much attention to Grain's wisdom. There was a bit of a crisis on. My own firm, which had gone rather too deep into cement just before the '45 election, was now trying to hedge on bricks. And the financial outlook generally did not help. It was distinctly gloomy.

BUT though things were no better the next winter, we were rather struck to hear that Ned's country place was up for sale. The garden was too big for him in his bad state of health. It appeared that he had been taking a cure—a series of injections—without any good results. Nell suddenly turned up in a small hotel in the City. She called me, and we had a conference—one of those long, serious conferences that Nell had always held with Ned's friends, about Ned's troubles. "It's extraordinary," she said, "how he's changed. Lost all his energy—takes no interest even in the new trees. And I can't persuade him to go to a specialist. He should have an X-ray—not that it could be anything serious."

We skirted round this dangerous subject. Of course, I said, X-ray was simply routine nowadays.

"Yes, of course," she said. "But if I told Ned that, he'd suspect something. He's so extraordinarily quick he'd go up in the air. He'd think me crazy."

It was pathetic to see her worry. Like all women in such a place, she was suspecting cancer, because that was the biggest disaster she could imagine. And that was why she could not mention it as a possibility and why I had to suggest every other possibility, such as suppressed flu or a virus infection. I did not know if there was such a thing as suppressed flu, but Nell jumped at it. Ned had had several bad colds, and he was, by nature, a very strong man. If he had flu, his constitution would certainly suppress it. And, as everyone knew, suppressed flu could turn to anything—absolutely anything.

"But if you want him to have an X-ray," I said, "the best thing to suggest would be a painless ulcer."

"Can you have a painless ulcer?"

"I don't see why not. If your local G.P. agrees. And I think he would."

"You do notice that Ned is not himself?"

"Yes, I noticed he was a bit piano. But of course Ned has always been up and down. He goes in for everything with so much enthusiasm."

Nell did not smile. But she warmly agreed about Ned's going up and down. She went away clinging to this idea, yet determined to arrange the X-ray. In fact, all of us were alarmed. Ned had suddenly become an old man, tottering about with a stick, groaning about the weather.

Nell sold most of her very good and much cherished furniture, and took a minute two-room service flat in a vast warren near Richmond. She and Ned couldn't afford anything better. The ideal property had fetched a miserable price on resale, because the bill discounter who had bought it—retiring to die there of thrombosis and ulcers—discovered by divination that the roof was full of dry rot. It was a marvel it had not fallen on Ned's head. Old ladies don't worry about roofs, and the surveyor employed by Ned to report on the place had not, apparently, worried much either. He was not buying, and besides, his torch lamp had failed before he reached the roof.

Ned said only, "My own fault—never trust an expert." Which meant that it was not his fault. It was the fault of a world run by slapstick authorities.

But Nell was haggard with guilt. "I really ought to have been more careful. I was too keen to get Ned settled."

"She was indeed," Grain said later. "And she's pretty well settled him for good."

Grain never actually said to Ned, "I told you so," but one day at the club he looked it. Luckily, Ned was so depressed and so ill that he did not even notice his old friend's looks. Instead, he said with amazement, "Really, I have the damnedest luck, to get ill like this the moment I retire."

"It's been noticed before," Grain said.

"What's been noticed?"

"That men who retire get these mysterious illnesses and go to pieces."

"Oh, that old tale," Ned said. "Of course they do, and serve 'em right if they don't face the facts. A chap wants a purpose in life—a real job."

We were all silent for a moment, partly appalled by Grain's remark, partly at a loss to retrieve it. And Ned, perhaps noticing the embarrassment and grasping what it meant, said in a mild tone, "But my illness isn't mysterious, Bob. I've got arthritis. And they're beginning to know something about arthritis. I really think these injections are doing some good."

In fact, Ned soon began picking up. Nell had failed to contrive the X-ray, but now even she felt that there was no necessity for it. Ned was putting on weight, and his language about the government was so bad that it was an embarrassment to have him at the club.

THE FISHERMEN

When you think how big their feet are in black rubber,
And it slippery underfoot always, it is clever
How they thread and manage among the sprawled nets, lines,
Hooks, spidery cages with small entrances.
But they are used to it. We do not know their names.
They know our needs, and live by them, lending them wiles
And beguilements we could never have fashioned for them;
They carry the ends of our hungers out to drop them
To wait swaying in a dark place we could never have chosen.
By motions we have never learned they feed us.
We lay wreaths on the sea when it has drowned them.

—W. S. MERWIN

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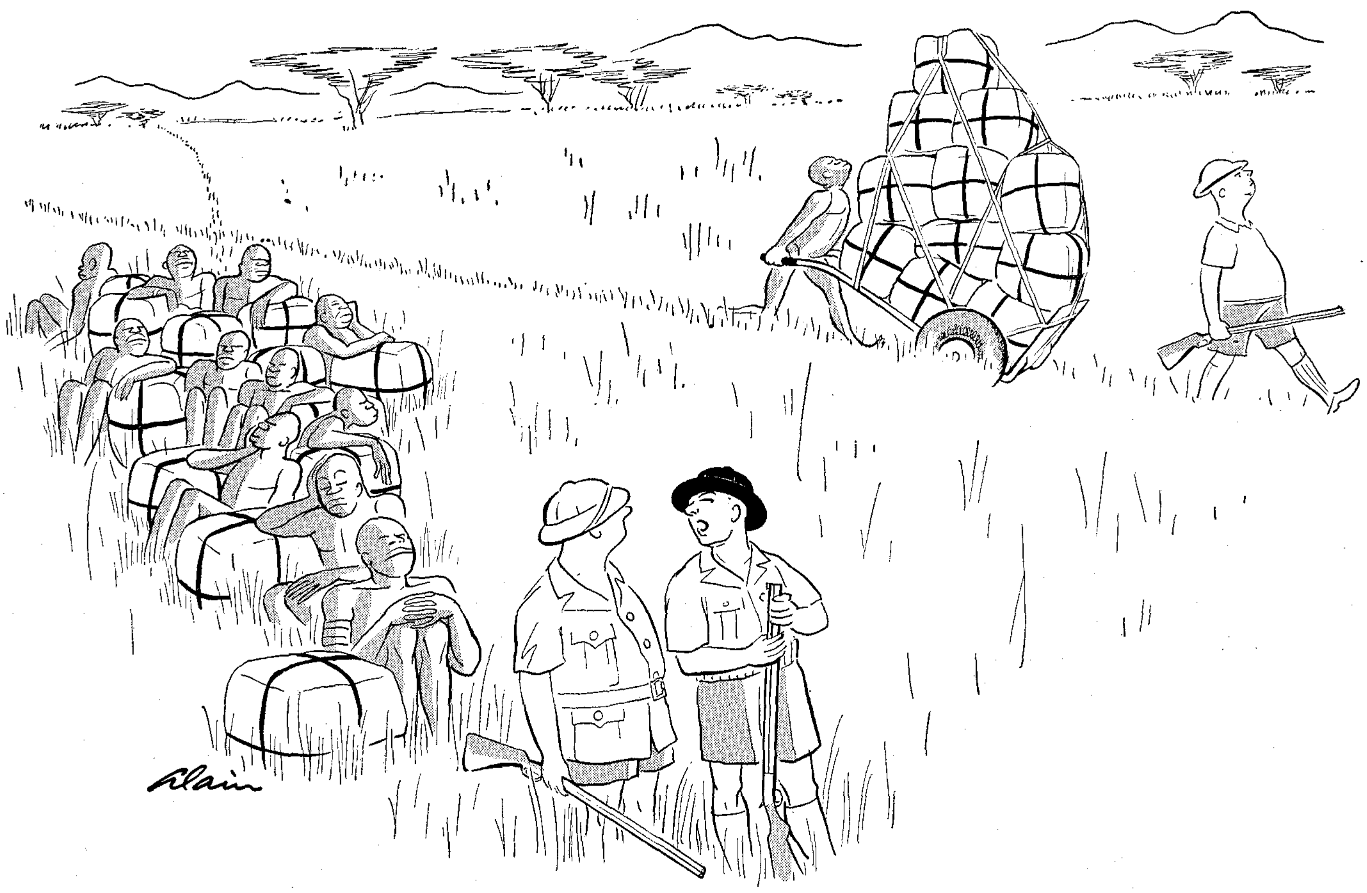


"Trust Schmidt to cut every possible corner."

• •

We had several junior Ministers about since the last election, anxious to know what really makes the world go round and round. But, of course, Ned was there almost every day now. He had nothing else to do and nowhere else where he could get what he called sensible conversation.

IT was a piece of luck when he met an old school friend in the train who was a volunteer helper at the European Consolidated Welfare Central Office. It appeared that there was a great rush of work there, on account of earthquakes in Greece and floods in Italy, a wave of refugees in West Berlin and drought in Spain. The job was unpaid, but it was only for two hours a morning, and you could always stop if you liked.

Ned, who speaks Spanish and writes German, agreed, on these terms, to do some translating three days a week, and went along. He continued to go along while the rush lasted. Four old gentlemen handled correspondence in German, French, Italian, Finnish, Danish, Turkish, Spanish, Greek, and Armenian. They sat in an unheated cellar with rugs round their feet.

"It's a scandal," Ned said, "but there's no doubt about the rush. And next month I'll have a holiday. Italy this time. Never seen the Italian gardens. Fountains—we've never done enough with fountains in England."

But next month, by some extraordinary chance, the rush was worse than ever. There were earthquakes in Italy, a drought in Greece, locusts in Spain, floods in Bavaria, and a new wave of refugees from Czechoslovakia. Ned was in charge of his room, and spent every morning there. He had recruited a lieutenant colonel of engineers who understood files, and an ex-undersecretary of mines who knew a little Italian and made excellent coffee. Also, they had put down a worn but still entire rubber carpet in the cellar, procured by the colonel from the anteroom of his old mess, by collusion with the quartermaster. All were sworn to secrecy about this, but it was a popular story in the service clubs.

Ned was getting very lame again, and this attack did not seem to yield to treatment. Nell, bold as a tigress who sees her cub in danger, went to the Ackbee firm and proposed they should take Ned back. She would guarantee that her influence would be decisive with him; he was reading the metal-market review every day at breakfast. The Ackbees were alarmed at the very suggestion. They were polite but they made it plain they had no room for Ned—not at any price. In fact, the young men, having started on their own policy, however reckless, were going to carry it through. They were enjoying themselves, and to hell with experience. If they did crash, well, they would have had a go. And a crash nowadays is not the end of everything. It is often the beginning of a merger and of expanded operations.

That was a year ago. Ned is now a head of department at the European Center. He has all southern Europe on his shoulders. He catches the eight-ten every morning, which is an hour earlier than his old morning train from Wimbledon, and he limps home, more dead than alive, about seven, to be cherished and nursed into bed, by a wife who dares not open her lips.

His work is exhausting, an endless worry; he curses it. His amateur helpers are keen but not very competent, and they insist on taking sudden holidays at short notice. He himself refused a holiday altogether, saying he couldn't afford to be away. Things would get out of hand and he would never get them straight again.

Nell and the doctor intervened. So he took a fortnight, in June, and with Nell made a tour of Italian gardens. I was in Rome with my wife when they arrived there, and we arranged to visit Tivoli with them. Later, Ned phoned that they would meet us in Tivoli; they had to make an early start because they were flying to Milan in the afternoon.

This is how we happened to see them in Tivoli walking hand in hand along the upper alley of fountains. We went over to meet them, and they looked startled, as if they had not expected us—probably they had forgotten our arrangement.

"Isn't it marvellous?" my wife said. "And always more marvellous every time you see it."

"Yes, yes." Ned looked round at the landscape spread out below. "Yes, marvellous." And you could see him trying to gobble this view, to possess it, in thirty seconds. He looked at his watch, then at the fountains—the hundreds of fountains, running, turning, springing, doing everything with water that can be done—and then again at his watch.

"Oh, Ned, but we needn't go yet," Nell said.

"'Fraid so, darling. It's going to be a rush as it is. And you know how you hate a rush."

They made their apologies and went off, limping together. For Nell, as she supported Ned, was swaying with him. She was clinging too tight. They had only four more days, and this was all Ned would get before Christmas. Ned shifted his stick to look at his watch again, and put on the pace. His limp became a kind of grotesque dance, in which Nell was obliged to join.

NOW Nell does not complain that she sees only a cross husband all the working year and that her holidays are a fever; she is too pleased to see Ned well. For he eats like a shark and sleeps like a log.

Grain delights in what he calls his cautionary tale. And we were inclined to agree that he had been wise in foreseeing the event. Then somehow it reached Nell and she was very angry. One day in the ladies' annex at my club she tackled Grain. She said that it was all nonsense about Ned getting bored in his retirement. He'd never been bored in his life. What happened was that he got ill. He got arthritis. Perhaps that was due to the change from a centrally heated house to a rather damp cottage, but it wasn't Ned's fault.

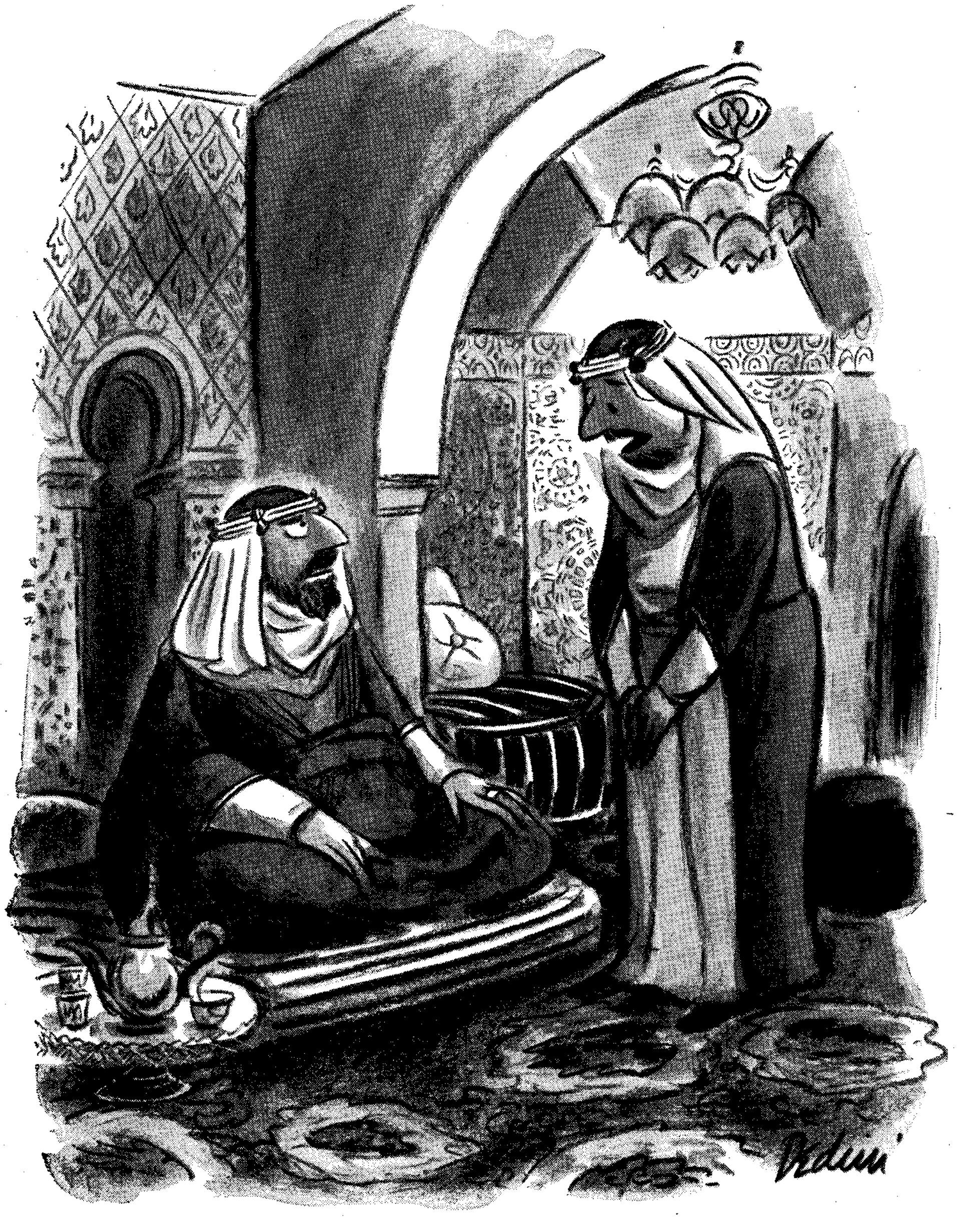
Grain said, "Yes, of course. It was a special case, not at all typical." But he said it in such a way as to show us that he was not by any means repentant. And when Nell went away at last, with my wife, to their concert, he explained to us that arthritis can be a nervous disease.

We were silent. Nell, after all, had spoken the truth. Ned is not a man to get bored even with young apple trees. The whole affair, in fact, now we really looked at it, appeared rather complicated and confusing. And the more you thought of Ned and Nell, the more mysterious it became. It was really impossible, we agreed, to come to any definite conclusion.

Is Ned really, as Grain says, so City that he can't live anywhere else? And yet hates the City. Almost all real City men do hate the City. They hate and they love. And then, one might not be bored in retirement, but one might, all the same, suffer some unexpected degeneration, like an old horse that is taken to the next county for a change of grass. There were thousands of possibilities.

Besides, though Grain treats us all as if he were our oldest friend, we all detest him. He's bluff because he's conceited and he's conceited because he has the cheapest kind of mind—a reach-me-down set of ideas. He is never in doubt about anything because he never sees the insides of anything. He's a closed file. Neither is he the man, like poor old Ned, to take a chance, to bet his life, to follow his dream. In short, as my wife says, he's City to the core. But we have to remember that my wife is prejudiced. She wants me to retire.

—JOYCE CARY



"Father, I smashed a Cadillac—one of the blue ones."

•

He got up, dressed and took a shower.
—*The American Weekly.*

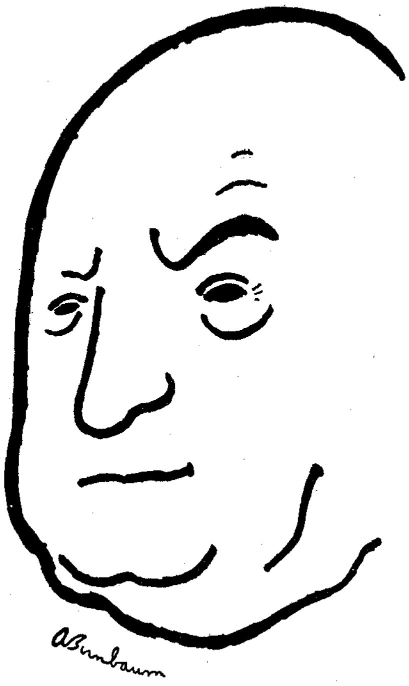
It's O.K. with us, if that's the way he likes it.

PROFILES

FOR GOD, COUNTRY, YALE, AND GARDEN

THE world abounds with grown-up college boys whose names and faces once embellished the sports pages but whose fame is now confined largely to the brittle leaves of their own scrapbooks. A conspicuous exception to this cruel pattern of destiny is John Reed Kilpatrick, who for twenty-two years was the president, and is now the chairman of the board, of Madison Square Garden. Forty-five years ago, Kilpatrick of Yale, as the public then knew him, made both Phi Beta Kappa and the All-America football team. The late Damon Runyon, musing on true Blue heroes, once said of him, "No one ever left behind him a more glittering reputation." Sentimental old Elis, misty-eyed with admiration, still reminisce about how massive assaults that had been craftily and sturdily constructed of Harvard or Princeton sinew and muscle would crumple in jarring disarray at Kilpatrick's solitary onslaught. At the time Kilpatrick entered Yale, in the fall of 1907, freshmen were given an exhaustive physical examination and then rated according to "total units of strength." Prior to Kilpatrick's matriculation, the campus record was 1644.4 units. The newcomer's measurements were meticulously recorded: height, 5 feet 10⅕ inches; weight, 182 pounds; chest girth, 41.1 inches; waist, 31.5 inches; lung power, 328 cubic inches; right biceps, 14.1 inches; left biceps, 13.4 inches; right-thigh girth, 24.1 inches; left-thigh girth, 24.3 inches; leg strength, 680 pounds; back strength, 450 pounds; right-forearm strength, 135 pounds; left-forearm strength, 110 pounds; and calf, 15.3 inches. (The calves of a Yale man were apparently assumed to be identical.) Then, by means of some arithmetical legerdemain comparable to adding shillings and quarters, the University lumped together all these findings and announced that Kilpatrick had established a new units-of-strength mark, of 1816.9. "Possessing a body that at once places him in a class by himself, he at the same time shows a control of his neuromuscular machinery that is astonishing and gratifying," burbled the professor in charge of the Yale gymnasium.

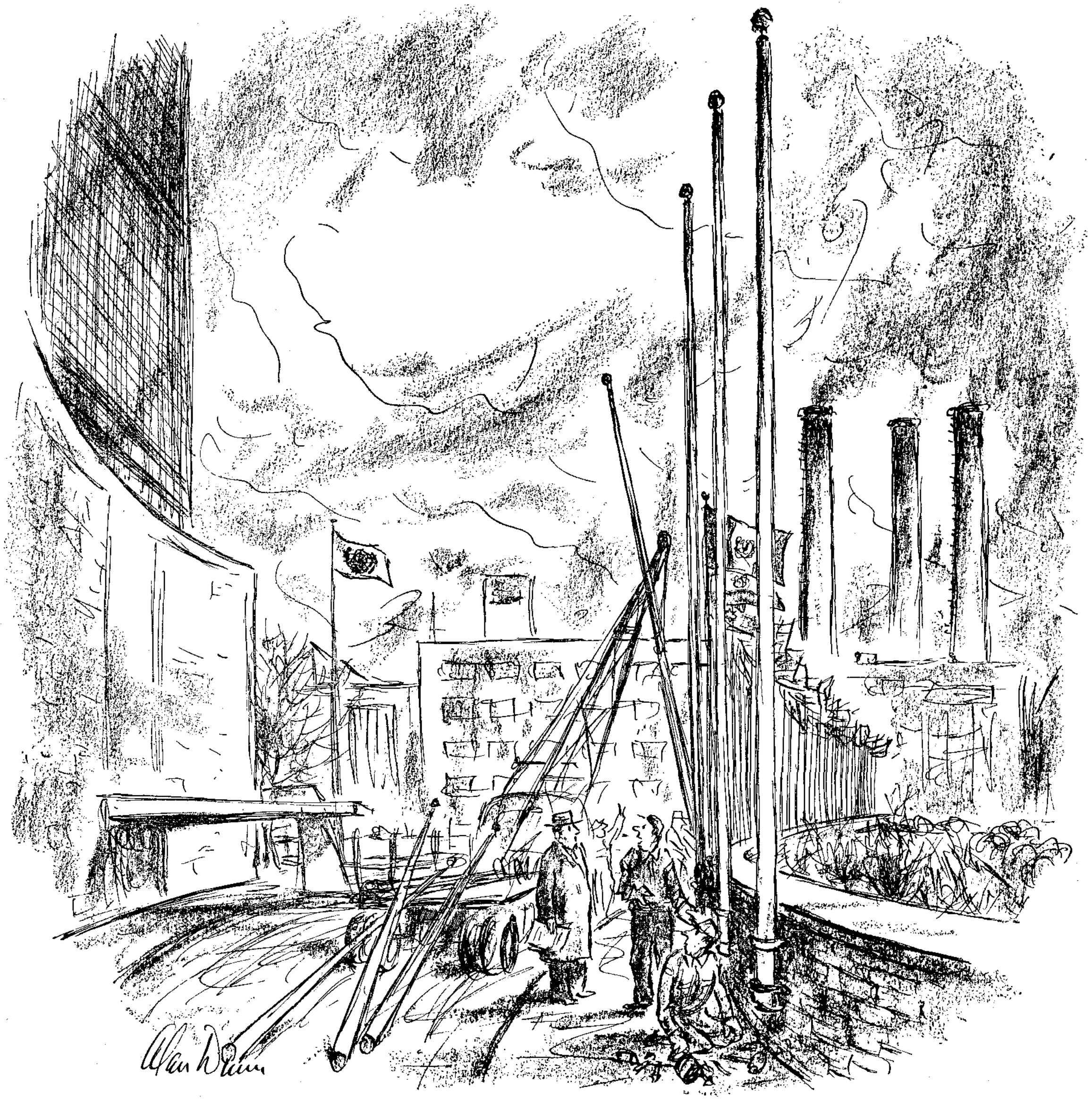
Today, at a ruddy and robust sixty-six, Kilpatrick of the Garden stands as living proof that it is possible for a college athlete to defy the law of diminishing renown. Thanks to his connection with the Garden, he still makes the sports pages. He has attained non-athletic celebrity, too—as an Army officer, a construction expert, and a civic leader. He belongs, or has belonged, to a good many formally organized clubs, among them the Links, Racquet and Tennis, Cloud, Manhattan, and, naturally, Yale, as well as the 29 Club, which has only twenty-nine members, and the Long Island Country Club, which has only fifty, each with his private room and bath in the establishment. He is also a stalwart member of that loosely knit and seemingly tireless group of clubby New Yorkers who always turn up at the better prizefights, funerals, and testimonial banquets—the sort of man that somebody once described as the James A. Farley type. Some years ago, there existed still another social organization—the John Reed Kilpatrick Outing and Chowder Club, which he and some acquaintances had set up with no more serious object than getting together on random Sundays at one country club or another and spending the afternoon in uninhibited festivity. During one of its sessions, a member's scalp was split open during a playful locker-room scuffle, and Kilpatrick called upon a doctor who was present to handle the situation. The doctor, however, was a predominantly consultative practitioner, and began to tremble while trying to sew up the victim's head. Kilpatrick, who had never so much as darned a sock, thrust the physician aside and resourcefully took nine neat stitches in the unfortunate merrymaker's scalp. The fellow survived, somewhat to his own surprise. After all, not even Frank Merriwell ever stitched up a skull.



John Reed Kilpatrick

KILPATRICK is bald and bulky now, but his neuromuscular machinery is still considered the equal of many a preliminary fighter's. While his units of strength have not been tabulated lately, at least one of the law-abhorring citizens who appear to find the atmosphere of Madison Square Garden congenial can testify that the total is worthy of respect; that one was a notorious mobster whom Kilpatrick threw bodily out of his office. Moreover, he has had other unsavory types forcibly ejected from the Garden, and after one thuggish lounger had been summarily removed from the lobby to Eighth Avenue, Kilpatrick observed, in a diary he keeps, "The effect of his being put out was rather miraculous on the rest." When Ned Irish, the Garden's executive vice-president, was asked recently to assess Kilpatrick's relationship to the establishment, he replied, "He sort of gives the building character."

Kilpatrick is a high-principled, straightforward man. When it came out a couple of years ago that some college boys had been induced by professional gamblers to throw basketball games, he could hardly believe such a thing possible; college boys, to his mind, simply don't behave that way. "I call him the big Boy Scout," Sidney J. Weinberg, a former director of the Garden, has said. Kilpatrick's ethical stature received a striking tribute last June when he became chairman of the Garden's board. He was succeeded as its president by James D. Norris, who, along with a business associate, Arthur M. Wirtz, owns more than fifty per cent of the stock of Madison Square Garden, Inc. Norris is also president of the International Boxing Clubs of New York and Illinois, and has a familial interest in two out-of-town teams in the National Hockey League—the Detroit Red Wings and the Chicago Black Hawks. The local team in the league, the New York Rangers, had always been a wholly owned and operated subsidiary of Madison Square Garden, and, as Garden president, Kilpatrick had also been its president. When the Garden management was shuffled, it didn't seem right to the directors that Norris, whom no one has accused of being even a little Boy Scout, should preside over the Rangers, in view of his stake in two rival teams. The Garden,



"While we're at it, we might as well put up a couple more for Japan and Outer Mongolia, just in case."

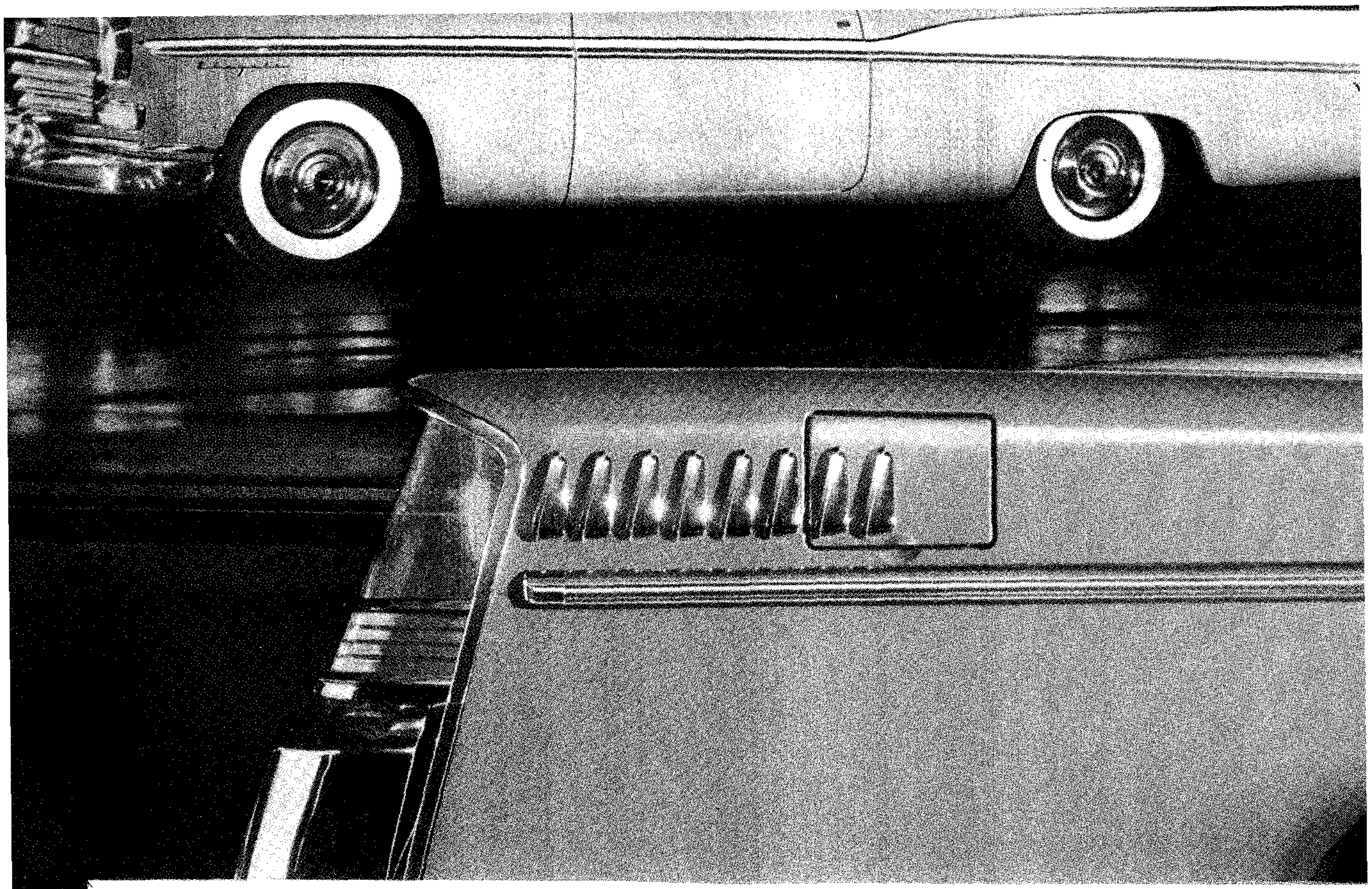
• •

however, didn't want to relinquish financial control of the Rangers. What might have proved an awkward state of affairs in any other field of enterprise was resolved when Norris made the Rangers administratively, though not fiscally, independent of the parent corporation, and persuaded Kilpatrick to stay on as their president. Kilpatrick's irreproachable integrity, Norris reasoned, would surely squelch any doubt as to the propriety of such an arrangement.

Kilpatrick is much in demand as a speaker at public ceremonies. At these, he often remarks that he has been happy in his association with the Garden because he has been paid to look at events that he would gladly have paid to see. Hockey is his favorite; his Christmas card a year ago was a color photograph of the Garden's rink. The Rangers are doing quite well, by their modest standards, this year, but for a long time they were a hapless outfit. When they are in the doldrums, Kilpatrick's agony is touching. He leaves the seat he usually occupies, in Loge 37, retreats to the Garden booking office, and watches the team on television, where its ineptness is at least on a smaller scale. Between periods of a game, he sometimes visits the Rangers' dressing room and harangues the players in the manner of an inspirational football coach trying to buck up his men. Once, during a game, Kilpatrick leaped to his feet and shouted in protest against what struck him as outrageously poor judgment on the part of an official. While he was still yelling, he realized, to his amazement, that the players themselves were not much aroused. "Gee, they don't seem to be taking it as hard as I am," he said disconsolately, and sat down.

Even as an undergraduate, Kilpatrick was a Garden habitué. He would go to six-day bike races for as many of the six days as he could spare from Yale. After he became president of the Garden, durable spectators at the round-the-clock event would occasionally be treated to the sight of one weary cyclist or another circling the track with Kilpatrick's hat or scarf held aloft as a good-luck token. Nowadays, when Kilpatrick dines out, he is likely to excuse himself abruptly after coffee and head for the Garden, taking with him as many of his fellow-diners as are in the mood to go along; when he has dinner guests at home, they are apt to end up at the Garden en masse. Only once has he actively participated in a Garden event. That was in 1927, when he allowed himself to be cast in a production number called "Great Loves of History," put on as part of a charity pageant staged by the Judson Health Center. Several notable amorous couples were to be represented, including Héloïse and Abelard, Romeo and Juliet, and Samson and Delilah. Kilpatrick, after being assured that he would be disguised beyond identification, agreed to portray Samson. Dressed in a lion skin, a false beard, and little else, he was dragging a red-haired Delilah around the floor of the arena when he passed a box occupied by a party of his Yale contemporaries and heard a man shout, "Get a load of those legs! They couldn't belong to anyone but Kilpatrick!" It is doubtful whether Samson himself felt more mortified after his haircut.

KILPATRICK's father, Frank, also had an exemplary physique. A track-and-field star, he was one of the founders of the New York Athletic Club, and in 1879, wearing the Club's colors, he won the "All-Round Championship of America," a test of versatility and endurance roughly equivalent



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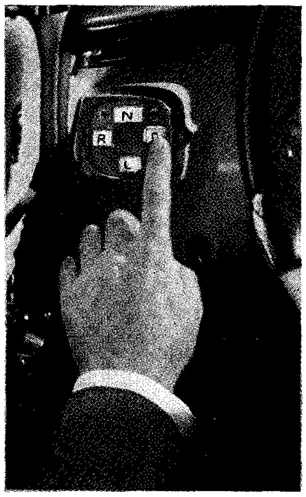

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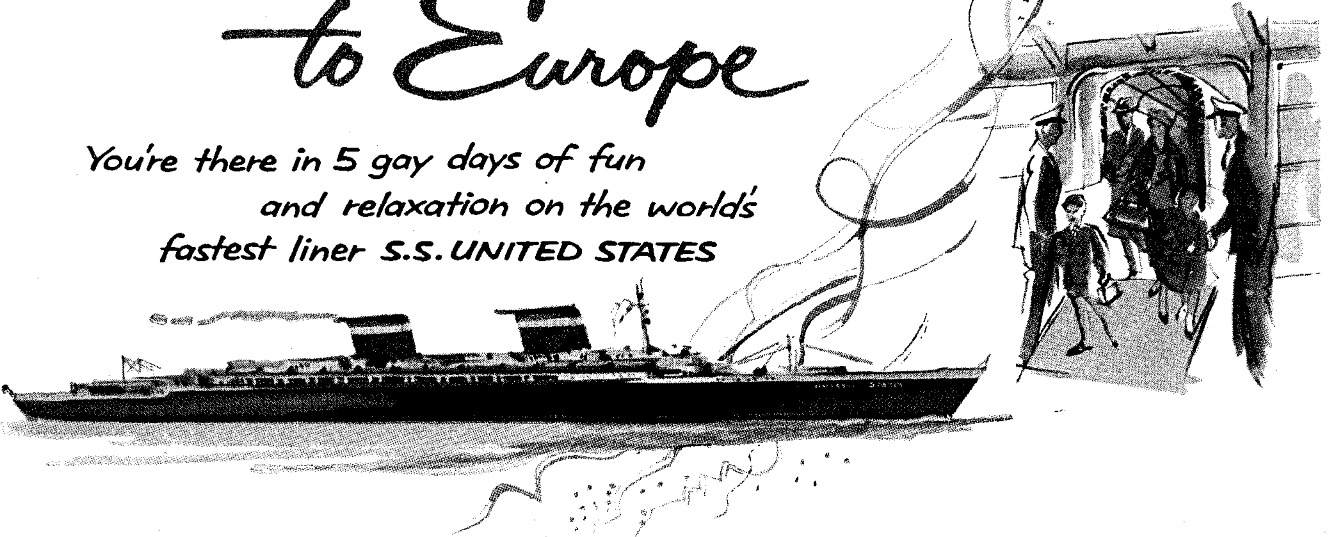

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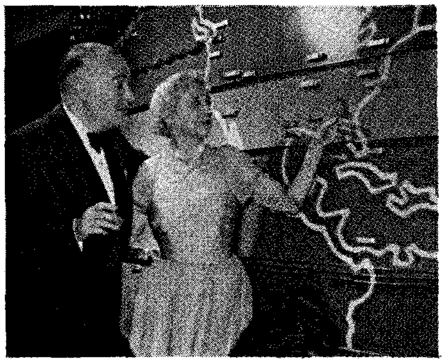

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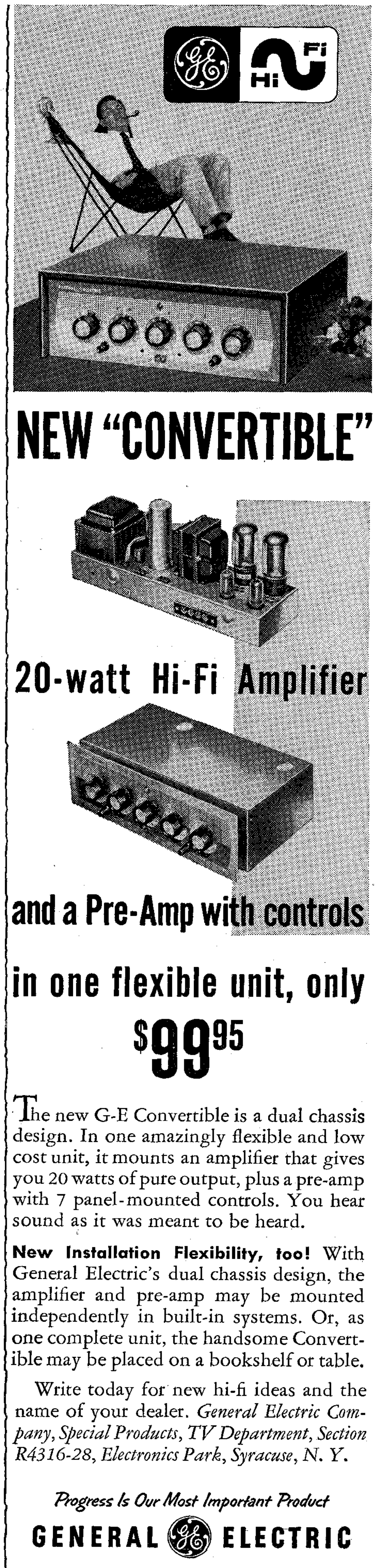
to the present-day decathlon. Frank Kilpatrick was a wealthy real-estate operator, and a trotting-horse driver of distinction. He and his wife, a native of Ontario named Manie Patterson, had three children. John Reed—known to most of his friends as Reed—was the youngest. He was born in New York on June 15, 1889. When he was only a year old, the family moved to Bridgeport, Alabama, a quiet village in the extreme northeast corner of the state. The Kilpatricks stayed there nine years, during which a syndicate that Kilpatrick *père* had organized tried vainly to develop Bridgeport into a teeming industrial center. Reed received his early education in a one-room rural school, where his classmates were children whose diet was pretty much limited to corn pone and sorghum. Returning to New York at the age of ten, he entered P. S. 6. His father, who hadn't gone to college himself, had a vague notion of sending him to Harvard later on. The son, however, became interested in football and, on learning that Yale was preëminent in the sport, decided that any institution so splendidly endowed in one respect must be supreme in all respects. On learning, further, that many of the Yale football players he admired had prepped at Andover, he talked his father into sending him there in the fall of 1903. Kilpatrick says today that the four years he spent at Andover were the happiest of his life. As a senior, he played on the varsity football team and won the school's heavyweight boxing championship. He also made a good showing at basketball and, during vacations, played on a baseball team at Toms River, on the Jersey shore, where his family spent the summers. It was in track-and-field events, however, that he really excelled; he was equally adept at the sprints, the low and high hurdles, the broad jump, the high jump, the hammer throw, and the shot-put. Indeed, he was so much of a one-man team that Andover sometimes didn't bother to send a whole squad to interscholastic track meets. It merely sent Kilpatrick. He piled up enough points in five events at a meet at Princeton to finish third in the team standings.

Nobody knows for sure who originated the spiral forward pass, or where. Some sportswriters believe it was invented out West in the fall of 1906. Kilpatrick believes that he and another Andover student, Upton Favorite, invented it that same year. In any event, when Kilpatrick went to Yale in the fall of 1907 and—taking advantage of an existing rule that made passing an optional alternative to kicking—began hurling footballs far over the heads of astonished Princeton freshmen, he caused such a furor in Eastern football circles that the rules were changed to curb his arm. As a sophomore, he made the Yale varsity, and while playing on it wrenched his knee so badly that from then on the number of track-and-field events in which he could compete was considerably curtailed. He played left end on the football team, and many students of the game have acclaimed him as the greatest left end ever. Last fall, he was elected to the National Football Foundation's Hall of Fame.

The 1909 Yale football team, of which Ted Coy was captain, was a memorable one. It not only beat all the ten opponents on its schedule but held every one of them scoreless. Six of its eleven members—including Kilpatrick, then a junior—appeared on Walter Camp's All-America team that year, and Kilpatrick was on it the next year, too. By that time, his prowess was widely recognized. When a Vanderbilt University team came up from Tennessee to play Yale, the visiting quarterback would recite the conventional sequence of signals for each play and then, just before ordering the ball snapped, would cry, "Look out for Kilpatrick!" So ecstatic were some of the sports-page eulogies of Kilpatrick that the *New Jersey Courier*, published in Toms River, took proud off-season notice of the exploits of its young summer resident and stated editorially, "Such a collegian should be an incentive to the American youth, a student who has put into execution the slogan of his college, 'For God, for Country, and for Yale.' "

Kilpatrick, who has never smoked and didn't take a drink until he was nearly thirty, observed a rigorous self-imposed training program at college. Up to his senior year, he considered academic work less important than athletics. That year, however, the local requirements for admission to Phi Beta Kappa were broadened to include any senior who got straight A's. "I decided to make Phi Beta Kappa, more or less as a stunt," he says. "I went at it just as you'd go about making a team. It was merely a question of concentration. My prescription was very simple—never miss a class, pay absolute attention, take copious notes, and never fail to be prepared." By faithful observance of this Boy Scout slogan, he readily achieved his objective. In November, 1939, Kilpatrick gave a party for sixty fellow Phi Betes at the Madison Square Garden Club, which is on the second floor



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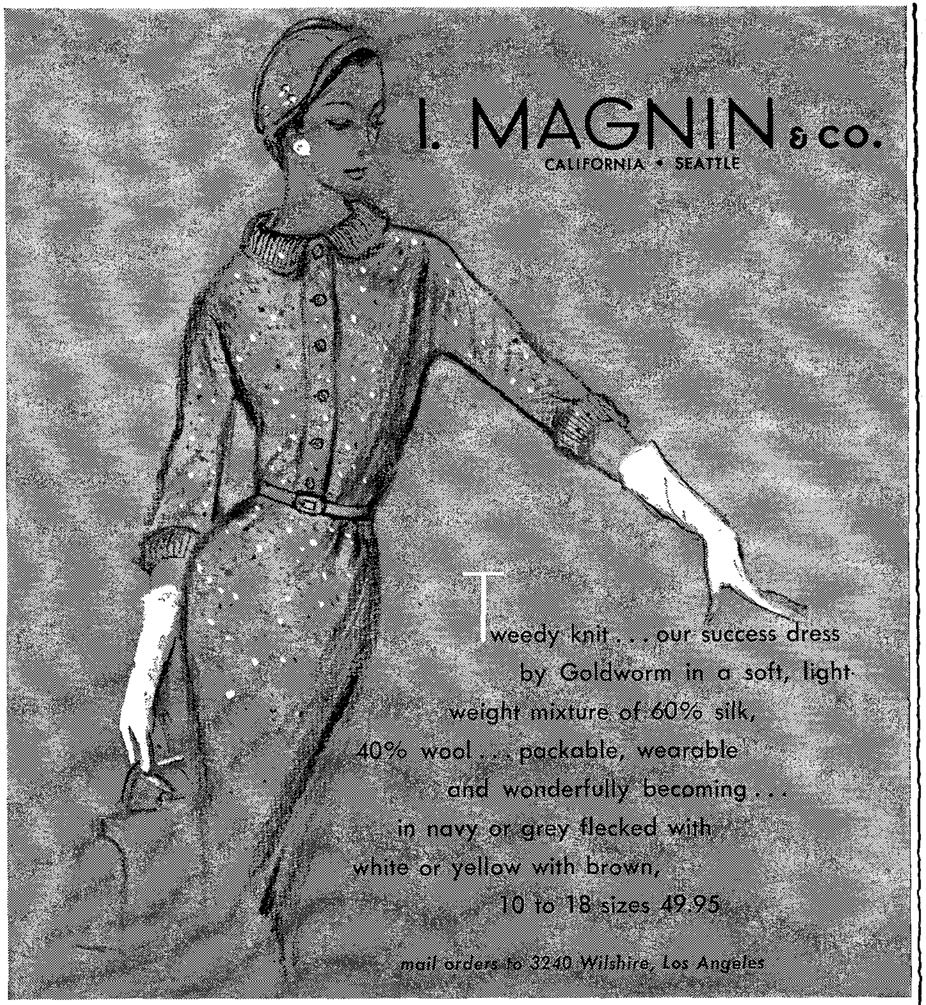
of the Garden. The same night, as it happened, the main arena had been rented to a group led by Congressman Martin Dies, for a rally called a Mass Meeting for America. Rather than go to the trouble of sending all his guests special passes, Kilpatrick instructed the Garden's ticket takers to let in without question anybody who could flash a Phi Beta Kappa key. However unfair a reflection this may have been on the intellectual calibre of Dies' audience, the arrangement worked out fine, and nobody heading toward one gathering ended up at the other.

ON graduating from Yale, in 1911, Kilpatrick was offered any number of college-football coaching jobs (professional football did not yet amount to much), but he turned them all down, although he did spend his weekends for the next five autumns intently watching Princeton games as a Yale scout. Over the decades, he has also demonstrated his loyal old-grad spirit in other ways. For the last thirty years, with one galling exception, his automobile license number has been Y-1911. He missed out in 1937, when a sly classmate got to the Bureau of Motor Vehicles ahead of him. The best Kilpatrick could do was a lacklustre C-1911, and for an entire year he was ill at ease behind the wheel.

Soon after graduation, Kilpatrick went to work in New York for the Thompson-Starrett Company, which was then, as it is now, one of the country's biggest construction firms. He had been with it only a few months when, on January 9, 1912, the Equitable Building, at 120 Broadway, burned down. This was one of the city's most spectacular fires, and potentially one of its costliest, since millions of dollars' worth of securities were stored in the building's vaults. Thompson-Starrett was given the task of sifting the ruins, and Kilpatrick, at the age of twenty-two, was placed in charge of a thousand-man force that was assigned to the job. It took three weeks of nearly continuous operations to get to the vaults. The instant Kilpatrick's men opened them up, a couple of Equitable officials rushed inside, where almost at once they fainted from lack of oxygen. Kilpatrick took a deep, three-hundred-and-twenty-eight-cubic-inch breath, plunged in after them, and lugged them out to safety. The securities were less dramatically rescued later.

That same year, Kilpatrick joined Squadron A of the New York National Guard, a horse-cavalry outfit with an admissions committee that had the repu-



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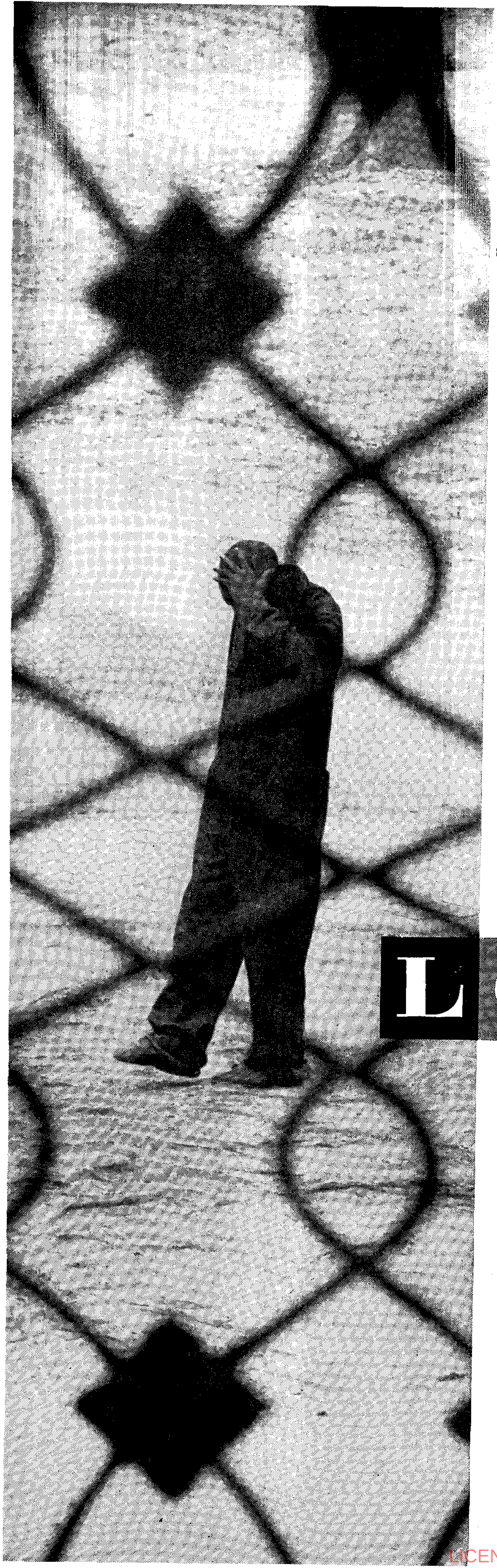

FRANK BAUMAN, LOOK, SEPTEMBER 20, 1955

Young Socrates and Plato
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BOB VOSE, LOOK, DECEMBER 15, 1953

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tation of being harder to please than that of many a club. A Yale football hero, though, had no trouble getting in. By June, 1916, when the squadron was called up for duty on the Mexican border, Kilpatrick had advanced to the rank of first sergeant. Squadron A spent six months at a cactus-strewn bivouac area in the southernmost part of Texas. Its members didn't get to scrap with many Mexicans, and some of them now say that the only really interesting conflict they witnessed there was a high-jumping contest between Kilpatrick and a horse. This resulted from a disparaging remark he made one evening about the mount of a fellow Squadron member—Reginald Rives, a Princeton man. Rives offered to bet that his horse could jump higher than Kilpatrick could, regardless of the latter's exploits at Yale, and Kilpatrick took him up on it. A contest was arranged, with the whole squadron betting heavily on one side or the other; Kilpatrick, whose monthly pay was forty-five dollars, had twelve hundred dollars of his own money riding, so to speak, on himself. He won.

Just before leaving the border, Kilpatrick received a reserve commission. Soon after his return to New York, the United States declared war. Eager to get to France, and hearing that stevedore battalions had a higher shipping priority than cavalry squadrons, he wangled a transfer to the Quartermaster Corps, which promoted him to major but, disappointingly, assigned him to Washington. He finally reached Europe in January, 1918, and became a G.H.Q. regulating officer, charged with supervising the railroads that were carrying troops and matériel to the front. Within a year, he was a lieutenant colonel and the chief regulating officer for the whole A.E.F., and in April, 1919, at the age of twenty-nine, he was made a full colonel.

ON leave in Paris one afternoon in March, 1919, Kilpatrick found himself at loose ends and remembered that a friend had urged him to look up a young divorcée there, a Yugoslav baroness named Stephanie d'Hengster Raymond. He telephoned her, and she asked him to tea. Kilpatrick arrived at five-thirty and left at six-thirty, by which time he had proposed marriage and had been accepted. It was a courtship so swift that he neglected to tell his fiancée his first name until several days later. They were married the following October. Mrs. Kilpatrick, though fluent in French, German, Serbian, Bulgarian, Polish, and Russian, spoke little Eng-

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But before the smell of the sea got into his nostrils, the smell of printers' ink was in them. It brought him all the way from Kingfisher, Okla., where he was teaching high school, to Columbia University, where he studied journalism.

It was while at Columbia that George Horne started covering ship news, first for the Morning Telegraph, then for the New York American. In 1927 he came to work for The New York Times. Except for two years as a war correspondent in the Pacific, he has covered shipping news for The Times ever since.

Today, as transport news editor, George Horne directs a staff of ten reporters who cover not only sea transport, but also motor, rail and air transport. In a restless age, when anywhere in the world is right around the corner, readers find more transport news in The Times than in any other general newspaper.

George Horne's expertness in his field has brought him tribute from the transport industry. In 1949 and 1950 he won the Propeller Club's national award for the best writing on maritime affairs. In 1950, while president of the Ship News Reporters Association, a dinner by the shipping industry celebrated his 25 years of covering the waterfront.

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"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT"

Arnold Newman

lish at the time of their marriage. They conversed mainly in French, and although she has now lived in the United States for thirty-six years, they still speak French when they are alone. The Kilpatricks live stylishly in a ten-room apartment on Park Avenue, where, with the help of a talented French cook, they entertain often and splendidly. Mrs. Kilpatrick has become an ardent hockey fan, and never misses a Ranger home game. Football is a sport that, to her husband's sorrow, she has never quite grasped. She got off to a bad start. She had heard so much about it during her engagement that when Kilpatrick escorted her to the Yale Bowl for the first time, in the fall of 1919, she fully expected him to scamper out on the field and play. At around the same time, she discovered that she was laboring under another misapprehension in some way connected with football when, taking her husband's translation of the French word "*cafard*" at its face value, she told a friend that she was planning to have an exterminator in to get rid of the dartmouths in her kitchen.

The Kilpatricks have one child—a daughter, Frances. When she was a youngster, her sports-minded father did his best to make up for what some of his friends considered a perverse prank of fate by taking her to football games before she had learned to walk and seeing to it that she received private instruction in broad- and high-jumping while her contemporaries were studying embroidery and ballet. Miss Kilpatrick went to the Brearley School, and one day when she was competing in a school track meet for teen-age girls, an impasse developed. The sand pit in which the broad-jumpers were supposed to land was too close to the starting line for her; she knew she could sail clear over the pit, and would probably hurt herself when she landed. Kilpatrick, who, as it happened, was officiating, had the starting line moved back, but then it turned out that none of the other girls could so much as *reach* the pit. Finally, it was necessary to lay out two starting lines—one for young Miss Kilpatrick and the other for all the rest. Discouraged by the lack of competition from members of her sex, Miss Kilpatrick hung up her spikes. She is now married to a doctor named William W. Field, a Yale man whose father played football at Yale with her father.

While his daughter was at Brearley, Kilpatrick could often be heard lamenting that most teen-age girls are woefully unacquainted with the niceties of football. A lady at a dinner party with

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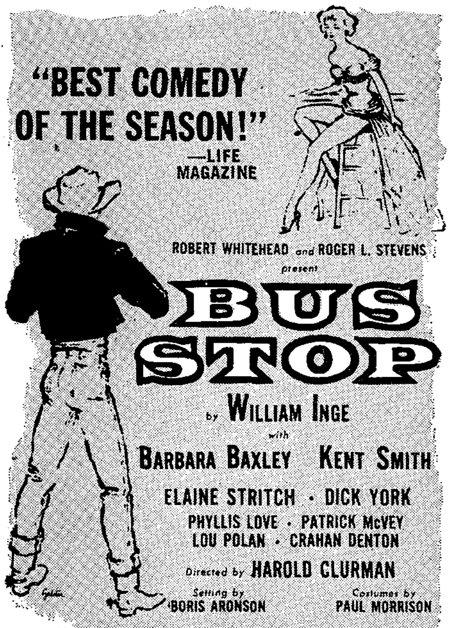
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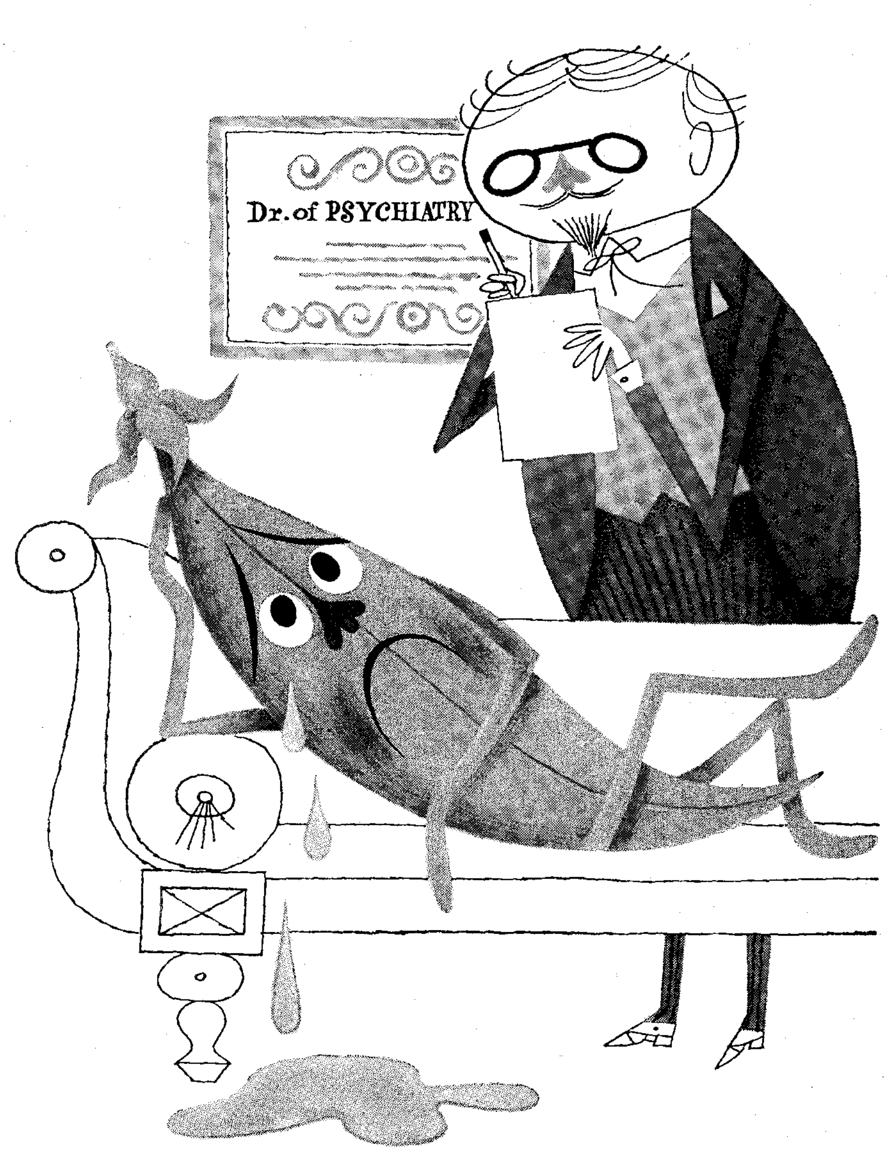
whom he discussed the subject invited him to give a suitably informative lecture to a number of Chapin students. (His daughter was perfectly capable, if called upon, of explaining football to her Brearley schoolmates.) Kilpatrick presently found himself delivering a talk on "How to Watch a Football Game" to a dozen older Chapin students, during which he touched on an obscure change that had just been made in the rules—something involving a penalty for an unorthodox lateral pass. The next weekend, several Chapin girls were attending a Yale-Princeton game with their escorts when the referee suddenly signalled for a penalty. All over the stands, men turned to one another to ask what offense had been committed. Enlightenment was quickly furnished from a number of points where Chapin girls were prettily perched. "Illegal lateral," they cooed.

INSTEAD of going back to Thompson-Starrett after the war, Kilpatrick gambled four years on the chances of a young company that hoped to revolutionize the fuel industry by distilling bituminous coal. The venture didn't work out, and Kilpatrick joined another established construction firm, the George A. Fuller Company, as a vice-president. He stayed with it for ten years, supervising the building of, among other structures, the New York County Court House, the New York Times Building on West Forty-third Street, and, to his special delight, two additions to Yale University—a hospital annex and the Institute of Human Relations. In 1927, Kilpatrick was elected a director of Madison Square Garden. Tex Rickard, who had promoted the building of the arena two years earlier, was its president—a job he held until his death in 1929. (Rickard's body was laid out on the floor of the Garden, which has repeatedly been put to strange uses over the years but has never before or since functioned as a funeral parlor, except in the case of private services held there for rodeo riders killed on the premises.) His successor as president was William F. Carey, a construction man who had helped build the Garden. Carey was a kindhearted man—too kindhearted, some of his associates thought, for he was more interested in making people happy than in making money, and on occasion was known to give away a ticket to a Garden event that he might have sold. After three years of his eleemosynary regime, the board of directors instructed three of its members to investigate the Garden's administrative setup and



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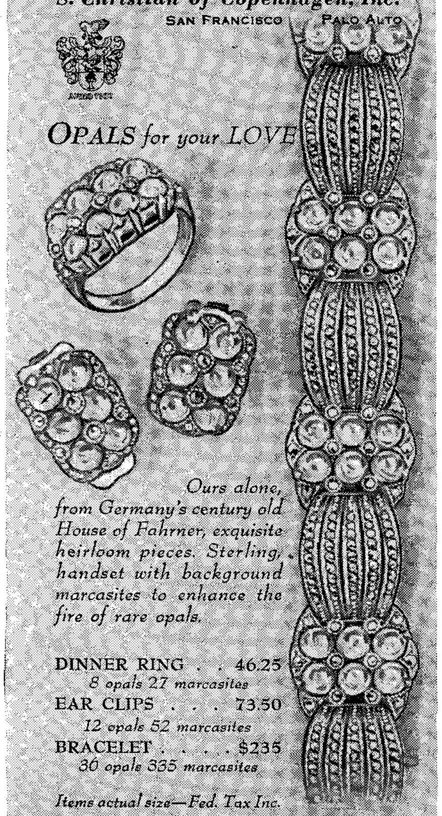

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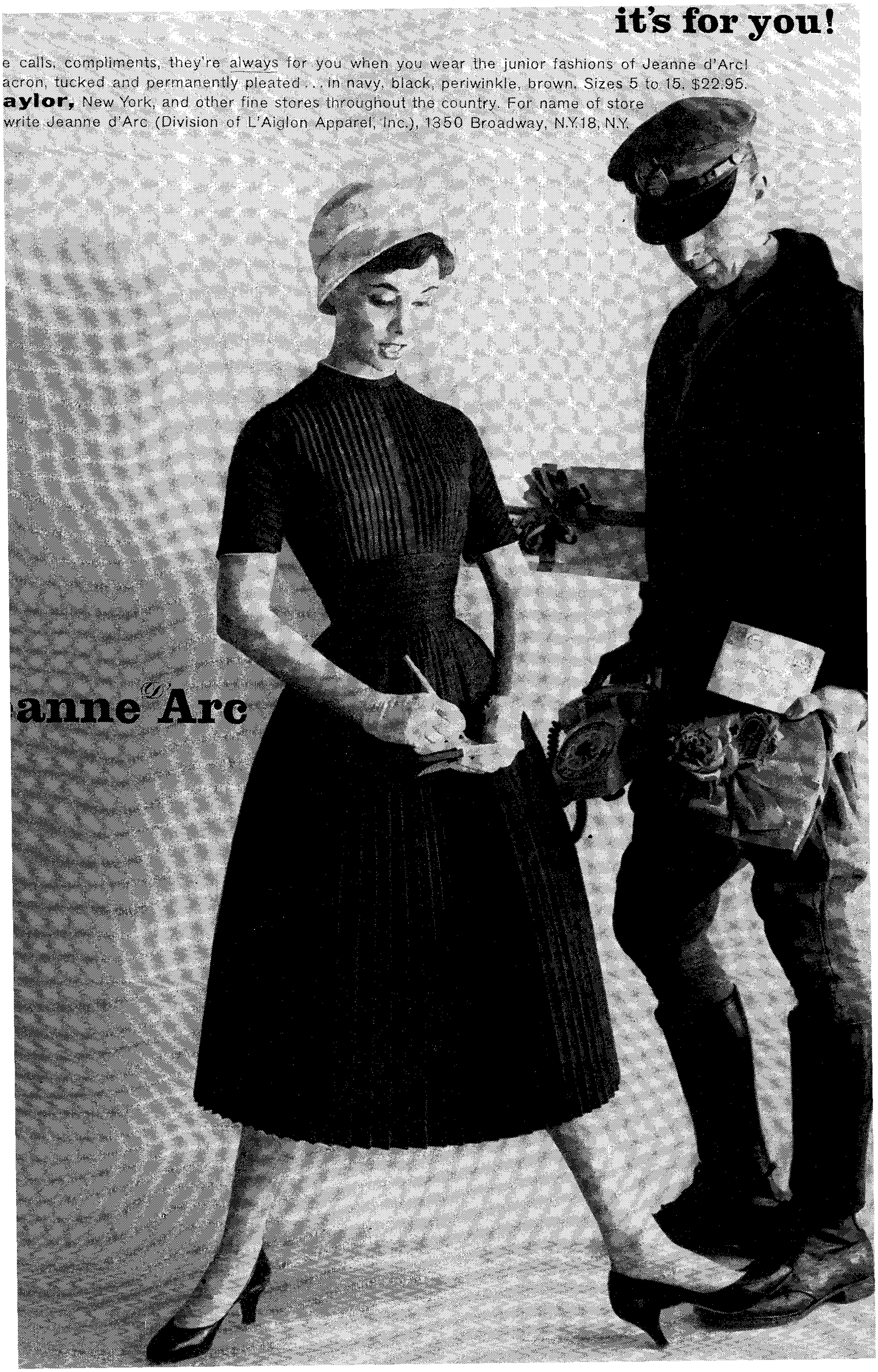
recommend a replacement for Carey. The committee consisted of Kilpatrick; Dewees Dilworth, a broker; and William M. Greve, the president of New York Investors, Inc. One obvious candidate for Carey's post was the late John S. Hammond, a West Pointer who had retired from the Army as a colonel and become Rickard's general manager. Hammond hadn't got on well with Carey and had left the Garden, but he still pined for it. Greve and Dilworth nevertheless proposed that Carey be succeeded by Kilpatrick. Kilpatrick was astonished, and so was Hammond.

Kilpatrick moved into Madison Square Garden on May 1, 1933, as executive vice-president, and held that title until Carey formally resigned two months later. Then there ensued some of the trickiest infighting the Garden has ever seen. Kilpatrick had barely learned to find his way around the place when Hammond, determined to unseat him, began buying up Garden stock. By May of 1934, Hammond had acquired enough to get himself elected chairman of the Garden board. He wanted to be president, too, and he expected Kilpatrick to resign, but a number of influential members of the board, including Greve, Walter P. Chrysler, and Bernard F. Gimbel, said they'd leave if Kilpatrick did. It was finally agreed that for an experimental year Hammond and Kilpatrick would run the Garden together, and that at the end of that period the directors would give the nod to one of them.

For twelve months, accordingly, Kilpatrick and Hammond tugged jointly at the Garden's reins, often pulling in opposite directions, and hardly speaking to each other. Their struggle for attention and power became known as the Battle of the Colonels. The *Evening Journal* ran a cartoon showing two prizefighters in savage combat at the Garden, one labelled "Killer Kilpatrick" and the other "Hurricane Hammond." At one stage of the tussle, Hammond advised his fellow-directors that he was going to stay away from their next meeting; if he should attend it, he said, and should become aroused, he was fearful of what he might do to Kilpatrick. Hammond did lunge toward his adversary at another board meeting, but was forcibly restrained before he could tangle with him, which, in the opinion of Stanton Griffis, a connoisseur of sports who was then on the Garden board, was probably just as well for Hammond. "Kilpatrick could have killed him with one blow," Griffis says. Kilpatrick made no attempt to take the physical offensive himself, and his forbearance was one of the factors that convinced the other Garden directors he was their man. Hammond remained unconvinced. A stockholders' meeting was scheduled for September 24, 1935. In advance of it, Hammond organized a Madison Square Garden Stockholders Committee, which drew up its own slate of directors and issued two open letters attacking Kilpatrick. Kilpatrick countered with an open letter of his own. The Hammond committee struck back with three more open letters. When the stockholders' votes were counted, Kilpatrick was found to have won the decision, if not by a knockout, at least on points—143,921 for him to 129,387 for Hammond. Shortly afterward, Hammond withdrew from the management of the Garden entirely.

Around the time the Hurricane and the Killer were jousting, James J. Johnston, then the Garden's boxing matchmaker, got to talking about Kilpatrick at a sportswriters' dinner. "He's such a nice man," Johnston said. "He has come into this business a peaceful man, a strong man. . . . A year from now he'll be gray and bent." While it is true that six years later Kilpatrick was portrayed in a Bromo-Seltzer testimonial under the legend "Plenty of Headaches," Johnston's prophecy was essentially wrong. During Kilpatrick's twenty-two years as its president, the Garden, for all its close connection with the sordid sport of boxing, seemed neither to weaken nor to warp him. On the other hand, his sterling character seems to have had little effect on boxing, even though he is one of four directors of both the New York and the Illinois International Boxing Clubs. Kilpatrick's public utterances on the ethics of the boxing game have been dulcet and tactful, but some of his friends claim to have heard him declare, in private, that Boxing Commissioner Julius Helfand's rather low opinion of the sport is well founded, and that if contemporary prizefighting was ever really cleaned up, there wouldn't be anything left of it.

Madison Square Garden is not an easy establishment to supervise. Though it is privately owned, it has long been, in effect, New York's principal public assembly hall, and a lot of clamorous voices have bounced off its walls. Up to 1950, Kilpatrick turned down only two solvent applicants who asked to rent the premises—a bingo-game promoter and a man who, while the trial of Bruno Hauptmann was in progress, wanted to hold a mass meeting to solicit funds for Hauptmann's defense. Since 1950, the



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Garden has not admitted any organization held by the Attorney General to be subversive. As president, Kilpatrick became accustomed to dealing in quick succession not only with Communists and Nazis but with representatives of all the varied events the Garden's adaptable floor has played host to—political rallies, war rallies, anti-war rallies, charity benefits, Harvest Moon balls, military drills, musical concerts, a Liberace performance; and, in the sporting line, boxing, hockey, basketball, soccer, lacrosse, badminton, tennis, roller-skating, bicycle-racing, skiing, softball, wrestling, weight-lifting, dog shows, horse shows, track meets, circuses, rodeos, and even bridge, which is one of Kilpatrick's favorite sedentary diversions. (His vigorous exercise is now limited to golf and fishing.) The finals of a bridge tournament between France and the United States were held in the Garden in 1935. Kilpatrick enjoyed the novelty enormously, and went so far as to design a suitable deck of cards for it—seven-by-four-foot giants that were carted around by ushers at the direction of the players. The attendance was pitifully small, and the Garden has never again put on a bridge match, but Kilpatrick nonetheless took out a patent on his oversized pasteboards. No other arena is known to have availed itself of his invention.

KILPATRICK remained a colonel, in the cavalry reserve, after the First World War, and for twelve years he gave an annual lecture at the Army War College, in Washington, on military regulating procedures. Three months after Pearl Harbor, he went back on active duty, and was soon assigned to command the Hampton Roads Port of Embarkation, in Virginia, as a brigadier general—a rank he held until he retired, as a reserve officer, in 1949, on reaching the age of sixty. The military installation at the port was a tiny one in the summer of 1942, when he took it over, but in the nearly three and a half years of his administration it expanded to the point where he had seventeen hundred officers, ten thousand enlisted men and women, and twelve thousand civilians serving under him. Toward the end of the war, a daily average of ten thousand tons of supplies was being shipped out of Hampton Roads for military use abroad.

Kilpatrick had plenty of good company at Hampton Roads. His daughter was working for Military Intelligence there, and many of his closest associates were peacetime acquaintances. The coach of the New York Rangers was

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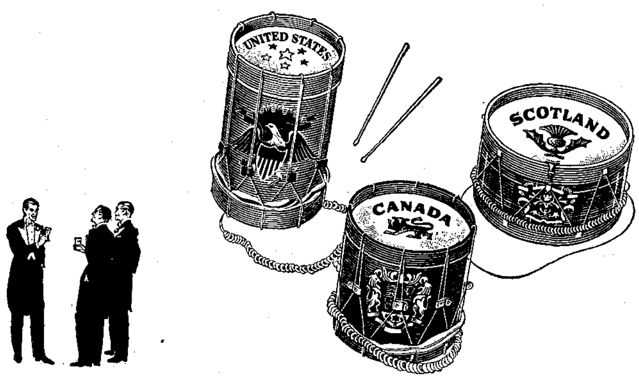

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a military-police officer, and of the General's various aides-de-camp, one had been his publicity man at the Garden, another was an architect whose specialty is designing sports arenas, and a third was the late Alexis Thompson, a wealthy young Yale alumnus who owned most of the stock in the Philadelphia Eagles professional football team and sold his commanding officer a piece of the outfit. In all, there were seven old Elis on Kilpatrick's headquarters staff, and the General did his best to make them feel at home—or, at any rate, to feel at Yale. Stationed at one installation under his command were four Negro singers who entertained troops embarking for overseas duty or returning from it. Kilpatrick taught the quartet to sing the "Whiffenpoof Song" with poignancy enough to stir any Yale man, going or coming, and even to stir some heathens. Sometimes the troops would pick up the song from the quartet and sing it themselves, causing tears to roll down Kilpatrick's cheeks. The leader of the Port of Embarkation band, observing how moved his general was by that song, diplomatically added "Boola-Boola" to his repertoire.

ALMOST every inch of wall space in Kilpatrick's library at home, as well as in his office on the third floor of the Garden, is covered with mementos. (The fact that conventional rooms have doors and windows is a nuisance he resignedly puts up with.) Like Tom Thumb, Robert R. McCormick, and other illustrious figures of the past, Kilpatrick has long preferred to be known by his military title while off active duty as well as on it, and his office is appropriately festooned with martial memorabilia—a helmet, a pair of cased flags, and an assortment of awards, including a Distinguished Service Medal from each World War. His daughter went to Vassar, and while a student there, she visited him at his office one day shortly after attending a psychology seminar. Looking around, she said, with affectionate impudence, "I've just counted, and there are sixty-eight pictures of you on these walls. I think you must have a narcissus complex." Kilpatrick is often twitted about his propensity for having his picture taken. When he left Hampton Roads in 1945, his staff got up a special edition of the local Army paper. One page was devoted, according to its text, to the General's favorite pinups—twelve photographs of him. He is actually not as narcissistic as all that. The official history of his Hampton Roads organiza-

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tion—which was printed, fittingly, by the Yale University Press—is illustrated with three hundred and eighty photographs, in only twenty-six of which Kilpatrick appears. This is just about par for commanding generals.

On one wall or another, Kilpatrick—using a picture-hanging device of his own design—displays photographs of himself with Presidents Eisenhower, Truman, Roosevelt, and Hoover, as well as with Cardinal Spellman, Gene Autry, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, the Duchess of Windsor, Sally Rand, and dozens of other individuals who have crossed his path when a cameraman was handy. Among his non-photographic exhibits are glass-faced cases containing his track-and-field medals, his father's, and his daughter's. There are framed scrolls attesting to his membership in Phi Beta Kappa, in the Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin, and in Canada Dry's Hole-in-One Club, and other scrolls attesting to his having been a general in the Army of the United States and an admiral in the Flagship Fleet of American Airlines. There is Kilpatrick in football togs, Kilpatrick in a bathing suit, and Kilpatrick dancing with Sonja Henie, a headstrong lady who starred in Garden ice shows for fifteen years, and whom no one could mollify as he could. (He used to send her orchids every day, and, for good measure, would send some to her mother, too.) There is Kilpatrick playing golf, Kilpatrick fishing, Kilpatrick watching a bullfight, Kilpatrick sitting on the Yale fence, and Kilpatrick behind bars alongside an apprehensive-looking lion. "I forget just when that one was taken," he said recently. "All I can remember is that this lion was in a cage and I got in with him."

In war and peace, Kilpatrick has faithfully kept up his diary, a brusque, businesslike chronology of his day-to-day adventures since 1933. It is a document whose emotional pitch is so far from being that of a secret confessional that in it he habitually refers to his wife as Mrs. Kilpatrick. The diary is studded with entries like "At 12:50 I had a workout. Went in at 231¼ and came out 226¾." Kilpatrick's unremitting devotion to fitness sometimes exasperates his flabbier friends. Watching him loll under an ice-cold shower one raw fall day, a spavined Yale man suddenly said, "I hate you and never want to see you again as long as I live." Kilpatrick was genuinely aggrieved, and asked what had provoked this outburst. "It's because you're so goddam healthy," the friend sputtered. Kilpatrick's adult life has been a constant

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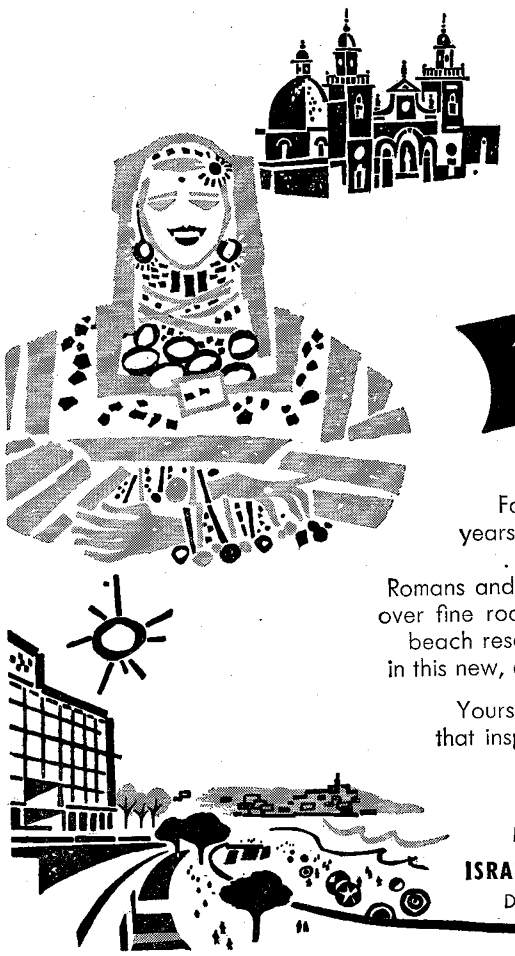

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struggle to maintain his health by keeping his weight down. At Hampton Roads, after inspecting an amphibious vehicle, he wrote ruefully in his diary, "I was not built for such narrow holds." After the opening of the National Horse Show at the Garden one year, he went on to a night club with a portly friend—Johnfritz Achelis, president of the Commercial Factors Corporation. Both were wearing white tie and tails. Both, moreover, like to sing; Kilpatrick has a prodigious memory for old-time tunes, dating as far back as Harrigan and Hart, and can sing them for four or five hours at a stretch without repeating himself. At the night club, while the professional vocalists on hand were taking a breather, Kilpatrick and Achelis got to talking with the piano player, and soon they were presenting a rollicking recital of ancient songs. A week later, an elderly lady at the club, who had been drumming impatiently on her table for a couple of hours, summoned a waiter and demanded to know how much longer she was going to have to sit there before those two fat boys put on their wonderful act.

Such impulsive manifestations of exuberance have made some of Kilpatrick's friends conclude that despite his normally majestic bearing and despite all the time that has elapsed since he got his diploma, he is still an undergraduate at heart. "Reed's the eternal sophomore," Stanton Griffis said not long ago. "Whatever he does, he gives it the old college try." It is also widely believed among Kilpatrick's friends that the very worst day of his life was one some years back when, after watching the Yale football team lose in the afternoon, he saw the Rangers blow a close one in the evening.

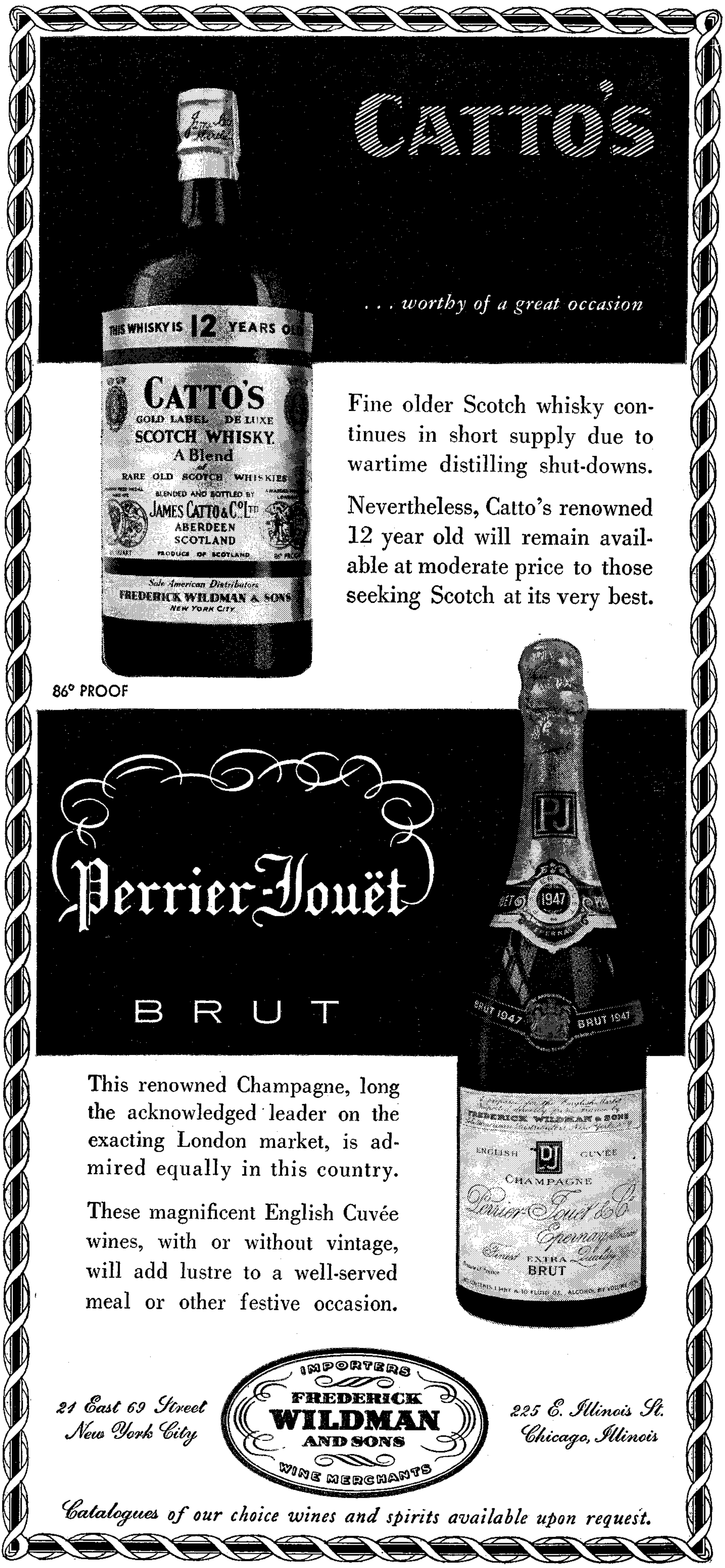
—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

TO A GROUNDHOG

Now you must wake
From your deep sleep
And venture to
Your burrow's door
To take your famous
Observation
From this pale
Excuse for sun.
And, while you gaze
On winter trees,
O Burrower,
What dreams of clover
Entice you back
To take your ease,
Knowing that we
Have still six weeks
To freeze?

—JULIA COLLINS ARDAYNE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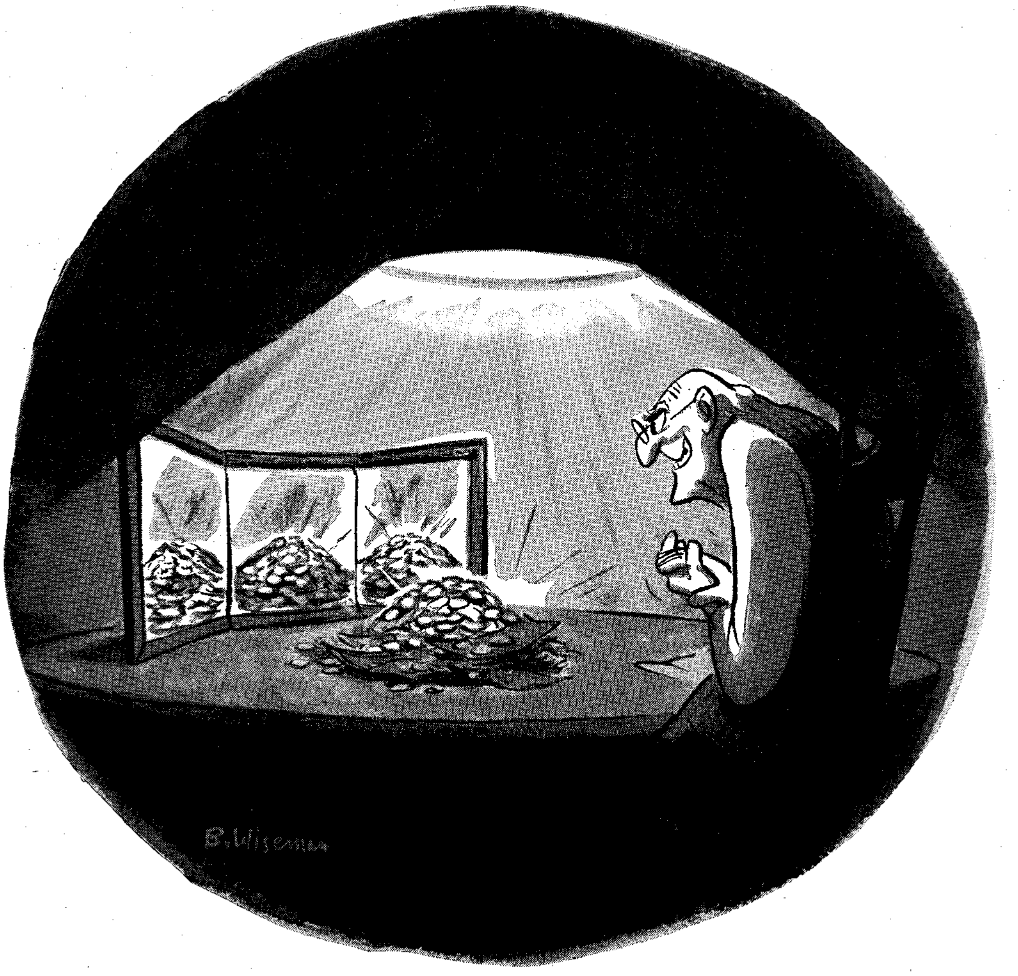
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE’S “Tamburlaine the Great” reaches some kind of bloody and demented climax at the beginning of the second of its two acts. The Scythian shepherd, turned scourge of his fourteenth-century world, has already raped and looted his way through Persia, Turkey, and Egypt, tossing the crowns and treasures of these ancient kingdoms contemptuously to his bandit army and acquiring for himself a smoldering princess with a taste for casual butchery almost equal to his own. Things, on the whole, have gone well for him, but he doesn’t reach the zenith of his power and ferocity until he defeats an array of kings led by the son of one of his former victims and brings them all to his camp as prisoners. The fates that these monarchs meet are almost too horrible to relate. Two are unhitched from their conqueror’s chariot, and go mad and die; two others stand yoked together while their tongues are pulled out by the roots. The air is filled with screaming and the cracking of whips, and the stage is gradually piled with corpses. We are even then only on the threshold of full horror, for after the captured concubines have been parcelled out to the Mongol troops, Tamburlaine kills his eldest son, a squeamish boy clearly unworthy of his great inheritance, and then, laughing, turns to watch while the last of his victims is hoisted high in the air and torn by a cloud of arrows.

This, as I say, is the high tide of the evening’s entertainment, at least as far as the concentration of incident goes. There are, however, quite a few isolated scenes of terror and despair along the way. We watch the unhappy Emperor of the Turks beat his brains out against the steel bars of his cage; we attend the death agonies of Tamburlaine’s mate, Zenocrate, which are protracted and woeful; we see the cold-blooded assassination of six virgins sent out as hostages from the city of Memphis; and we observe the Scythian monster genially dictating terms to the vanquished from a throne composed of the heaped-up bodies of the dead and dying. From all this, it should be obvious that Marlowe’s work is far outside our modern notions of dramaturgy—a dark and shapeless mélange of unrelated violence. The style of the writing is of little assistance. There are, I think, passages here and there of astonishing force and beauty, such as Tamburlaine’s lament at Zenocrate’s bier, but for the most part the syntax is so tormented and the thought so tenuously associated with the action that those who have had no classroom experience with the text can hardly hope to follow more than a small percentage of it. Non-scholars often complain that the plot and language of some of Shakespeare’s less well-known plays convey very little to them. “Tamburlaine,” which is, of course, a much more primitive and less disciplined specimen of the Elizabethan drama, may easily drive them out of their wits.

While the offering at the Winter Garden is at best not much more than a dramatic and literary curiosity, it is nevertheless one of the most extraordinary spectacles to visit the town in years. The scenery and costumes, designed by Leslie Hurry, are magnificent and incredibly various. Tyrone Guthrie’s direction is beautifully stylized (each of the endless battles has the rigid and elegantly sinister pattern of a ballet, each of the great scenes of triumph and debauchery is as brilliantly composed as a fine painting), and the enormous cast, like the Comédie-Française, conveys the impression that every member is a highly trained and intelligent artist. The most striking performance is that given by Anthony Quayle, who, as Tamburlaine, combines a chilling and almost lunatic savagery with a kind of barbaric grandeur, but the actors who support him are all remarkable in their separate ways. The production, as you surely know, is the work of the Stratford Festival Foundation of Canada. In spite of the eccentricity of its current choice, this organization—a group that numbers some ninety-five players—is certainly one of the most accomplished repertory companies in the theatre.



IN “Present Indicative,” the first installment of his autobiography, Noel Coward comments only briefly on his play called “Fallen Angels,” which was revived last week at the Playhouse. Its inception is mentioned on page 171, where he notes that "although during the run [of "London Calling," in 1923] I had managed to write two full-length plays, 'Fallen Angels' and 'The Vortex,' I was far from satisfied." It turns up again on pages 179 and 180: "Meanwhile 'The Vortex' and 'Fallen Angels' were voyaging disconsolately in and out of most of the London managers' offices" and "Everybody's interest and excitement died wearily, and 'Fallen Angels' joined 'Hay Fever' in oblivion." This melancholy judgment was premature, however, because a London production of "Fallen Angels" starring Edna Best and Tallulah Bankhead was arranged in 1925. Mr. Coward's comments on this event (pages 210 and 211) are rather more illuminating: "The press notices for 'Fallen Angels' were vituperative to the point of incoherence. No epithet was spared. It was described as vulgar, disgusting, shocking, nauseating, vile, obscene, degenerate, etc., etc. The idea of two gently nurtured young women playing a drinking scene together was apparently too degrading a spectacle for even the most hardened and worldly critics. . . . All this was capital for the box office and the play ran for several months. . . . With 'Fallen Angels,' 'On with the Dance,' and 'The Vortex' all running at once, I was in an enviable position. Everyone but Somerset Maugham said I was a second Somerset Maugham with the exception of a few who preferred to describe me as a second Sacha Guitry." This is practically everything that Mr. Coward has had to say personally about "Fallen Angels." The only other vaguely pertinent fact that might be noted is that the play was done in New York in 1927, with Estelle Winwood and Fay Bainter, when it ran for thirty-six performances.

I go into these things merely as a tedious but necessary preliminary to observing that things have changed amazingly since those faraway days, when most of us were very young and a good many of us actually nonexistent. The theatre is still full of ludicrous enterprises, but it is difficult to imagine "Fallen Angels" voyaging in and out of many offices today. It would bounce through them as vehemently as a ball. The trouble, however, would not be that it is vile, obscene, degenerate, or any other etcetera but that no public could be imagined for a piece so singularly and innocently dull. The play, in its simplest terms, which are very simple indeed, has to do with two

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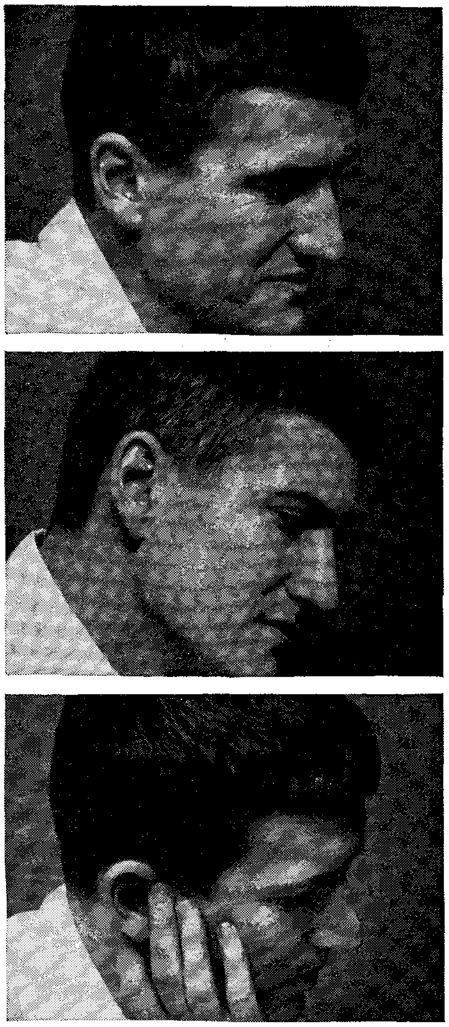

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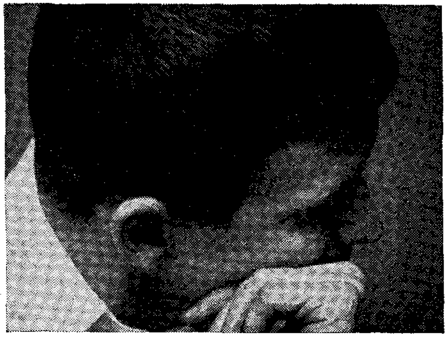

skittish matrons who enjoyed the favors of the same Latin lover before they married suburban golf players, and now are prepared to welcome him again. The essence of it lies in the drinking scene referred to above, which is not so much degrading as stupefying, since it consists of roughly forty-five minutes of insults exchanged by two ladies whose ideas about wit are primitive, to put it courteously. My final impression of the work, in fact, is that in 1923, when Mr. Coward himself was twenty-four, he was less a second Maugham or Guitry than a third or fourth Michael Arlen, with perhaps a trace of Ruby M. Ayres.

In spite of this damaging opinion, I found, strangely enough, that the performance at the Playhouse has its lively moments, thanks to the astonishing presence of Nancy Walker. Miss Walker, who has hitherto appeared in considerably more robust entertainments, is a sullen and implacable foe of gracious living and all the stylish, twittering, birdlike conversation that goes with it. She demonstrates this distaste in "Fallen Angels" by speaking some of the shapely lines that have been given her with a kind of gravelly venom and simply throwing the rest away. It is not always possible for her to deal so summarily with the plot, but this difficulty she solves by employing what might be called the "Hellzapoppin" treatment. Sometimes a tangled telephone wire impels her through a door like a slingshot; sometimes it amuses her to stir her champagne with a little watch on a chain around her neck; sometimes she is simultaneously involved with a yard-long cigarette holder, a bottle, a glass, and a bunch of grapes; and sometimes she just stares with horrible malevolence at nothing at all. It is a great and terrible exhibition of how not to behave in a drawing-room comedy, and it is appalling to imagine what "Fallen Angels" would be like without it. Margaret Phillips, who plays the other erring wife, is a far more decorous actress, and occasionally she speaks with the precision and in the approximate accents that the author must have had in mind, but on the whole her work is in the roughhouse spirit, too. The rest of the cast comprises Alice Pearce, as one of those omniscient servants who used to ornament so many comedies; William Windom and William LeMassena, as the husbands; and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., as the Continental sweetmeat. They all obviously do their best not to disturb Miss Walker's peculiar inspiration.

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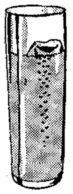

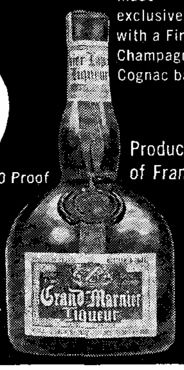

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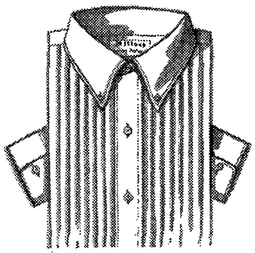

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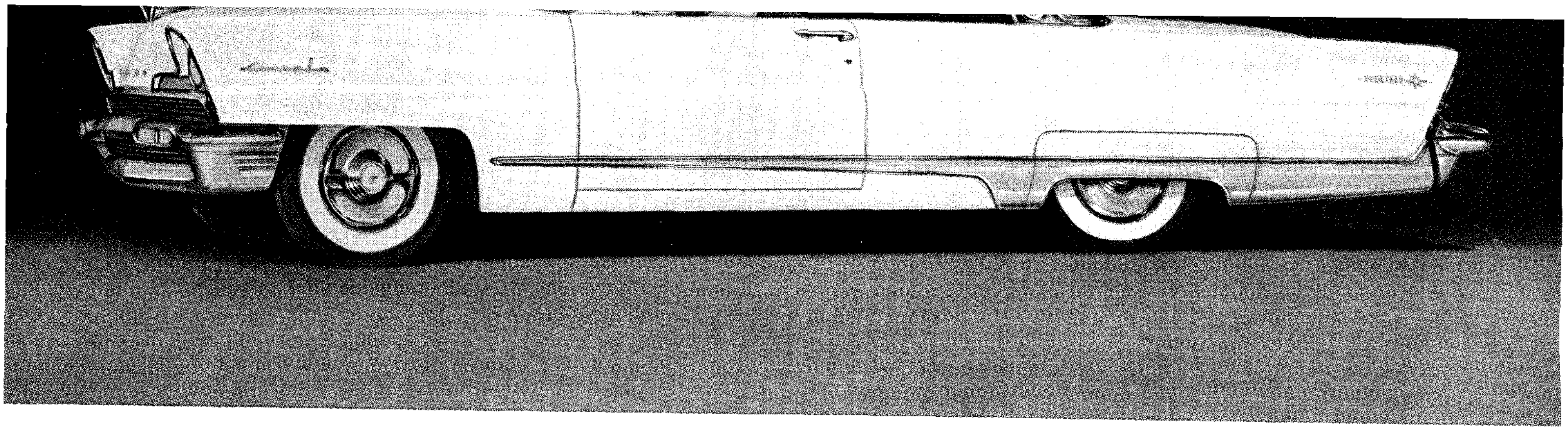

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LINCOLN FOR 1956

Unmistakably . . . the finest in the fine car field

Like a delighted vacationer, spring comes to stay for a year-long holiday in this tropic treasureland, filling the trade winds with the breath of South Sea blossoms and encircling you in a lei of flowering trees and gardens.

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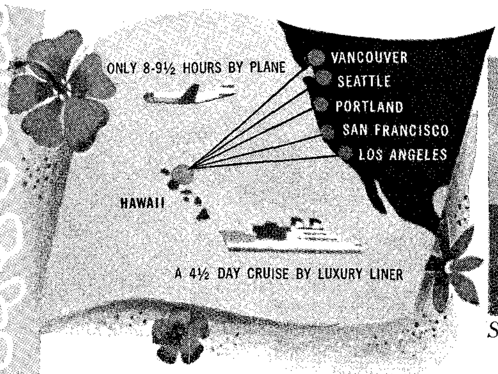

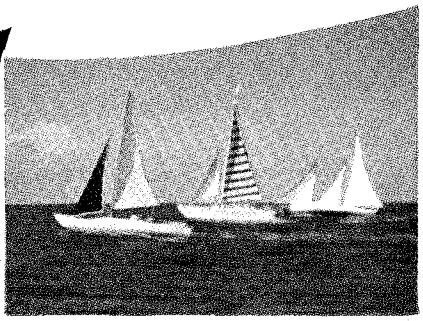

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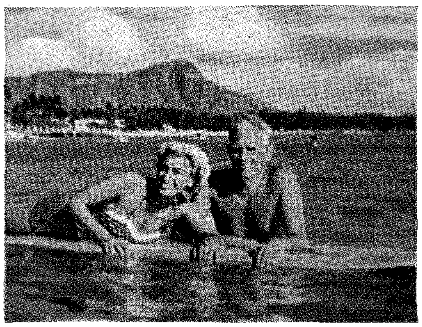
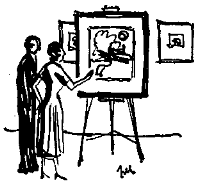


THE ART GALLERIES

The Three Burchfields



It is nice to come back from a long trip abroad to find that the first major showing confronting one is a big retrospective of works by the veteran Charles Burchfield. I'm afraid that the exhibition itself, at the Whitney Museum, has its definite ups and downs, and even its grave disappointments, and I'm not sure that it will do lasting service to Burchfield's reputation. But for me it's a welcome plunge back into the most American of Americana, and it is a revealing study of the development of a prominent figure in our contemporary art.

It is also, unexpectedly, a highly complex figure that the showing celebrates. As John I. H. Baur points out in his introduction to the catalogue, there are three Charles Burchfields in the collection, and the divisions between them are sharply distinguishable. The first one (to follow this perhaps too diagrammatic summary of the man's career) worked from around 1915—when, a young man of twenty-two, living in his home town of Salem, Ohio, and working for a local manufacturing company, he began to take painting seriously—to the late nineteen-twenties. He was married and living near Buffalo by the end of this phase, and was exhibiting regularly in the galleries. He was, indeed, becoming known. Most important, his style and his choice of subjects had scarcely changed at all.

Interested in Japanese color prints and in the romantic medievalism of men like Arthur Rackham and Edmund Dulac, Burchfield had evolved from these oddly divergent influences a style that, primarily decorative though it was, was certainly unique. Landscape was his subject, and water color his medium, but within these limitations the approach had a frequently engaging fantasy. The attempt was to individualize nature, or to endow it with a fairy-tale atmosphere, and so, while the subjects were commonplace, the interpretation was whimsical. Porches yawned and house windows were slyly peering eyes, bell sounds became a shudder in the sky, plants gesticulated or wilted dramatically, while the chirring of insects in summer was indicated by a myriad of tiny dots and zigzags drawn scratchily on what was otherwise a fairly conventional painting.

A number of pictures from this period are in the exhibition—perhaps too many, for the style has rather severe limitations, beyond which lie only cuteness and coyness, and it suffers further from the fact that Walt Disney, for one, has now popularized it to the point of banality. Burchfield was not able to avoid touches of banality himself. There are a few pieces, though, that I found admirable. The greenish-toned "Spring Twilight" and the smaller and more dramatic "Lightning," both early, are extremely good tries, while "Black Houses," "Insects at Twilight," and "Sulphurous Evening" amount to rather more than that, for they convey the artist's purpose just about perfectly.

Around 1930, however, only a year or two after "Sulphurous Evening," Burchfield's style underwent a sudden and convulsive change; and though the show (which must have been the devil and all to arrange) attempts to take this in stride, the startling nature of the upheaval is plainly evident. Almost overnight, Burchfield shifted from woodland and meadow to industry and city, from fantasy to the sternest and most unrelenting realism. Some of his most successful pictures date from this period—"Edge of Town," "Black Iron," "Old Houses in Winter," "Freight Cars Under a Bridge," and the frequently reproduced "Ice Glare" and "Old House by the Creek"—and if I hasten past them it is only to shorten our chronology. The next thing to record is that at the beginning of the nineteen-forties he changed again, into Baur's third Charles Burchfield—this time redivivus, in a return very close to his style of the twenties.

There is something protean in all this, of course, and something puzzling, too. It takes courage for a man to change course in mid-career—as Burchfield did in his middle thirties—and again when he is close to fifty. What is disconcerting is that the second change carried Burchfield not further along the road of artistic experiment but almost back where he started from—particularly since, apart from a willingness to face up to larger and more complex concepts and an inevitable feeling of greater maturity about them, the later paintings are little better than the earliest ones.

The middle-period paintings, on the other hand, seemed at the time—and still seem to me—to be massively conceived, fully realized compositions. And, one wonders, was it courage or was

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it caution—or the inverted courage that is often called caution, which prompts an honest man to begin a withdrawal, even though it may look undignified—that made him abandon the new venture and retreat to the old? I don't know, but I have a couple of clues. There's a strain of melancholy, sombre and all-pervasive, about nearly all the middle-period pieces (note how often it is raining or the sky is overcast, and that the buildings are always ramshackle, the streets dirty) which makes me feel that his very subject matter dispirited him. And I've a feeling that the tremendous difference between the two styles he espoused is in part responsible. From the chirping of crickets and the singing of the breeze to the clash and clatter of the city and the factory is a long leap for anyone; it may be that, pendulumlike, the man swung so far that his momentum carried him back again, and further adjustment may yet be needed before he finally steadies. He has time for it, and if he could give something of the solidity of the middle pieces to the at times slightly overblown fantasy of the others, his work would be enhanced enormously.

THERE are a few other things to be said about the Burchfield collection. In getting up an affair of this kind, the directors must always be faced with the dilemma of whether to make the selection objectively, taking the bad with the good, in order to show the man's whole development, or to weight the scales in his favor and, by concentrating only on the good periods and pieces, to present a less deeply truthful but more attractive conception of him. On the evidence, I should say that the first course was followed—perhaps too faithfully, for scrupulosity has been carried so far that a number of Burchfield's worst failures have been included—while the tendency to give equal weight to all three periods has resulted in a diminished emphasis on what has been up to now his climactic one. But it's a careful and conscientious summary, which by its very thoroughness gives an excellent picture of the man's struggle to orient himself artistically. On leaving town, by the way, the show will travel extensively, from Baltimore and Boston to San Francisco and Los Angeles, and then to Washington and Cleveland.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

NEW LAWN MOWER CUTS,
MULCTS GRASS, LEAVES
—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

Gets out while the getting is good.

His calling card had claws on it

LUTHER KELLY lied about his age and got into the army at 15. They sent him West in 1865, and he stayed.

He liked the wilderness. Game abounded. In Trappers' Lake, "trout were so thick they obscured the bottom."

Hostile Indians were also pretty thick. But when two tried ambushing him, he killed both with his Henry .44.

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One day, he visited General Miles, sending a huge fierce-clawed bear's paw to Miles as his calling card. Miles made him chief scout against the Sioux.

But by 1885, the country was taming down, and Yellowstone Kelly left it.

Two decades later, Teddy Roosevelt praised the heroic treasurer of Surigao in the Philippines who saved the town from outlaws. Name: Luther S. Kelly.

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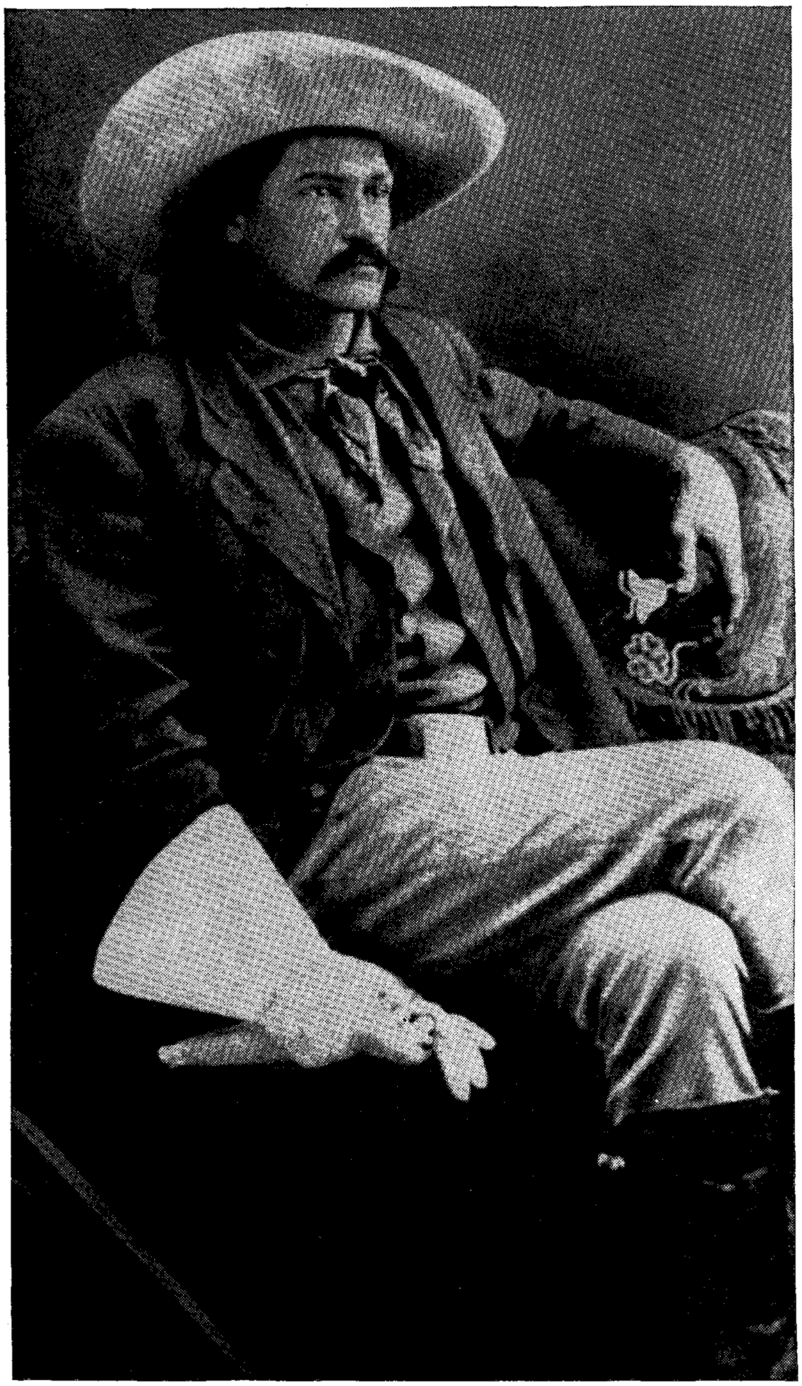

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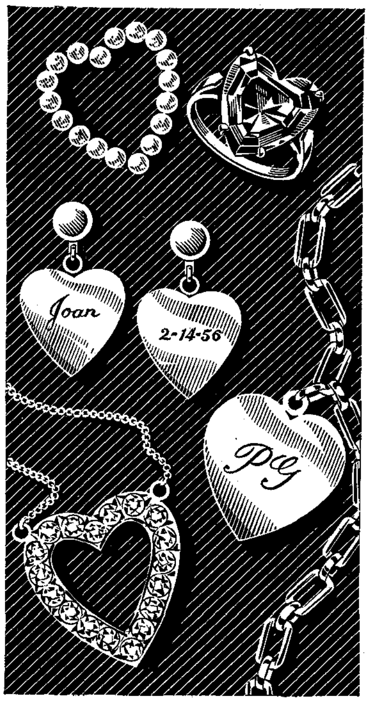

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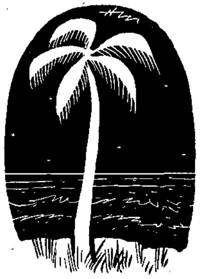
THE SITTER

IT happened that on the very winter night when this particular sitter came to stay with the children, Mrs. Hadley had a long discussion with her husband about baby-sitters generally. It took place as they drove down to Twenty-third Street to have dinner with some people they'd gone to college with.

"I'm glad we're not getting a late start, for a change. That maid the Fergusons have is such an ogre about serving dinner on time," Mr. Hadley said as he maneuvered their six-year-old Chevrolet onto Park Avenue in the instant before the light changed. "Matter of fact, the sitter came a little early, didn't she?"

"I guess so," Mrs. Hadley said. "She seemed all right, but, of course, I've got so I don't even look at them any more—no matter what agency they come from, they all seem so much alike. This one had a British accent, I think, but I didn't really investigate beyond explaining what to do and where we'll be. Otherwise, I'm pinned against a wall for hours, listening to the story of their lives and what a comedown it is for them to have to do this sort of thing."

"Pretty lonely old girls, most of them, I guess," her husband said. "Besides, I guess the *real* reason we're usually late is because you're always leaving your nails till the last minute."



"Hardly ever true," said Mrs. Hadley, waving her hands about so the polish would dry before she got out a cigarette. "Mostly, I'm just being detained as a captive audience. The good, good old days, and how differently they were brought up. How their husbands never would let them turn a hand, but then got Bright's disease or failed in the greeting-card business or crossed them up in some more spectacular way. How sad the situation makes their daughters, who beg them to move in with them, beg them and beg them. Sitters hardly ever have sons, you know—I've made a study of that. Just daughters who were headed for a brilliant career at this or that—and taking wonderful care of Mama, incidentally. They were just like sisters—everybody said so—but then she *would* marry this man, this insensitive fellow from Youngstown, Ohio, this boor. Whereas Mama is always terribly refined. I think that's what I object to most—they're not only so lugubrious but so refined about it."

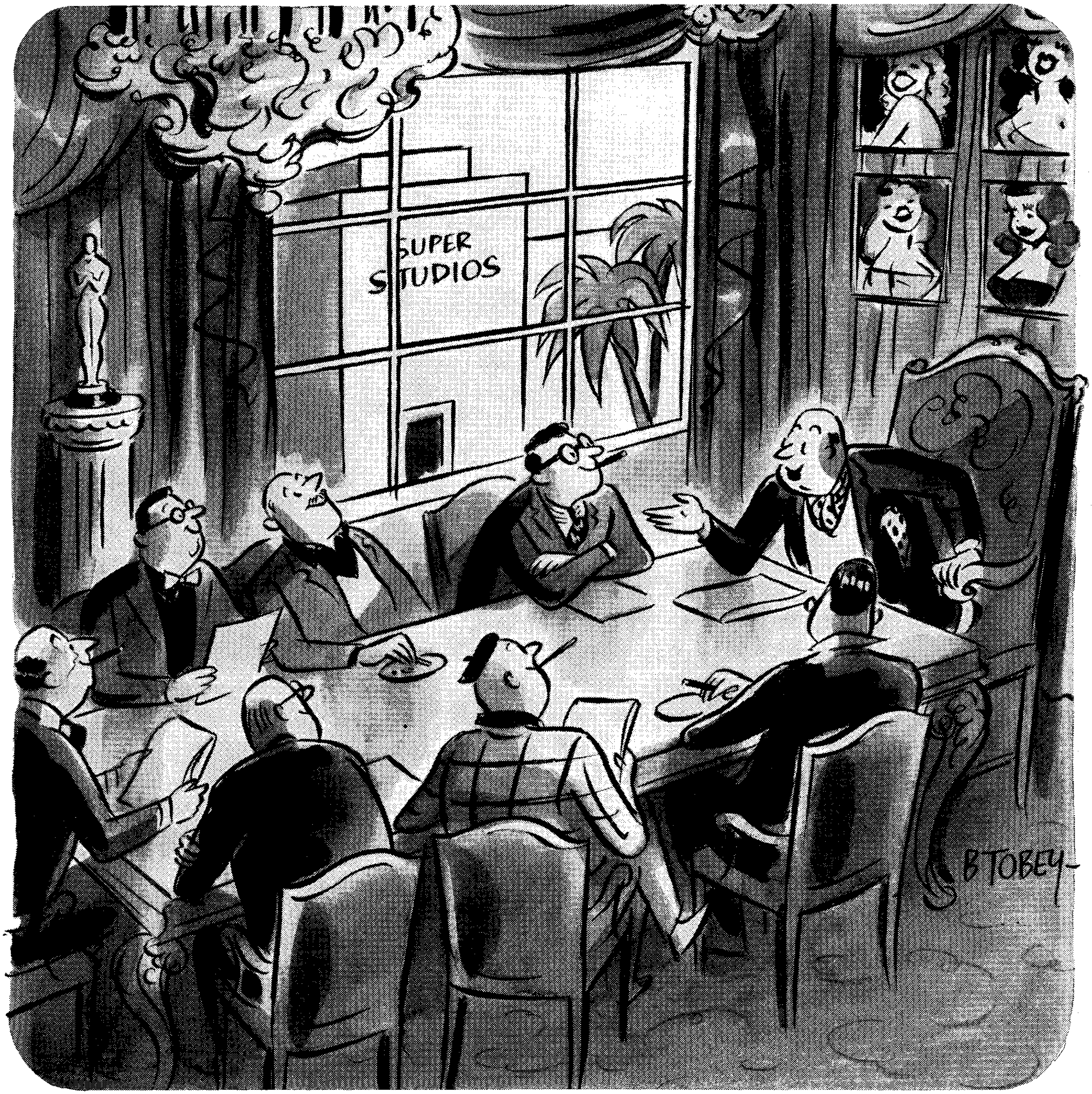
"Well, it isn't much of a life, you know," Mr. Hadley said. "You wouldn't like it much."

"Oh, I'm not nearly refined enough to qualify," said Mrs. Hadley, lighting her cigarette. "And I never had a little ermine coat and hat and muff when I was a child, like that woman last week, and if I had, I don't think I'd weep over it fifty years later. I hope I wouldn't. Not for half an hour while a total stranger stood around in the freezing cold with her hand on the door, too polite to slam it shut." She looked over at her husband, who, bored with the subject, was reaching for the radio dial.

"I'll tell you why I sound so intolerant," she said, putting a hand on his arm. "It depresses me so about women. I like women. Most of the women I know are spunky, and fairly gay and adaptable. Of course, we're younger and luckier just now. But it could happen to any of us. It could happen to me. I've often thought about that. Women always live longer than men, and once we get the kids educated, what do we have? A little annuity, maybe. A little income of some kind. I used to think baby-sitting would be a fine way to piece out the bank account. You'd get out of an evening and, in a sense, meet people—younger people. You'd see how they live, what kind of books they have, who their kids look like. A lot better than huddling around in a small residential-hotel room doing the Double-Crostic. So I look at these women who might be me in twenty or thirty years, and they're nearly every one of them pathetic, spiritless old bones, dwelling on the past, and even kidding themselves about that. I just get discouraged, that's all."

"Well, don't go pinning *me* against a wall about it," said Mr. Hadley, his eyes lighting up at the sight of a suitable parking space in the very block where the Fergusons lived. "I never believed that stuff about alcohol really being a depressant," he added, "but this is the last time I fix you a drink before we start off anyplace."

AS the Hadleys opened the front door of their house several hours later—it had been quite a good party, really—the sitter for the evening gave them a brisk, welcoming nod from beyond the open living-room door and immediately got to her feet, closing the picture magazine she had been reading and putting it back on a shelf. A mo-



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ment later, she came down the hall toward them, her hat already on, her coat and scarf over her arm.

"The children went to bed without any trouble," she said. "That will be five-fifty, and thirty cents carfare."

Mr. Hadley, who had complained all the way home about his fourth after-dinner drink as if it had been compulsory, when in fact he had gone out to the kitchen and mixed it himself, went stomping off upstairs. Having taken off her fur jacket, Mrs. Hadley stood in the hallway and fumbled for change, as she had a hundred nights before; she found, as she so often did, that she would have to write a check. By this time, the sitter had put on her coat and scarf and was standing with one mittened hand on the front doorknob. Mrs. Hadley got her fountain pen and checkbook out of the drawer of the hall table, thinking of how many times she had had to listen to a mournful report on the boorishness of bus drivers and the terrible infrequency of subways at this time of night. Sometimes she relented and gave the sitters taxi fare, resenting the smug look of triumph with which it was accepted; sometimes she hardened her heart, and felt guilty later. Either way she went to bed cross. Now, honoring the woman's forbearance, she said that it seemed only fair to make the amount large enough to cover a cab home on such a cold night.

The sitter shook her head. "I'm used to cold, thank you," she said.

Mrs. Hadley filled in all the other lines, and then asked what name should go on the check.

"Sibyl Katinovsky," the woman said, and spelled it for her.

Turning to look at her, for the first time, Mrs. Hadley saw a small, stout woman with short, bristling white hair, bright, round blue eyes, and red cheeks. Her brown hat and coat and red-and-yellow plaid scarf were quite worn. "But I thought— that is, I told my husband I was pretty sure you were British," she said.

"I *am* British," said the sitter.

"It was your husband, then, who was—" She hesitated. "Russian?"

"Yes," said the woman, still clasping the doorknob.

After waiting a moment, Mrs. Hadley wrote in the name, tore the check out of her checkbook, and then stood with it in her hand, irresolutely. "Did you and your husband meet in England, Mrs. Katinovsky?" she asked, finally.

"Yes, we did."

"I suppose he was a student there or something."

"He was," the sitter said and, turning the knob very quietly, opened the front door a crack.

"That was after the revolution, I imagine," Mrs. Hadley said quickly.

"It was in 1916," the woman said.

"So, of course, you never lived in Russia?"

"Oh, yes." The sitter smiled at Mrs. Hadley, shaking her head like one humoring a prying child. "He felt that, after all, they were his people and that the two of us must go back," she said. She reached out then, took the check, calmly examined it, folded it three times, installed it in a compartment of her enormous purse, and stepped outside. "And so, of course, they killed him," she said as she started down the steps.

"But how terrible! How terrible!" Mrs. Hadley cried. Shameless now, she ran out after her into the icy wind. "I suppose it was your British passport that got *you* out all right," she called after the hurrying figure.

The woman turned and gave her another broad, indulgent smile. "Heavens, no, dearie. They had me in Siberia for eleven years," she said, and Mrs. Hadley, shivering, feeling only a little less foolish than cold, watched her knot the red-and-yellow scarf tighter about her chubby neck and plunge up the dark street toward the lights of Madison Avenue, never looking back.

—ANDY LOGAN

◆

ORLANDO, FLA., Jan. 3 (AP)—Once again the Tangerine Bowl was the graveyard of one of college football's longest winning streaks when Juniata's string of 23 straight ended in a 6–6 tie with Missouri Valley last night.

Two years ago it happened to East Texas State, winner of 30 straight until held to a 7–7 tie by Arkansas State.

Juniata's string of 23 rode the passing arm of Pat Tarquinio and the catching hands of Barry Drexler and it was still riding them when it went down.

Reed piloted a 1956 Chevrolet. Allen Adkins in a 1955 Dodge and George Seeger in a 1956 Ford were second and third all the way.—*Springfield* (*Mass.*) *Daily News.*

Where was the puck?

◆

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From The New Yorker, February 19, 1944*]

When the radio quiz show "Take It or Leave It" is made into a movie this spring, we are told, the $64 question will become the $640 question.

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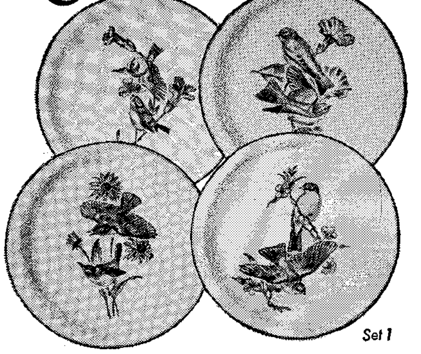

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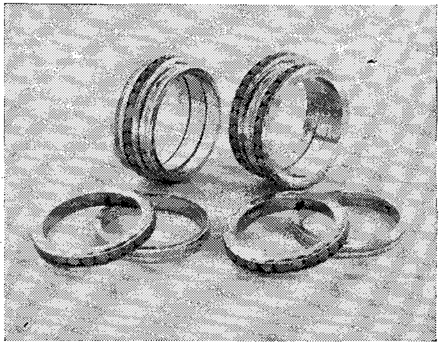

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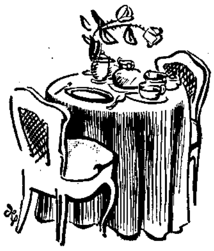
All Woman



HAVING listened more or less impassively to a series of girl singers in the course of several recent evenings, I was pleased the other night to run across a *woman* singer, in the person of Jane Froman, who is appearing in the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. She's a good tonic for anyone who has been living too long in a world of merely pretty faces, little smiles, *moues*, small gestures, and susurrant voices, for here is a mature beauty whose strong contralto voice, expansive gestures, and warm authority give the world new and exciting dimensions.

I presume that quite a few people have caught Miss Froman before, in one medium or another—radio, television, or motion pictures—and, like me, have found her treatment of songs a bit overdramatic, and I must admit that her present performance is a trifle forceful here and there, but, taken as a whole, it is a remarkably satisfying example of night-club entertainment. After opening with "It's a Great Life," a jaunty number that was new to me, she went on, with passionate conviction or engaging brightness, as the occasion required, to "Everybody's Got a Home but Me," "How About You?," "It's All Right with Me," and a slightly doubtful novelty work called "Millionaires Don't Whistle." This brought her to her major argument, "Three Generations of Lovers," which was a rhymed commentary panoplied by snatches or entire choruses of some thirty Irving Berlin songs. Ranging from approximately 1910 on down to 1950, it proved to be a diverting procession, and she illuminated it now and then by donning hideous examples of the milliners' art of bygone days. The tribute to Berlin handily accomplished, Miss Froman sailed off the floor. Almost at once, she returned to sing "Embraceable You," "Tea for Two," "I'll Walk Alone," and "Get Happy" with great charm, and then gave a stirring account of "With a Song in My Heart." I thought that was the final number, because Miss Froman walked off again at the end of it, but in a moment she reappeared to present a composition called "I Believe," which, she said, she introduced some years back on a television show. I didn't take much stock in its inspirational message, but I kept thinking back to the splendid effect she had achieved in "With a Song in My Heart," and went away happy.

AS for all those girls I referred to a while back, the only one with anything like an expansive style is a healthy minx named Polly Bergen, who is currently unburdening herself of a fairly elaborate program at the Persian Room of the Plaza. Miss Bergen, a brunette with a winning personality, ran through several beguiling pieces the night I chanced upon her—one group, for example, consisted of "Without Love," "What Is a Man?," "I Concentrate on You," "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," which she sings first in French and then in English, and "I Only Have Eyes for You"—but it wasn't until later, during her easygoing delivery of that old work "It All Depends on You," that I felt she really identified herself with her material. From then on, though, I was with her all the way—through a raucous delivery of "Red Hot Mama," an affecting juxtaposition of "Why Was I Born?" and "Bill," and, as she paused in the door on her way out, a lightly appealing rendition of "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" Backing up the singer is the Ted Straeter orchestra, led from the piano by Jimmy Lyons, a first-rate musician who from time to time during the evening steals over to his usual haunt, the Blue Angel, where he can be heard leading his own expert trio.

SPEAKING of the Blue Angel reminds me of Jill Corey, a comely little girl who steps up on the tiny stage there at intervals throughout the late hours to offer disarming interpretations of a handful of well-turned songs. The other night, I was agreeably surprised to hear her revive a charming but neglected piece, "When I Fall in Love," from the score of "Small Wonder," a Broadway revue of some years back. . . . At the Cameo, a fairly large room for the intimate kind of entertainment it provides, Julie London, a petite and alluring blonde, perches herself on a high stool and, accompanied by the Bobby Troup trio, breathes little love messages into a hand microphone. She hasn't much of a voice, but she employs it seductively, and since she has what seems to be an instinctive sense of phrasing, her deliveries of rhythm songs, ballads, and blues numbers are all quite compelling in their way. I was particularly grateful to her for resuscitating "Baby, Baby, All the Time," a sophisticated blues that was written by her accompanist, Mr. Troup, a good many years ago.

DOWNTOWN, at that happy bedlam known as the Bon Soir, Kaye Ballard has lately arrived to contribute her distinctive brand of lunacy. You have probably encountered this sprite here or somewhere else around town in the past, and if you are as fond of her irreverent but wholesome attitude toward our mores as I am, you'll be pleased to know that she has a lot of fresh material, all of it amusing and some of it inspired. She turns up with a basketball under one arm to sing a lilting but venomous tribute to her sister, a movie star, and gives a poisonous portrayal of a winner on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts television program. If those fail to move you, which is unlikely, you'll almost certainly respond to her deadly representation of the effect that a girl of nine who has been exposed to too many television comedians can have on her parents at dinner. Miss Ballard also sings a straight song or two, and does it very well.

THE Château Madrid, which specializes in Latin-American entertainment, is currently harboring the flamenco dancer Carmen Amaya and remnants of the troupe that appeared with her recently at Carnegie Hall and on Broadway. Miss Amaya is rather sparing of her talents—she appears briefly near the beginning of the show, and again, for a longer time, at the very end—but she is an electric performer once she gets going. It was hard for me to realize that twelve years had gone by since I last saw her in one of our night clubs; she is still as slim as a boy, and is still able, as she proved in her concluding number, to dance with furious perfection. While she is offstage, a few other dancers, a male flamenco singer, and a couple of guitarists take over the small platform. —D. W.

•

A SHAREHOLDER: I come from Croydon, Pennsylvania. Last August my wife and I took a trip to West Germany. It was gratifying to see Esso signs everywhere we went. We really thought we were still in the United States.—*Report of the seventy-third annual meeting of the Standard Oil Company (N.J.).*

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

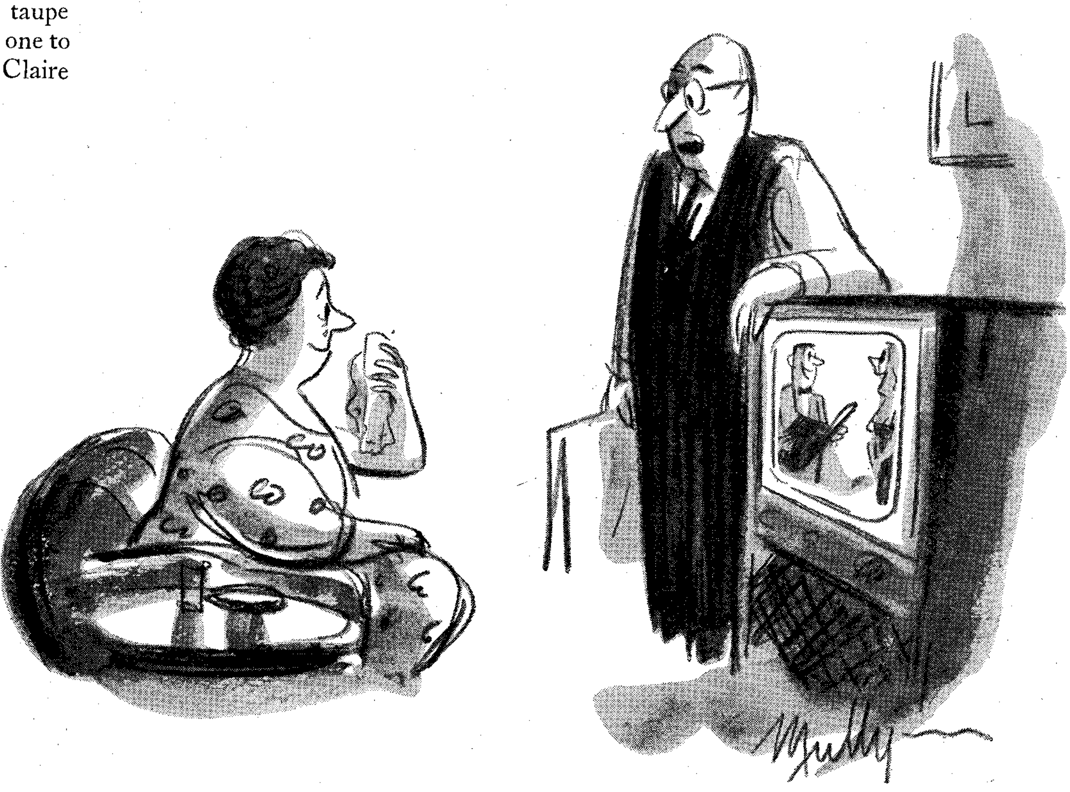
A WEEK ago, I was talking, for the most part, about what the well-turned-out beachcomber will be wearing this winter. The dressier aspect of clothes for the Southern resorts (many of which will be just as suitable when tropical temperatures return the call this summer) is the theme of the ensuing seminar.

Three designers who are as feminine as the things they design deserve special mention. The first of these girls is Clare Potter, inventor of simple clothes whose elegance derives from her hand-finished detail and her couturier touches. Polished white cotton covered with black pin dots and oversized ladybugs makes a short-sleeved dress with her typical deep oval neck, which is surrounded by a little collar that crosses like a surplice in front; cut-out ladybugs are appliquéd on the buttons that go part way down the front. It's $69.95, at Lord & Taylor and Bonwit Teller. Lord & Taylor also adores her slim, fly-fronted, zippered dress of polished cotton with a red poppy print, as well as her dresses of sheer linen. A sleeveless Potter triumph has a bias top, and the skirt is gathered softly across the front, though it's plain and sleek down the hips and back. This is particularly lovely done in pale taupe and equipped with two linen belts, one to match and one in coral; $59.95. Claire McCardell is our second heroine. Her country dress of very heavy cotton has a wide V décolletage front and back and a skirt heavily pleated in clusters; $45, at Lord & Taylor, among others. A huge-patterned gray-and-black plaid covers the cotton, and the red overcheck on it matches the jersey sash. More formal is her dress (also at Lord & Taylor) of a murky green cotton with an allover lace design in black; it has a bateau neck, short sleeves, and a slim front. A band of black lace goes under the bosom, Empire style, and descends in back to tie in a bow over the gathers in the skirt. Bonwit has latched on to her sheath of linen printed to resemble damask, in dark, pastel, or vivid colors; $45. Its slit neck invites scarf arrangements. There are short kimono sleeves, and horizontal pockets placed very low. Tina Leser, our third talented girl, was captivated by Oriental prints long before the current craving for them. This year, she does dresses of sheer cotton stiffened with a Pellon lining. Right now, she is preoccupied with sheath fronts and abrupt, fishtail flares down the backs of skirts. A dress of sapphire cotton printed with purple and blue flowers of the aster family (or pink and orange asters on a purple background) is her best; Bonwit, one of its sponsors, prices it at $69.95. But Miss Leser can also be calm; witness her dress of pink damask-print linen, which is trimmed with matching lace and flaunts that fishtail flare in back; $69.95, at Jay Thorpe.

And now shall we join the gentlemen designers? Gunther Jaeckel is showing two contrasting Traina-Norell aberrations. One is their Empire linen dress with a bateau neck, tiny sleeves, and a Roman-striped belt under the bosom. It's most effective with a white top and a natural-color sheath below; $175. The other outfit is sheer Gladiola Girl; it begins with a round-necked sweater of ribbed wool knit whose waistline is almost at the knees (mercifully, it curves into the body a bit there) and has a cuff at the bottom; the rest of it is a pleated skirt on a yoke. This is $265.

But let us take the students into the shops, so that they can view the new clothes in detail and en masse.

LORD & TAYLOR's Rudi Gernreich, for whom I was cheering a week ago, does top-drawer things with linen. Willowy sheaths in black or bittersweet have bateau necks, deep open armholes, and jutting double flaps on the pocket on one hip to take the curse off any fullness of the stomach; $49.95. (The same dresses also show up in nubbly, pale-apricot basketweave silk-and-wool and in tan India tussah.) Another linen sports a boat neck with a deep slash down to the breastbone. Through this slash goes a separate scarf lined in a contrasting color; $49.95. One color scheme is mustard and a coral lining for the scarf. Lord & Taylor is one of the establishments that have stocked up on the masterly linen sheaths of Kenneth Tischler. A round-necked example, with a buttoned tab down the center front to secure a low-slung polka-dotted silk sash when you want to wear it, is around in such combinations as pink with a red-and-white sash; $39.95. Another valuable linen man is Donald Brooks, who has contributed a sheath with a fencer's jacket—a band collar, and double-breasted buttons starting beneath the shoulders and tapering to the



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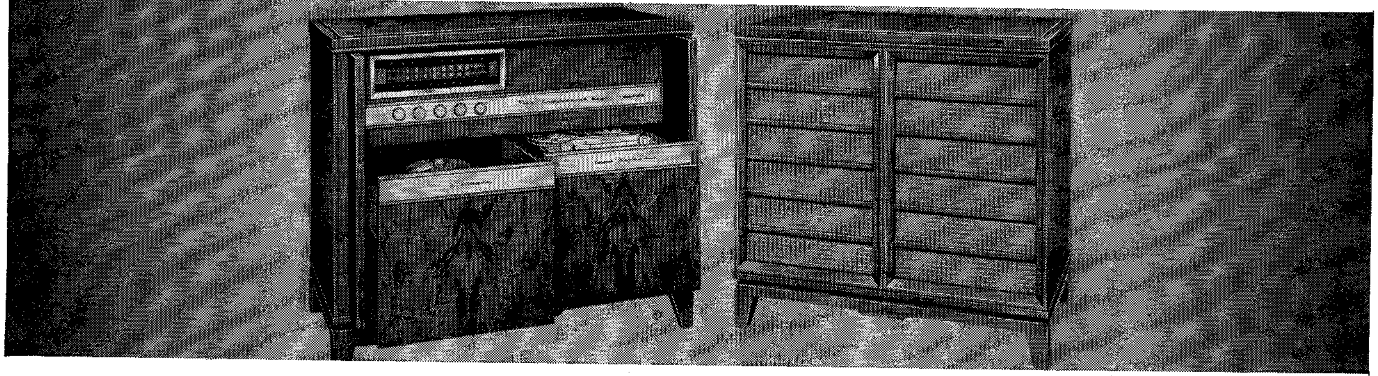

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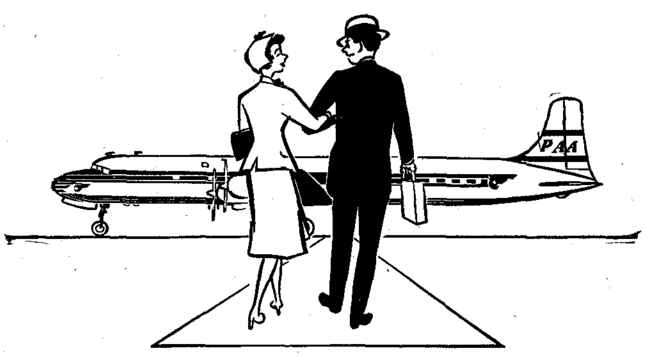

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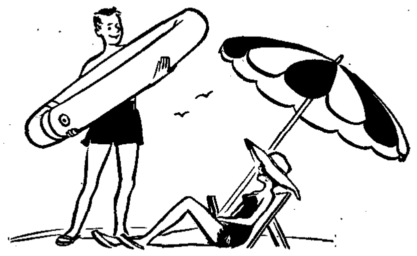

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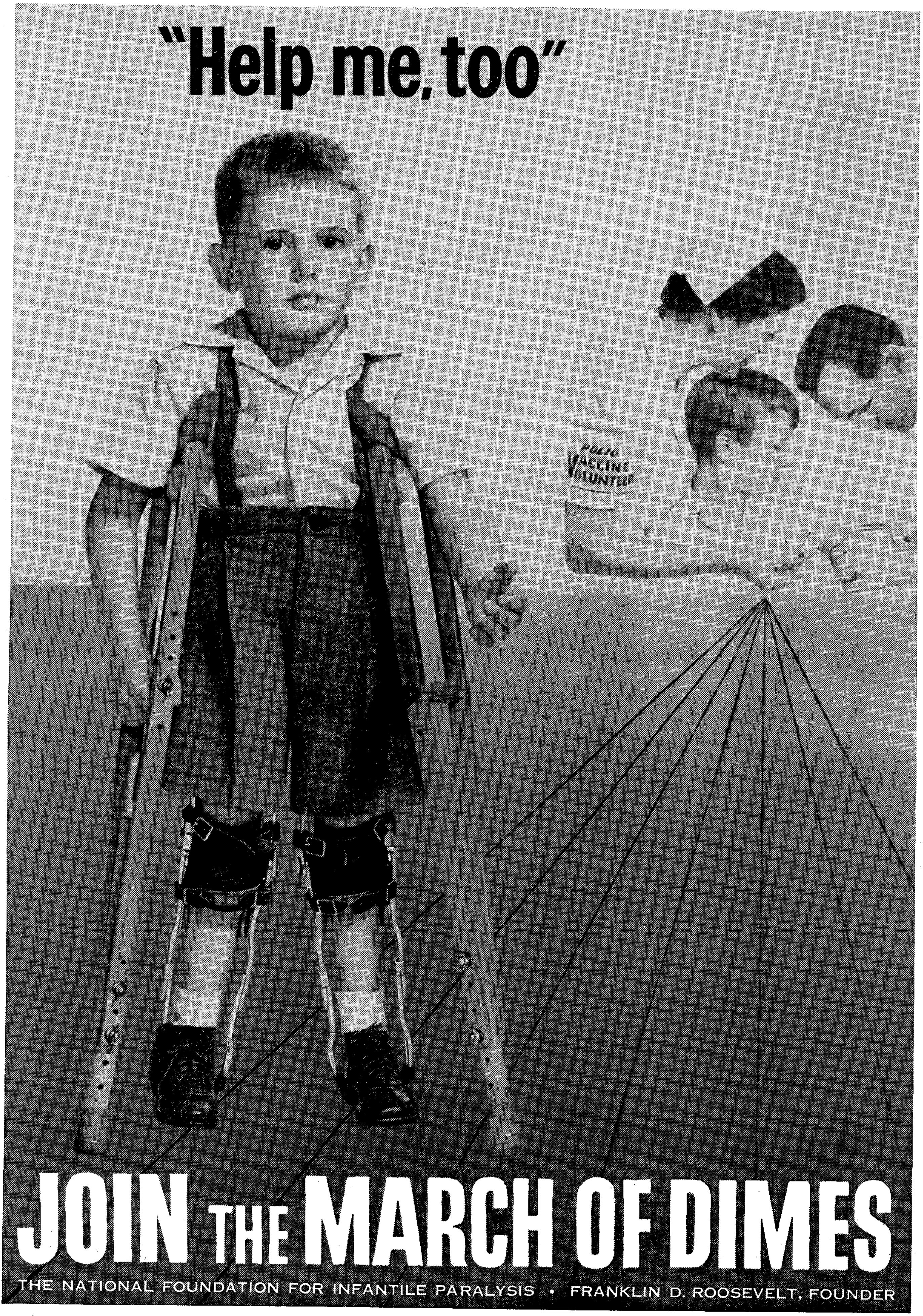
hem. Another Brooks has a round neck and tucks down the front to the hips, like a man's evening shirt. The first is $35, the second is $39.95.

BONWIT TELLER is a good place to inspect the work of David Goodstein, whose dress-and-cashmere-sweater combinations have become classics. His stuff, as a matter of fact, is all over town. None is more enchanting, though, than a Bonwit pet—a dress and sweater with an oblong décolletage front and back. The dress is of white surah with quiet, irregular squares in black and tan printed on it; the print outlines the décolletage and the closing; $135.

JAY THORPE is bullish on silk-linen dresses of every imaginable hue, with big Quaker collars, push-up sleeves, and buttons down the front as far as six inches below the waist; $49.95. Velveteen coats in coral, brilliant turquoise, or orangy red, with hood collars and big push-up sleeves, are $110. Simple tricolor dresses have square or convertible necks and wide band detail curving or jogging inward at the ribs to make the waist look slimmer. They come in white with red, white, and blue bandings or in cinnamon with black and white bandings; $69.95. Ribbon embroidery is all over Rudolph's oval-neck dance sheath of white silk linen, and a scarf of blue silk chiffon trails down the back; $195. Even the most casual Jay Thorpe clothes can have a dressed-up look. A lovely cotton with a woven Jacquard dot in two shades of pink or blue makes both princesse bathing suits and ones with boys' pants. Buttons descend the fronts of separate skirts (J. T. is manic about tacking on skirts to make dresses out of bathing suits), and there are short beach coats and scoop-neck dresses, all of the same material. Another specialty here is a very furry brushed wool in bright yellow, cognac, or white. This is used for big, hip-length jackets, clumsy but high-style, with hand- or machine-knit ribbed detail winding along the convertible collars and the hems; $59.95 and $25, depending on the detail. And the store's Casual Shop is awash with that old sweetheart—white sharkskin, this time with a ribbed sort of gabardine weave and a dull finish, and made up into all kinds of classic dresses and separates.

THE sheath is queen around town, and no one can do it better than Pauline Trigère. Bergdorf Goodman is showing her latest triumph, a buttoned-down-the-back dress of linen with a three-quarter-inch coin dot. It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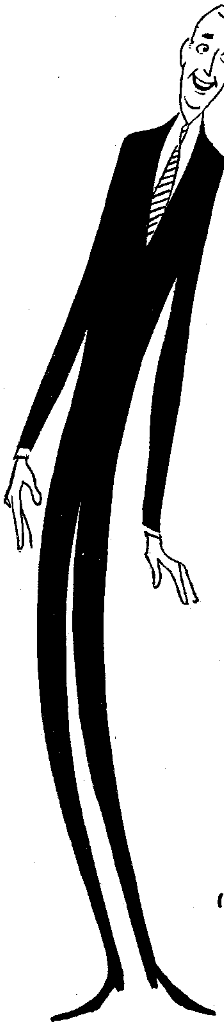

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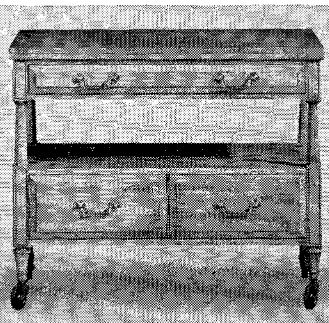

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is sleeveless, and a bolero fold, attached at each side of a front panel, curves outward below into hip pockets. The dress appears in toast with orange dots and in red with charcoal dots; $165. Bergdorf is also showing a Sondheim costume that involves a dress of white satin print (red polka dots) with a V front, V back, and gathers on the shoulders, accompanied by a full-length coat of red raw silk with inverted pleats descending from under the arms. Aldrich's linen dresses abound here, among them a long-torso affair with a square neckline, squared-off sleeveless armholes, and a flat tunic fold below the band around the hips. This comes in peacock, aqua, or apricot; $60. Kunel has contributed a perfect sweater costume. The dress, of white satin-finish silk with coral or sapphire pin dots, has saw-tooth edging around the oval neckline and the armholes, and similar edgings of the print appear on the coral or sapphire cashmere sweater. Then there's a sheath of cream linen, covered all over with olive-green embroidery. A little round-collar cape, which buttons down the back, can be primly donned to cover the strap décolletage; $110. Here, too, are good illustrations of Ceil Chapman's knack for draped and swirling chiffon dresses, in either dance- or full-length.

BENDEL has fallen head over heels for Adele Simpson's chiffon cotton, whose sapphire ground is covered with small jade leaves in an overlapping pattern. This she has used for, among other things, a sleeveless dress, round-necked and fitted out with a string tie; the skirt is full below the tucked hip yoke. This is $90. Bendel has invested in other designers, too. Talmack's shirt dress of embroidered taffeta ribbon (alternating stripes printed with roses and solid-color stripes) has a tucked shirt front and a deeply bloused back; $225. A slick Talmack sheath dress with three-quarter sleeves is of tangerine, black, or navy silk linen. There is a flat band around the collarless neck, and the bodice drapes up to and over the neck at one side; $90. Swiss cotton in a ribbonlike woven stripe alternating with rose-patterned stripes (this fabric is all around the town, by the way, and charming it looks, too, no matter who plays with it) makes a V-neck dance dress by Adele Simpson with a whirling circular skirt; over it goes a sweater with tiny baby buttons and bands of the ribbon as trimming; $125. Dior-New York is responsible for a sheath of cotton faille with great, fat red carnations printed all over a white background. The big red

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bow that sits in front of the square neckline is visible even when you put on the shoulder cape that accompanies it; $235 all told.

IRENE OF CALIFORNIA (on tap only at Gunther Jaeckel) has turned out a beautiful coat in Directoire style. There are three buttons down the diaphragm, and a seam that begins at the normal waistline in back curves up at the sides to become the base of two very high breast pockets. This coat, of lemon raw silk, is $125. Among the suave long-jacketed suits at Gunther is a real valentine, of white raw silk with an allover print of red hearts—small ones on the lapels, and large ones toward the bottom of the jacket and the slender skirt. Blotta has provided the shop with a dress-and-sweater combination—a boat-neck linen sheath topped, for modesty, with a separate "chaperone," a long-sleeved covering of wool knit that is waist-length in back and has long ends tying in front. The colors are pale beige and cinnamon, pale blue and purple, or pink and magenta. Nadler of California is represented at Gunther by all sorts of long-bodied, full-skirted linen dresses. The embroidered-all-over kind of dance sheath is represented by a turquoise polished cotton covered with pink, blue, and sapphire threads. This has a peg-topped skirt, a U neck, and short sleeves; $75. Next, we come upon a group of dresses, in sizes up to 42, of a linenlike synthetic called Linaire. Buttoned-down-the-front dresses of it are adorned with red roses appliquéd between the buttons; sleeveless dresses of it, fitted out with boleros, are adorned with rose baskets appliquéd at intervals all over them. The colors are white, gray, navy, or toast; $50.

IN Hattie Carnegie's Blue Room there's a wonderful blazer, by Talmack, that can go over any linen dress whatsoever, in case you are bored with the omnipresent cashmere sweaters. It's really a small-lapelled battle jacket, all horizontal bands of grosgrain ribbon in six colors, including chartreuse, mauve, peacock, and pale pink, and there are band cuffs on the long sleeves; $135. To go with it, there could hardly be anything better than a Talmack silk-linen Empire sheath with a high fold under the breast and a little rolled turtleneck. The body is curved in at the waist by means of gores; $110, in pink, blue, or navy. The Blue Room also shows Harvey Berin's pink or blue linen dance dress, which is sprinkled with large polka dots of drawn work. Wide shoulder straps bound with satin con-

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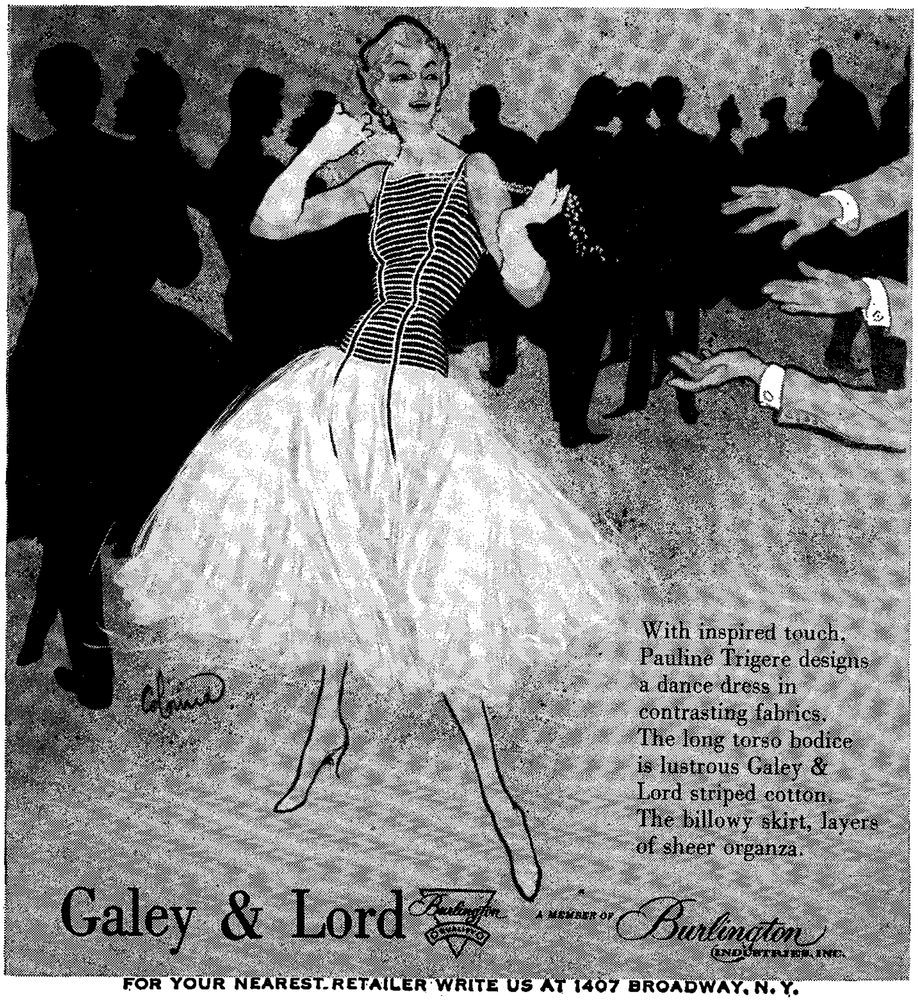
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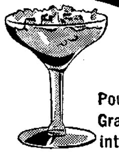

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tinue to below the belt, then flare out at the hips; the skirt is gored through the middle and circular at the hem; $95. Carnegie is among the shops that admire House of Lords sweater dresses, which usually involve Swiss fabrics. One is of Swiss silk twill covered with polka dots of varying sizes. The top has a cowl, and the back has a V décolletage; the skirt is all unpressed pleats. A white cashmere sweater appliquéd and lined with white silk accompanies it; $80 in all. House of Lords has also come up with another costume in this genre—a pink or blue linen sheath with a waist-length cashmere jacket, whose little round collar is covered with white cotton lace; $70.

MARTHA WEST likes her linen knits (which are cooler than any woven fabric and, of course, uncrushable) to have wriggly, vertical stripes. Some of her sheaths have deep, scalloped oval necklines and short sleeves with ribbed edges; others have tiny straight short-sleeved boleros over the décolleté tops. They're ideal for all-day cruises that go on into the night, and they can be ordered in sizes up to 46. The dresses are $49.95 (unless the size is over 38), the boleros are $29.95, and the hues are beige, rose, or blue. Another sheath of linen knit, in the same colors, is covered with swirls of matching ribbon on which occasional fake pearls glisten; $125. A "poodle" jacket with hand-crocheted buttons and a collar that is all looped yarn can go with a skirt or almost any dress; $49.95. And the West uniform—a skirt that is smooth down past the hips and then fans out into permanent pleats, plus a separate surplice top—is now made of kitten's-ear nylon-and-orlon washable jersey whose silky finish suggests matt jersey. In bisque, soft French blue, navy, or bright turquoise, and in sizes 10 to 20. The tops are $12.95, the skirts are $14.95.

BELYING its name, the Cotton Shop is showing some handsome coats that are not of cotton. A stunning beige rough raw silk from India (it has a bark look) makes a straight one with very low pockets and brown velvet across the back of the collar; $119.95. A dream coat of Lurex, which is a gleaming, untarnishable gold fabric, is a straight job with narrow lapels and pockets placed low at the sides; $69.95 for a completely luxurious air. Multicolored flags and crests of any number of nations and royal houses dot the cotton of a little dress with a box-pleated skirt and a bodice that buttons up to a turnover collar; $17.95. A cotton ki-

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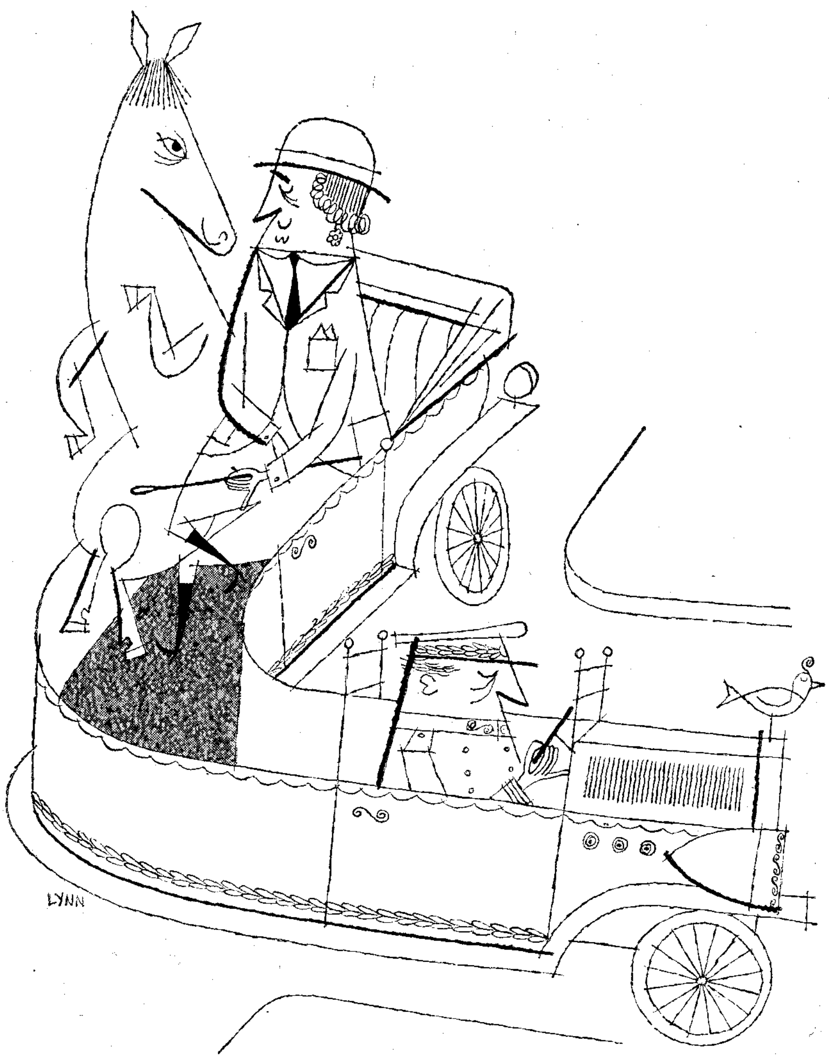
mono for either sex arrives, full-length and classic in cut, in a heavenly soft Oriental print that's a combination of pale blues and cocoa browns; $16.95. Magnificent bags and belts of wicker and hand-rubbed russet calf combined are around, too. An eighteen-inch overnight bag is $11.95, federal tax included. Nautical belts of rope or webbing trimmed with the calf and brass fastenings are very special stuff; $4.95 to $7.95.

GOOD old Abercrombie & Fitch teems with conservative classics. There are practically no short shorts around here; Bermuda length is preferred and, though a number of the cashmere sweaters are decorated, there isn't a sequin in sight. Some of the nicest printed dresses you'll see anywhere live at A. & F. A printed linen with red-and-pink flowers and olive greenery on a white ground (or else a mixture of flowers in yellows and browns and dusty blues) makes a simple short-sleeved, buttoned-down-the-front dress by Dorothy Cox. This has a gored skirt, and it costs $35. It also makes sleeveless shirts and Bermuda shorts. A cotton that resembles challis has bright-green and blue Paisley stripes. This is used for another Cox dress, with an open, convertible neck, a zippered fly front, and cluster pleats at the sides; $29.95.

PECK & PECK is burbling with justifiable pride over its sports separates in sea-foam pale green and darker jade. Jade cashmere cardigans are lined with heavy nylon green crêpe to match trim pleated skirts; $35 and $12.95, respectively. The accompanying blouses are $9.95. There are Bermuda shorts, as well as camisoles, short shorts, and all sorts of other things, including a little-boy cashmere sweater with a band bottom, to be worn outside or tucked in, and a V neck. It's lovely in sea foam, but also comes in sapphire or a misty gray; $29.95. Junior sizes will love an ivory linen dance dress with string straps and an oval neck. Scalloped cocoa lace rings it, narrowly at the small waist and more and more widely down the wide swing skirt, which is bolstered underneath by a coffee crinoline; $69.95. A long-sleeved, waist-length sweater of tan knit, whose cuffs and Peter Pan collar are of white cotton lace, is designed to go with it. A Victorian print on a heavy cotton the color of the inside of a ripe olive is concerned with pale-green and dark-green leaves and dusty-pink formal flowers. Likewise for young ones is the scoop-neck dress it makes, with



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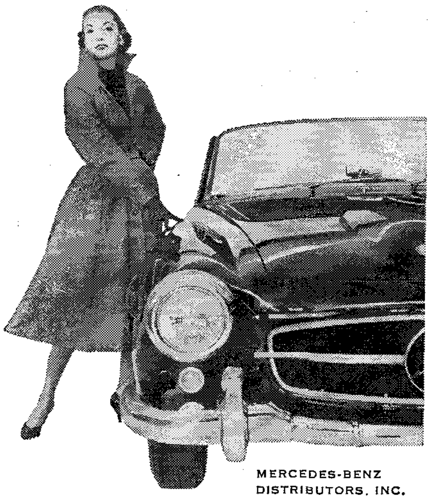
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French knots outlining the décolletage and a skirt of unpressed pleats. The fabric is used, too, for a suit with a gored skirt and a prim, fitted, buttoned-up jacket with small, high revers; $35.95.

De Pinna's Sports Department has a smashing cotton-knit top like a racing driver's jacket—fingertip length, and with colossal checks in black and white, red and white, yellow and black, or chartreuse and white; $12.95. There are two pockets, each one matching the check it happens to light on. Little cotton briefs to complete the costume are $7.95. Then, there is quite an outfit in gold-brown burlap lined with vividly striped cotton. A huge wooden buckle decorates the stitched band around the blouse, which is $11.95; a huge patch pocket decorates one thigh of the circular skirt, which is $19.95 and has the same band and buckle. Silk Paisley coolie shirts with short sleeves and round necks that are slashed in front appear mostly in mixtures of gold and brown tones; $17.95. Accompanying straight skirts in bright-yellow shantung are the same price. A buttoned-down-the-front dress of Italian cotton so heavy it looks like tweed is paired with a cashmere sweater that has scalloped detail down the front; $95 for the whole thing. Topaz pongee makes a long-sleeved shirtwaist dress with a pleated skirt. Over this goes a V-necked cashmere sweater in pale gold—lined and sleeveless, for a change; $85. As for the ubiquitous type of sweater, De Pinna's all-purpose one is of white cashmere with organdie field flowers appliquéd on one shoulder and just below the opposite shoulder; stems are appliquéd down one side. It has three-quarter sleeves, and a single daisy is appliquéd on one cuff; $69.95.

All this is just lovely theory. For a returnee from Palm Beach says that the inhabitants there are wild about every variety of silk again and that the cocktail dress has disappeared; women go right from casual beach and sports clothes into full-length formal dresses. Ah, me! —Lois Long

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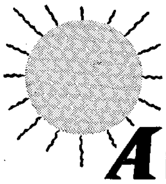

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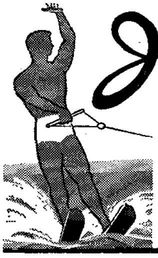

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"SAMURAI," the latest Japanese movie to come our way, is a snorting, snarling, gasping, groaning attempt to prove that Sherman was right in his opinion of war. Appropriately, it is a civil war that "Samurai" is concerned with—the messy one that kept the Japanese in an uproar from about 1400 to about 1600. Shortly before the end of the hostilities, the hero of this film—a rugged country boy—decides that war is his dish, and persuades a pal of his to take off with him for the front. The pal's sweetheart, a toothsome temple girl, agrees to wait, and in a trice the two friends are in the army, manning a couple of shovels. Together with other volunteers, they are digging a fine big ditch when their own troops, in full retreat, swarm all over them. Our hero, wild to decapitate an enemy officer and thus demonstrate that he's as good a samurai as any on earth, denounces the fleeing soldiers as a lily-livered lot and induces his pal to join him in a two-man effort to stop the attackers. But even though the youths light into hordes of enemy soldiers, mounted and on foot, with all the derring-do of a couple of Douglas Fairbankses, the novice samurai doesn't get even a private's head, which grieves him sorely. His pal has something more tangible to grieve about, for he is badly wounded in the leg.

Eventually, the two young men stagger up to a house near Kyoto owned by a bandit's widow who keeps herself and her daughter occupied by looting the bodies of the dead soldiers strewn around the landscape. While our hero practices cavalry charges on the widow's horse, his friend tries to seduce the widow's daughter, even though she knows that he is betrothed to a maiden back home. The widow's daughter is a nice enough girl but has rather a roving eye, and after the military buff takes her for a ride on Mother's horse, she suggests that they curl up for a few minutes. He rejects her summarily—on the ground, I gather, that dalliance dulls the urge for bloodletting in a proper soldier. Then some bandits arrive to hijack the widow's loot, and he shows such valor in repulsing them—the odds against him are something like twelve to one—that the widow herself, remarking that he is the very image of her lamented husband, proposes a spot of amour. He turns her down, too, and disconsolately heads back to his village to tell his pal's mother about the way her son is carrying on. More or less in passing, he kills a provincial guard, and before long the head man of the neighborhood has all hands out looking for him. He takes his pursuers on singly and in batches until finally a Buddhist priest, accompanied by his pal's sweetheart, corners him in the hills. The priest giggles incessantly, and I found it hard to believe that anybody would pay much attention to his spiritual advice, but by this time our hero is in dreadful shape mentally and physically, so he has an excuse for letting the priest soft-soap him into surrender. After roping him and suspending him in a tree for a spell to cool off, the giggling religious is able to convince him that he ought to become a man of restraint. As for the pal, he settles down in Kyoto with the widow's daughter.

All this is noisy, agitated, and confusing, and if it proves anything, I'm not prepared to say what. The actors, who include Toshiro Mifune, Mariko Okada, Kaoru Yachigusa, and Kuroemon Onoe, are uniformly overwrought. In contrast, the scenery is serene and at all times beautiful. After "Gate of Hell," I was hopeful that the Japanese would keep on with the good work. But "Samurai" would seem to indicate that the Hollywood-B virus has infected them.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25 (AP)—Uncle Sam doesn't expect "deathless prose" from its writers of reports and other public documents.

The Agriculture Department's Office of Information, in a publications workshop primer, says the government "asks only that you put useful facts down on paper in a way that makes them as useful as possible to other people.

"Your job is to write government reports, not the 'deathless prose' of Shakespeare or Hemingway. They had to have genius; all you need is horse sense."—*The Herald Tribune.*

Well, it might be useful to know that Hemingway isn't dead.

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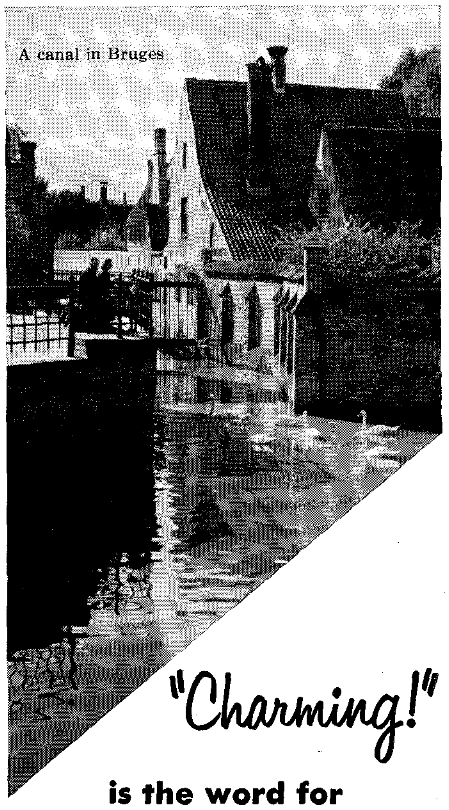

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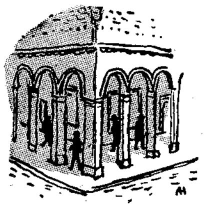
JANUARY 17

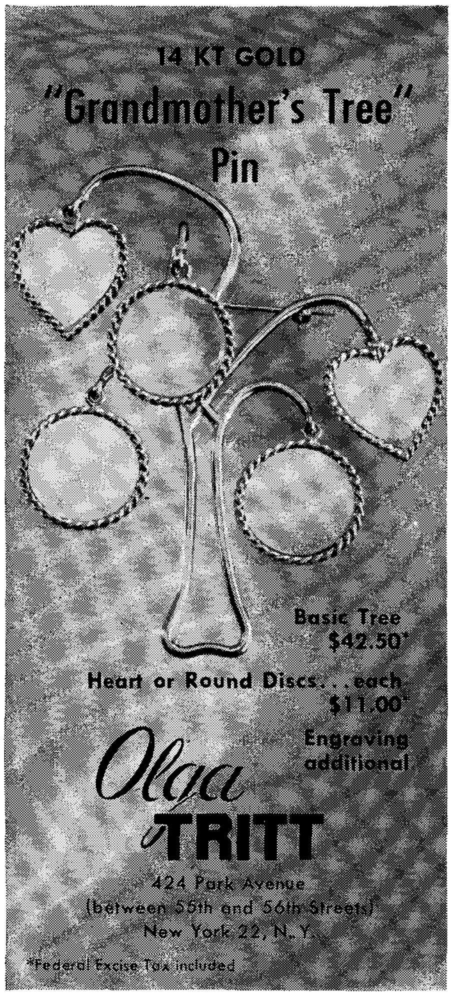


THE immortal Mistinguett has finally died, at the age of eighty-two. Her obituaries were as spectacular as the finales of her prewar Folies-Bergère revues. Academician Jean Cocteau contributed one that scintillated with melancholy, like paillettes shining on her dramatic black stage gowns. "Her small face," he declared, "seemed like that of a little girl, sculptured as if by the blows of childhood. Her voice, slightly off-key, was that of the Parisian street hawkers—the husky, trailing voice of the Paris people. She was of the animal race that owes nothing to intellectualism. She incarnated herself. She flattered a French patriotism that was not shameful. It is normal that now she should crumble, like the other caryatids of that great and marvellous epoch that was ours."

Known to all France as "Miss"—pronounced "Mees"—she was familiarly tutoied by her affectionate audiences, who would shout from the back of the Casino, "*T'es belle, toi!*" It was glory. She started her career in 1890, and for forty-nine years her Parisian genius was her figure, her optimistic *brio*, her penetrating, touching voice, her thirty-two white indestructible teeth (she had them all till the end), and her million-dollar legs (always prudently covered with wool fleshings, against drafts, beneath her silk tights). In 1911, she entered the Folies-Bergère and there met young Maurice Chevalier, whose talent she perceived with her heart—as one of her obituaries stated—as well as with her acute theatre sense, and they became the great paired stars. In such songs as "C'est Mon Homme" and "J'en Ai Marre," she carried the torch of the *filles de Paris*—of the *gigolette* in the Rue de Lappe, of the sidewalk *gonzesse* and the apache *gommeuse* of Montmartre. She was not held to have advanced French culture, but between the wars she helped make Paris famous again. She was a flower seller as a little girl. Her parents were mattress makers. She was born Jeanne Bourgeois. Around 1897, she concocted her stage name of Mistinguett in imitation of a popular song called "La Vertinguette." Mistinguett loved her fame, the footlights, and her money—she earned a fortune—and was never tempted by marriage. By a liaison with a Brazilian admirer, she had a son, Leopoldo de Lima et Silva, who is now a well-known Paris doctor and was her physician on her deathbed. Colette once said of Mistinguett, "She is a national property."

THE public part of the six-day world-championship bridge tournament, which the Americans lost to the French, was played beneath a white silk canopy in a dainty little salon known as La Folie de Ponthieu, in the Rue Ponthieu wing of the Hotel Claridge. (The room for closed play was upstairs.) La Folie looked like a cockpit, with its limited public standing on red velvet boxes, silently peering at the players below. The match was followed with passionate attention here and all over Europe. It was the first world championship ever played in Paris, and the first ever won by the French. Baron de Nexon, the non-playing captain of the six-man French team—he was a prewar European champion, partnering the wizard Pierre Albarran, still perhaps France's greatest living player—thinks that the French players may remain champions for some time to come, because all but one of them are young. The middle-aged exception is René Bacherich, who is fifty. He is a textile merchant in the city of Lille, where he plays with Pierre Ghestem, thirty-two, a local cheese wholesaler, former world checkers champion, and French amateur chess champion. These two, who were the surprising French newcomers, used a highly complicated, artificial system of bidding and did most for France's victory. Roger Trezel, thirty-eight, a gentleman farmer, and Pierre Jaïs, forty-two, who have played together for five years and until last week were the best-known French pair in Europe, used Albarran's famous *canapé* system of bidding. As for the two other French players, Bertrand Romanet, thirty-seven, is a psychiatrist, and Robert Lattes, only twenty-nine, is a Sorbonne teacher.

Under the title "How Did It Happen?," Art Buchwald, in his column in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*, printed the American team members' explanation to him of why they did not win, including four references to American bad luck and French good luck, which seemed peculiar to the American colony here, since the players squared off over identical hands—one foursome in the open room and one in the closed room—which would make mere luck seem as improbable as a fifth ace. Jeff Glick, our non-playing captain, reportedly told Buchwald, "The French were a better team,



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and we were unlucky. Our boys were playing against an artificial system, and didn't get the hang of it until too late." Samuel Stayman, three-time world champion and inventor of the Stayman system (which the French seemed well enough acquainted with, since they used it once to double him and put him down), said, "We had some lousy luck. On arriving, our baggage was lost. [Temporarily.] The French were inwardly hostile. Luck was against us. But we have no alibis." In an analysis of the match, Albarran put the French victory down to four factors: the team had better partnership spirit; they were more precise bidders; they had a more dynamic, aggressive style; and they had greater moral and physical resistance, and a seemingly greater will to win. Anyway, it certainly was bad luck about the Americans' having lost their baggage.

THE compilation of a so-called robot photo of a presumed murderer has just led to the confession and arrest of an ex-convict, Robert Avril, in a fascinating demonstration of an obstinate provincial police officer's ultramodern detective methods, of which his Paris superiors disapproved. His robot photo identified and nailed the seventeenth suspect in a baffling international crime that has held French and British attention since late last summer. The murder of Miss Janet Marshall, an English schoolteacher from Nottingham, brutally ended her bicycle tour of Picardy and "the nicest holiday" she could remember, as she wrote on a postcard to a friend. On August 28th, she was discovered garrotted, the cord still around her throat, in a copse outside the village of Belloy-sur-Somme, near Amiens. The investigation fell to Commissaire Divisionnaire Chabot, of the Lille branch of the Sûreté Nationale, who thereupon began patiently assembling a composite portrait of a man with heavy eyebrows, a domed forehead, a flat nose, and a scar on his left cheek—a description given him by people who had seen such a person near the scene of the murder. Chabot based his system on the thousands of photos of criminals in his police files, from which these witnesses (without knowing who the criminals were or what their crimes) were asked first to pick the closest likeness to whatever feature of the suspect's face had struck them most forcibly, and then to do the same for the rest of the visage. In the process, they obviously composed a hypothetical monster, through choosing maybe a parricide's eyes, a gunman's nose, a bank robber's ears, a homicidal

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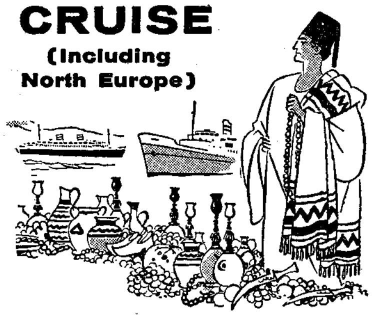

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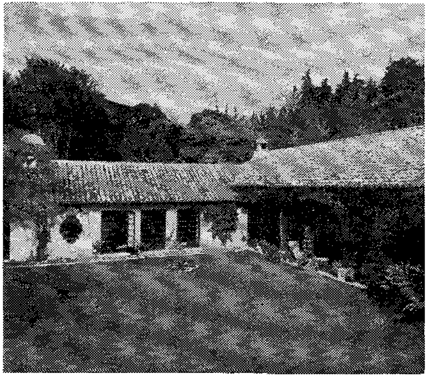

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maniac's chin, and so on. By continually photographing the result of their selections as one composite face, and by having the photographs repeatedly checked and altered by the witnesses (always interviewed singly to prevent unconscious collusion), Chabot finally obtained a piecemeal photographic portrait of an individual who had not sat before the camera for it. Printed only last week in the French papers, almost as a freak police stunt, it was immediately identified by the prison director at Meaux as Avril, an old lag who had served time there, and this, in turn, led to Avril's installation as Suspect No. 17. When the police visited his unsuspecting sister's house in Sucy-en-Brie, near Paris, they found Miss Marshall's camera and bicycle pump and a box of British-manufactured inner-tube patches, and they found Avril, too. After his confession, some newspapers printed his photo alongside the robot photo. The similarity was startling, even though all the witnesses had made the same mistake. Avril has no scar on his left cheek but an atypical deep, furrowed line that cuts into the flesh as a string cuts into lard.

Chabot's only other use of his photo method, in 1953, led to his catching a slippery murderer near Lyon, but his chiefs on the Quai des Orfèvres, in Paris, disapprovingly considered it only a fluke. To catch its criminals, the Quai's famous Bureau d'Identité Judiciaire, headed by a professor, still uses Alphonse Bertillon's classic anthropometric system, which he called *le portrait parlé*, based on morphological characteristics and the differences—not the likenesses—of individuals. But in the Bureau's technical jargon a witness's description of "a prominent hooked nose and an excrescence on his ear lobe" becomes "a convex sinuous nose and a Darwinian tubercle"—of little help to the ordinary citizen in suddenly recognizing a wanted murderer. Since Avril's arrest, credited almost entirely to his picture, even some of the devotees of Bertillon's *portrait parlé* think Chabot's *portrait robot* deserves a second look.

PARIS has been having some trouble with its two most distinguished state entertainment establishments. Last month, the Comédie-Française management split in two, with its younger and older factions suing each other in court, after noisy scenes in the theatre itself, including pamphlet showers from the balcony, and boos. Also, the Opéra has come in for an awful critical lambasting for its recent première of Prokofieff's ballet "Roméo et Juliette." It

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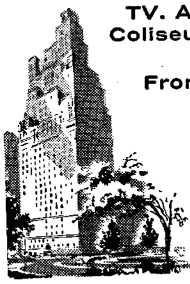

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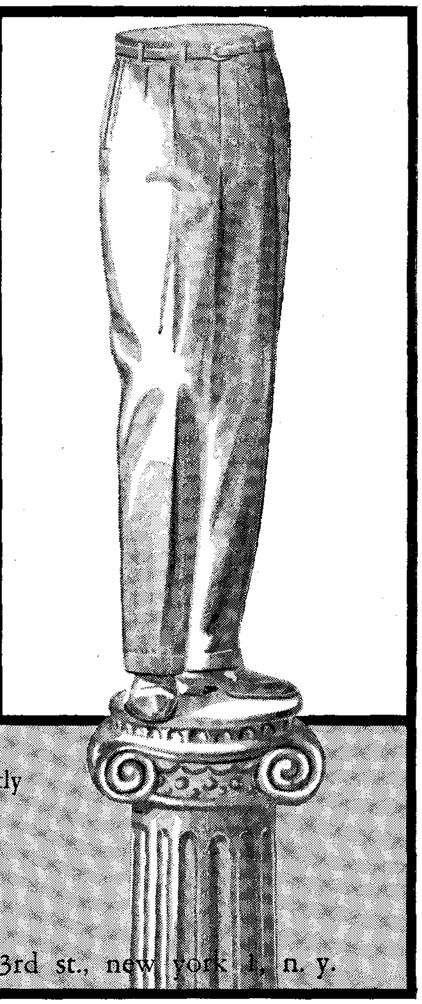
may be recalled that this work was scheduled by Ulanova and her Bolshoi troupe for their first Paris appearance, on May 8, 1954, which was by chance the day after the fall of Dienbienphu. With riots threatened if the Communists performed, and with the French government requesting that the première be delayed, the offended Muscovites packed up and flew home. Prokofieff's opus is still jinxed, to judge by the Opéra's presentation of it, which the critics turned into a rebellion, long boiling here, against Serge Lifar; he not only created the bad choreography, they said, but, dancing as Friar Lawrence, hopped around in it, which was worse. *Le Monde's* ballet critic, Olivier Merlin, disdainfully declared that of the première's fourteen curtain calls only four were authentic, the ten others having been forced by claque applause. (It turned out that the claque was not Lifar's but the Paris Soviet Embassy's, for obvious propaganda purposes.) Merlin later denounced Lifar for having ruined the Opéra's formerly popular Wednesday ballet nights by packing them with his own ballets, by suppressing rival younger Opéra talents, like Jean Babilée, and even by suppressing the best of the Opéra's glorious ballet repertory to keep himself in the limelight. *Figaro's* critic, Claude Baignères, went even further. Citing Lifar's pitiful hops as Friar Lawrence, he warned him, "Be careful, ridiculousness is not far off," adding that it would be "a crime against nature" if Lifar persisted in his "saltatorial activities, which can never again bring glory or prestige"—in other words, publicly advising him to stop dancing, as too old, too fat, and too vain. The critics' rebellion seems to have been effective. Lifar has just announced from Cairo, where he danced a "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" that Paris was glad to miss, that he has now danced for the last time.

IT was not *Life's* article about Secretary of State Dulles that attracted editorial comment from the Paris press but Dulles' explanation at his press conference of how it all happened. The Left Wing, non-Communist *Libération* referred to him as "the incurable M. Dulles." The liberal *Combat* said, "His *gaffe* was a gift to M. Stevenson—and to M. Khrushchev." The conservative *Monde's* report from its Washington correspondent on the Dulles press conference was sharpest of all, saying that Dulles had shown, "to say the least, light-mindedness and negligence," and adding, "Is it possible that his staff's contempt for, or ignorance of, inter-



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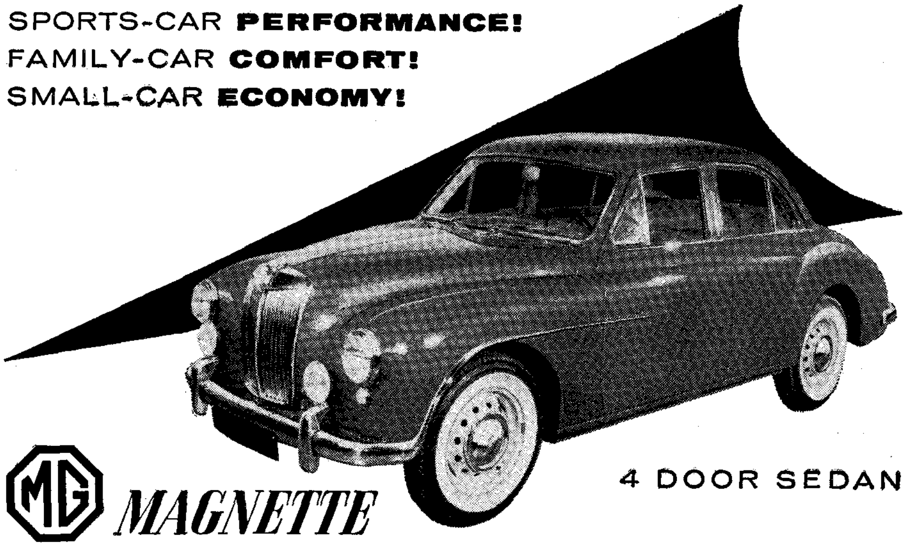

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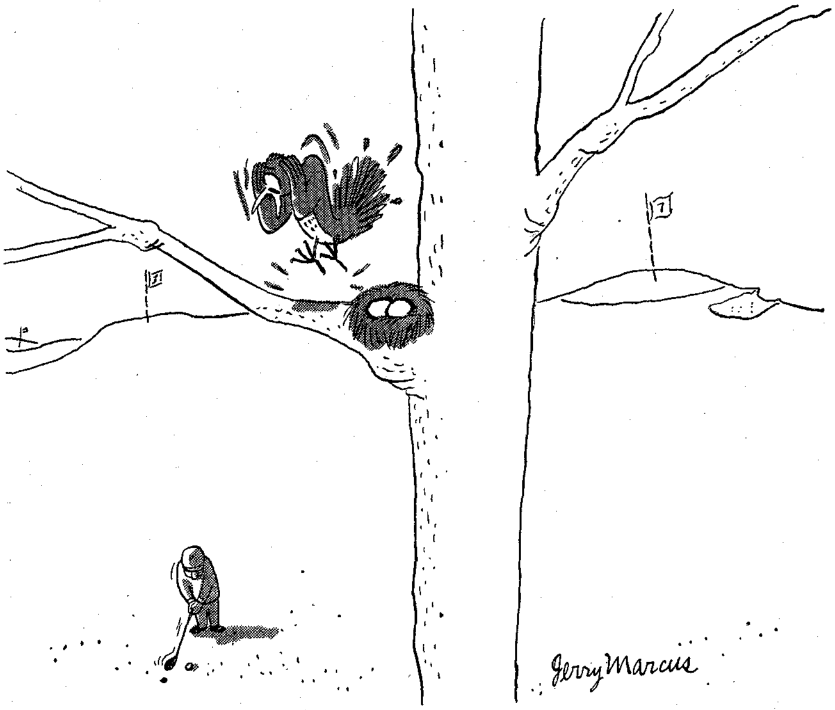

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national opinion could go so far as to have permitted the issuance of a document as dangerous as this . . . which tends to present M. Dulles as a sort of adventurer, his pockets full of atomic bombs, playing with the peace of the world?" The kindest thing *Le Monde's* reporter said was that, in view of the "political ties between Dulles and *le ménage* Luce" and the fact that *Life* had only tried to do him a favor, the whole mixup sounded like nothing so much as Marivaux's "Les Fausses Confidences."

Actually, the French have had their hands full with their own troubles. The new Parliament will sit for the first time this week, traditionally opened (if he is strong enough) by its *doyen* deputy—in this case, the feeble old Communist Marcel Cachin, the ex-Socialist who, in 1921, founded almost singlehanded the French Communist Party, now the Assembly's dominant political group. Nobody knows yet if the Socialists and Mendès-France's Republican Front can set up an admitted minority government as a result of the election confusions. At least, Pierre Poujade, the great election surprise, is now making himself clearer through his weekly magazine, *Fraternité Française*. In a signed editorial in the present issue, he writes of "carpet sellers" and "*pâles métèques*," or half-castes—clearly meaning Jews and, specifically, Mendès-France, who on the front page alone is named nine times, appears once in the headlines as "Mendeski," and is cruelly cartooned three times. At a wildly enthusiastic party meeting here this week, Poujade's chief henchman, Léon Dupont, referred to "Isaac Mendès," and a racist theme at the gathering was "Where were these so-called Frenchmen's ancestors in 1914?" In this week's *Fraternité Française* is a little news item referring to a Jew named Lévy and a recent decision of the Conseil d'Etat upholding him in his request to change his name to Lafay, which had been contested by Bernard Lafay, the Catholic Minister of Health. Poujade's humorous snapper was "I am going to ask the Minister of Justice if I can't change my name to Mendès-France."

—GENÊT

•

Revenue from liquor and beer taxes has jumped more than $125,000 over the estimates for the first quarter of the fiscal year, according to the office of legislative budget assistant Remick H. Laighton. Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Lary of Canaan held open house on the occasion of their recent 50th wedding anniversary.—*Boston Herald.*

That'll do it.

THE RACE TRACK

Hialeah, Nashua, and Swaps

FROM all reports, the most exciting race of opening week at Hialeah was the Hibiscus Stakes, at six furlongs, last Saturday—the first of a series of races for three-year-olds there that will end with the hundred-thousand-dollar Flamingo Stakes next month. Decathlon, carrying top weight, led all the way to beat Liberty Sun by a nose and Come On Red, a 25–1 shot, by a neck. As you may remember, Decathlon created a mild sensation last spring when he won five straight before encountering Needles, who put a stop to his run of luck in the Sapling Stakes, at Monmouth Park. Last month, Decathlon again hit his stride, and won two in a row at Tropical Park, but all the same I'd say best forget him. Like Boston Doge, who won the Hibiscus last year, he can run fast (he did the first quarter in a trifle over twenty-two seconds on Saturday, and that was in the mud) but he can't run far.

The opening of Hialeah, on January 17th, was accompanied by more than the usual amount of hoopla, and no wonder, for the grandstand has been vastly enlarged, and now has a long Sky Terrace, or promenade, plus three escalators, a new restaurant, and a beauty parlor—the first ever set up at a race track. Hialeah also has a new management; Gene Mori and Walter Donovan, both of Garden State Park, are president and vice-president, respectively. Nearly twenty-four thousand sightseers turned out on opening day to inspect the new trappings, and for the long-shot players among them it was a happy occasion indeed, with Apollo, who brought off a 20–1 chance in the Inaugural Handicap, and Tar Queen, who paid a $67.90 mutuel, providing the richest windfalls.

As for the forty-three-day meeting at Tropical Park, which ended just before Hialeah opened, all I can say is it's amazing that so many people bet so much money on such mediocre horses. Perhaps this can be put down to the weather; when Florida gets as chilly as it has been these past weeks, people stay away from the beaches and go to the track, and they have to do something to keep warm. Anyway, total attendance was 436,410, and the mutuel handle was $37,882,866. Out in California, Santa Anita has been operating since the day after Christmas, and from a fiscal point of view it has not been doing badly, but the horses there have been nothing to cheer about, either.

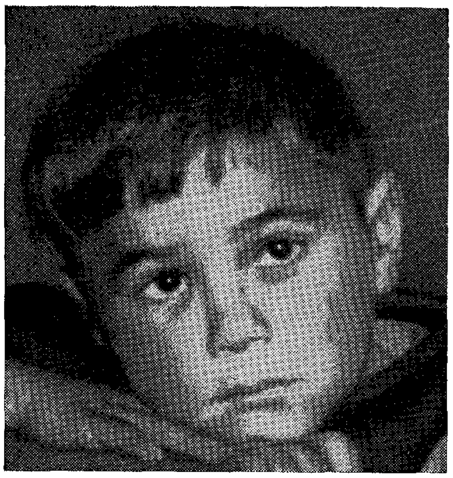
THE most engaging news item of the week, to my mind, was the announcement that the Bowie management has increased the purse of the John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap, which will be run on April 7th—the same day as the Paumonok at Jamaica—to $100,000. Nashua is expected to run in it. Well, last week there was a rumor from California that Bowie had offered to put on a race between Nashua and Swaps, for a purse of $200,000, but I venture to say that what Bowie actually did was invite Rex Ellsworth to enter Swaps in the Campbell. It may interest you to know, incidentally, that Nashua and Swaps have been nominated for the Arlington and the Washington Park Handicaps, both hundred-thousand-dollar numbers, in Chicago this summer.

Nashua is galloping so powerfully these mornings at Hialeah that Mr. Fitz expects to start him in the McLennan Handicap, a week from Saturday, as a warmup for the Widener, on February 18th. Swaps is training well, too. How well is indicated by his odds in the Caliente future book on the Santa Anita Handicap. When the book opened, he was 4–1; the last I heard, a few days ago, he was 8–5. Nashua, originally the favorite, at 3–1, is now 5–1, from which you might deduce that he isn't likely to run in the race; I fancy you'd be right. Shortly after the syndicate headed by Leslie Combs II bought Nashua, Mr. Combs indicated that he would be interested in buying Swaps, too. Of course, he couldn't possibly have had in mind the old maxim "If you can't beat 'em, buy 'em." Still, if you care to know what Jimmy Kilroe, the official handicapper for the New York tracks, thinks about the merits of the two horses, he rates Nashua only one pound better than Swaps for the Santa Anita. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Loew's principal film palaces offer a double-barreled attraction: "Marty," the N.Y. Film drama of the Mau Mau, filmed in color in Kenya, Africa . . .
—*The Post.*

Don't tell us what the other one is.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Podium

IN the thirty years or so during which I have been listening to symphony concerts, the virtuoso conductor has occupied an unrivalled position as the most glamorous figure in the musical world. A glance at the history books will show that this was not always the case; in fact, it was not until the late nineteenth century, when celebrated maestros like Hans von Bülow came along, that anyone paid much attention to conductors or thought of their métier as having the dignity of a specialized art. Today, however, the symphonic conductor outranks even the operatic prima donna in his hold over the romantic emotions of the public, and many people go to symphony concerts not only to hear the music but to watch the great man on the podium while he performs his more or less mysterious rites. I am not, at the moment, in a mood to object to this curious development in musical mores. Great conductors have occasionally thrilled me, too. But I should like to point out that since the conductor does occupy this resplendent position and is, as a rule, the focus of the concertgoers' eyes, the purely visual impression he makes has become one of the inescapable ingredients of a symphonic program. I should also like to point out that the preoccupation of present-day audiences with such purely visual impressions occasionally gets out of hand, and encourages our maestros to feats of heroic choreography that really haven't much to do with the music they conduct.

It is very difficult to draw the line between the musically useful and the irrelevantly theatrical in this matter. I have found myself spellbound by the precise and eminently functional gestures of Arturo Toscanini. I have, at times, been slightly irritated by what seemed to me the overtheatrical visual spectacles provided by such dramatic wielders of the baton as Leopold Stokowski and Leonard Bernstein, though I must admit that both these men are very talented practitioners of their craft. I have watched with mild interest the energetic shrugging and rowing movements of Dimitri Mitropoulos and the incredibly ebullient lunging and fist-shaking of Sir Thomas Beecham, a maestro who has been known to fall off the podium in his enthusiasm, to hurl his baton inadvertently into the wings, and to break his suspenders, holding up his trousers for the remainder of the concert with one hand while conducting with the other. I have taken, and will continue to take, these things in my stride, but I have, of late, been rather disturbed by what appears to me to be an undue and disproportionate interest in them on the part of concertgoers, admen, and magazine photographers. The trouble seems to have started with Toscanini, at the time when candid snapshots of his glowering face and whipping baton flooded the press. It now seems to have reached something of an apogee in a number of melodramatic photographs of conductors, part of a series of advertisements, entitled "The Sound of Genius," that are appearing in the Carnegie Hall programs and elsewhere. One of these photographs suggests an ecstatic hairdresser gesticulating with satisfaction over a completed coiffure, and another recalls certain impressions of Boris Karloff in a movie that, if I remember rightly, was called "The Mummy." The idea, I suppose, is to convey the agony or elation incident to the birth pains of a great symphonic performance, but the general effect strikes me as one of total mental derangement, and is, I think, rather unfair to the subjects of the photographs.

The prevailing notion of what a conductor should look like seems to conform, roughly, to the familiar concept of Jove hurling thunderbolts, and when a maestro makes an imperious gesture toward the brass, for example—the gesture is known, of course, as a cue—his movements are apt to be interpreted by the listener as an inspiring and indispensable call to action. Actually, however, the members of any well-trained symphony orchestra are quite capable of making their entrances without this sort of prodding. The gesture means very little to the orchestra, which needs only a precise and unostentatious beat to help it perform its duties. What it says is said to the audience, and this really boils down to something like "Behold! The brass has come in on time. Is not this impressive?" I have no doubt that this type of gesture is of some interest to auditors who otherwise would not realize that the brass had come in at all. But its bearing on the music that emerges from the orchestra is negligible.

These thoughts occurred to me last week in connection with the appearance of two eminent French conductors who

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undertook their tasks with businesslike practicality and a minimum of theatrical display. One was Pierre Monteux, who presided over Thursday evening's Philharmonic concert with efficient economy of motion. The other was Paul Paray, who appeared with the Philadelphia Orchestra on Tuesday night. It is true that M. Paray fell off the podium at one point, but this mishap was so patently the result of sincere exuberance that I could not bring myself to hold it against him. Elsewhere, he showed a remarkably adult comprehension of the fact that thunderbolt-type cues are totally unnecessary in dealing with an orchestra whose members are as well drilled as the Philadelphians, and he managed to produce several very perceptive performances, including one of Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony that was about as dynamic and scintillating as any I have heard. I was gratified to find that each of these conductors had included an American work in his program, and had chosen it with an unusual regard for solid and serious musical value. M. Monteux played Paul Creston's Second Symphony, and M. Paray played Samuel Barber's Symphony in One Movement, Opus 9. Both these compositions are of great intellectual interest; both are truly symphonic, in the sense that their structure involves the manipulation of themes in a context securely related to tonality; and both have a great deal of personal charm and evocative poetic feeling. It is the occasional appearance of works of this sort on symphonic programs that, to my mind, justifies the hope that American orchestral music may have a distinguished future.

ON Friday evening, the Metropolitan Opera put on Moussorgsky's so-called original "Boris Godunov" for the first time this season, and though I still cling to an unfashionable preference for the tighter and more lyric version edited by Rimski-Korsakov, I must say that the production had its impressive moments. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducted it with insight and discretion, and Jerome Hines provided a very handsome and at times dramatically convincing portrayal of Boris. As for the other members of the cast, most of whom set an excellent standard of singing and acting, I particularly admired Charles Kullman, whose clear enunciation and sense of characterization made the role of Prince Shuiski one of the evening's most exciting features.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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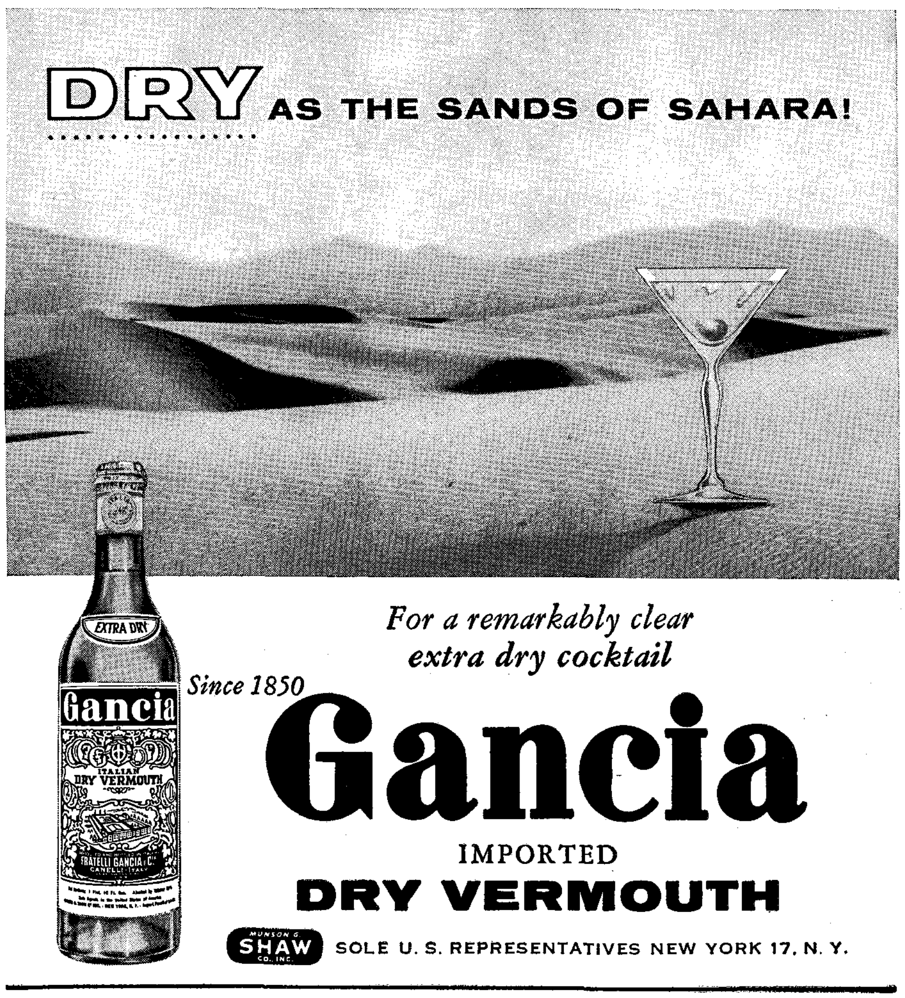
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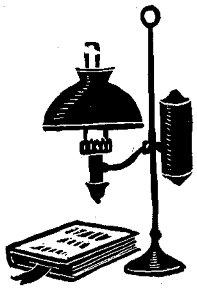


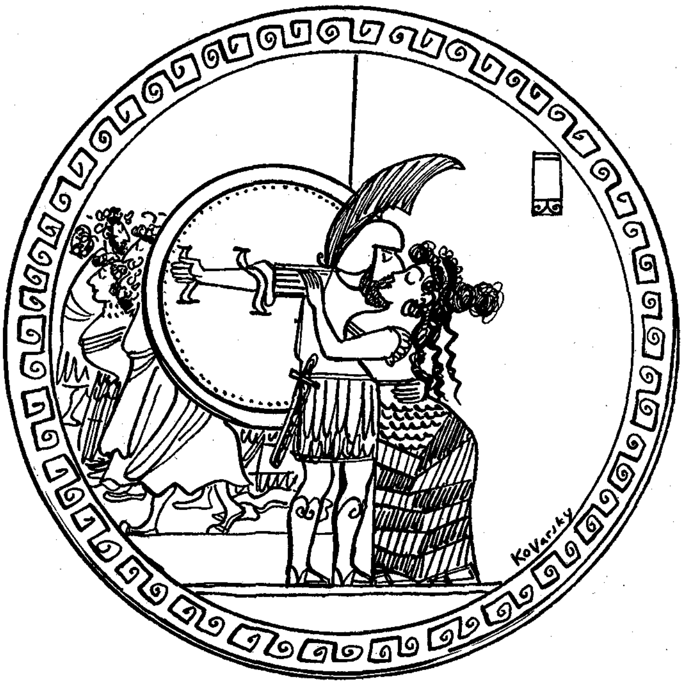
THE publication of "Keep the Aspidistra Flying" (Harcourt, Brace) in this country, twenty years after its first appearance in England, makes most of George Orwell's work available to American readers and provides the occasion for an urgently needed revaluation of it. The novel, which is his second, appeared in 1936, the year he said in his essay "Why I Write" was the critical one of his career, because he felt that during it he discovered what he had to do. This was to write political books designed "to push the world in a certain direction, to alter other people's idea of the kind of society that they should strive after." This throws some light, though not enough, on why "Keep the Aspidistra Flying" is what it is. Taken at its face value, it describes a man's fight to be a poet and a free spirit in a money-ridden society. He loses out because the whole weight of that society bears down on him with all its crass materialism and vulgarity. He has no chance of happiness while he lives by poetic values; as long as he holds to them, he is denied love, creature comforts, and even, it appears, a chance to keep his neck clean:

> The money-stink, everywhere the money-stink. He stole a glance at the Nancy. . . . The skin at the back of his neck was as silky-smooth as the inside of a shell. You can't have a skin like that under five hundred a year. A sort of charm he had, a glamour, like all moneyed people. Money and charm; who shall separate them?

This passage has an obvious stylistic echo of D. H. Lawrence, but there is another echo behind that—of F. Scott Fitzgerald and his tormenting feeling that whatever a man was, and whatever he did, he could never capture the glow that emanated from the rich and marked them out as superior beings. In the passage from which I have just quoted, Orwell's hero, Gordon Comstock, looks across the bookshop where he works and sees the Nancy in exactly the same way that the narrator in "The Great Gatsby" sees Daisy, as a talisman that will reveal his own inadequacy. This echo sounds even more strongly in a passage in which Comstock is horrified to find not only that he has the tiny sum of fivepence halfpenny to last him from midweek to payday but that part of it is a threepenny bit. The discovery fires off a remarkable soliloquy:

> Beastly useless thing! And bloody fool to have taken it! It had happened yesterday, when he was buying cigarettes. "Don't mind a threepenny bit, do you, sir?" the little bitch of a shopgirl had chirped. And of course he had let her give it him. "Oh no, not at all!" he had said—fool, bloody fool!
>
> His heart sickened to think that he had only fivepence halfpenny in the world, threepence of which couldn't even be spent. Because how can you buy anything with a threepenny bit? It isn't a coin, it's the answer to a riddle. You look such a fool when you take it out of your pocket, *unless it's in among a whole handful of other coins.* "How much?" you say. "Threepence," the shopgirl says. And then you feel all round your pocket and fish out that absurd little thing, all by itself, sticking on the end of your finger like a tiddleywink. *The shopgirl sniffs. She spots immediately that it's your last threepence in the world.* You see her glance quickly at it—she's wondering whether there's a piece of Christmas pudding still sticking to it. And you stalk out with your nose in the air, *and can't ever go to that shop again.* No! We won't spend our Joey. Twopence halfpenny left—twopence halfpenny to last till Friday.

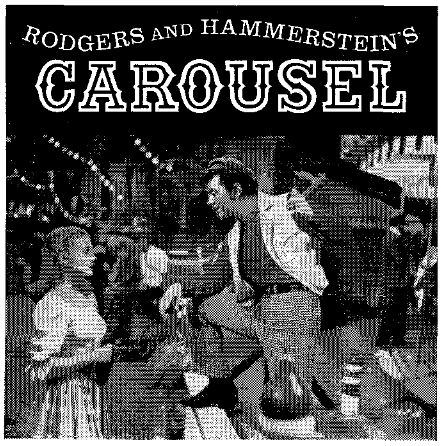
The phrases I have italicized show that this passage is really not about poverty at all but about the mood of a man who feels inadequate and despised because he is not rich. No such social stigma was ever attached to the Joey, the threepenny bit. When Orwell was writing, it was a small coin, the size and color of a dime, and the easiest one of all to lose. There was consequently a prejudice against it as intense as the dislike some Americans have for the two-dollar bill. But that was the limit of the prejudice. Comstock's feeling about shopgirls is as odd in its way as his feeling about the coin. Why should one be a bitch for giving it to him? And why should another one sense that it was his last coin, and despise him? It is the Scott Fitzgerald mania again, the belief that everybody can tell how rich a man is at a glance.



This feeling comes out into the open when Orwell describes Comstock's education:

> Even at the third-rate schools to which Gordon was sent nearly all the boys were richer than himself. They soon found out his poverty, of course, and gave him hell because of it. Probably the greatest cruelty one can inflict on a child is to send it to school among children richer than itself. A child conscious of poverty will suffer snobbish agonies such as a grown-up person can scarcely even imagine.

What follows is another version of Orwell's harrowing essay called "Such, Such Were the Joys," which is a description of his own schooling at Crossgates. Subjectively, if one accepts this account of the process, it is a dreadful business: Two horrible people, animated entirely by the desire to make money and to better their social position, set out to break the spirit of a child and to turn it into a performing freak who will win scholarships when a whip cracks. Objectively, one can see the outline of something else. The school in question charged well-to-do parents high fees and used part of them to subsidize the education of promising boys whose parents couldn't afford to give them that kind of schooling. These subsidized boys were forced along to prepare them for scholarship examinations that would get them into the best schools in England, and they were forced hard because the competition was



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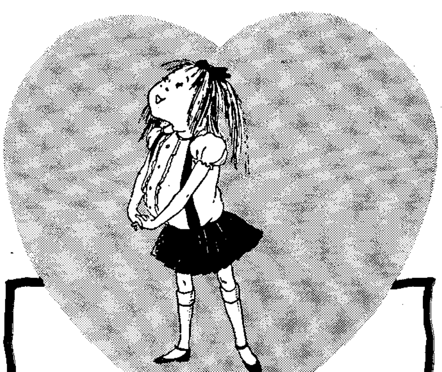
intense. What Orwell represents as an apparatus designed to cripple him was in actuality an attempt to give boys like him a chance to win the best possible start in life. Orwell's hatred of the forcing process, and of the exposure of his parents' financial inadequacy that it involved, was so fierce that he could never admit either the nature of the chance that was being offered or that he was, in fact, offered it. He proclaimed, instead, that he had been given a very bad education and had been maimed by middle-class snobbery. In a sense he had been, and the hurt child's feeling that money is the measure of all things—a notion derived from the experiences at school that are chronicled in "Such, Such Were the Joys"—is treated as the final truth about the adult world in both "Down and Out in Paris and London" and "Keep the Aspidistra Flying." The two books have to be taken in parallel, because Gordon Comstock in the novel makes the trip to the squalors of Gorkyland that Orwell made in reality and that he describes in "Down and Out." Gorky's knowledge of the lower depths was not a matter of tourism; he had no choice about making the exploration. But Orwell, a gifted man, with many friends who were anxious to help him, was never in the grip of real necessity. He sought poverty out in the hope that contact with it would, as he explains in "The Road to Wigan Pier" (1937), purge him of his sense of guilt. Comstock's wretchedness is voluntary, too; all the time he is suffering there is a good job waiting for him at an advertising agency. Orwell, in the following passage, explains the purpose of Comstock's visit in "Keep the Aspidistra Flying" with what seems greater candor than he brings to bear on his own behavior a year later:

> He had finished for ever with that futile dream of being a "writer." After all, was not that too a species of ambition? He wanted to get away from all that *below* all that. Down, down! Into the ghost kingdom, out of reach of hope, out of the reach of fear! Under ground, under ground! That was where he wished to be.
>
> Yet in a way it was not so easy. One night about nine he was lying on his bed, with the ragged counterpane over his feet, his hands under his head to keep them warm. The fire was out. The dust was thick on everything. The aspidistra had died a week ago and was withering upright in its pot. He slid a shoeless foot from under the counterpane, held it up, and looked at it. His sock was full of holes—there were more holes than sock. So here he lay, Gordon Comstock, in a slum attic on a ragged bed with his feet sticking out of his socks, with one and fourpence in the world, with three decades behind him and nothing, nothing accomplished! Surely *now* he was past redemption? Surely, try



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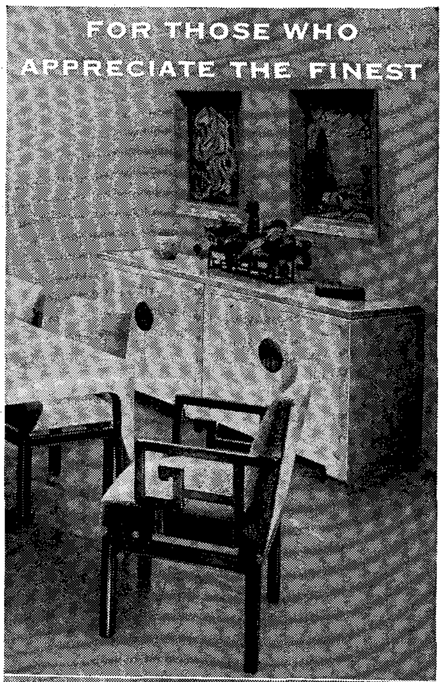

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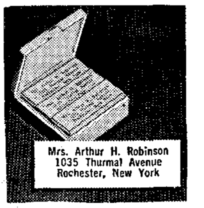

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as they would, they couldn't prise him out of a hole like this? He had wanted to reach the mud—well, this was the mud, wasn't it?

The book goes on to explain that the device of degrading oneself to a point beneath criticism doesn't work, and ends up with the poet beating the system by cynically conforming to it and becoming a success as the advertising man he was clearly born to be. But Orwell writes this "happy" ending without much conviction; his mind is already warming to the idea of a universal smashup. It would destroy the middle class, which had invented the horrible educational machine that had hurt him, and it would destroy the whole world of money values, in which he felt himself inadequate. That Orwell's mind is taking this direction is indicated by a fantasy with which Comstock comforts himself in "Keep the Aspidistra Flying":

> Our civilization is dying. It *must* be dying. But it isn't going to die in its bed. Presently the aeroplanes are coming. Zoom—whizz—crash! The whole western world going up in a roar of high explosives.... In imagination he saw them coming now; squadron after squadron, innumerable, darkening the sky like clouds of gnats. With his tongue not quite against his teeth he made a buzzing, blue-bottle-on-the-window-pane sound to represent the humming of the aeroplanes. It was a sound which, at that moment, he ardently desired to hear.

This fantasy gets out of hand in Orwell's next novel, "Coming Up for Air," in which it figures as a secondary theme. The first mention of bombing comes on page 19, and there is a prophecy of doom on page 24:

> No guns firing, nobody chucking pineapples, nobody beating anybody else up with a rubber truncheon. If you come to think of it, in the whole of England at this moment there isn't a single bedroom window from which anyone's firing a machine gun.
>
> But how about five years from now? Or two years? Or one year?

This note is struck again and again throughout the book, and the passages that strike it take on an increasingly hysterical tone. At last an R.A.F. aircraft drops a bomb into the main street of the little town the hero is visiting in sentimental pursuit of his recollections of youthful happiness. (Needless to say, he finds everything changed, and for the worse.) The accident is described in a screaming fit:

> But the lower rooms had caught the force of the explosion. There was a frightful smashed-up mess of bricks, plaster, chair-legs, bits of varnished dresser, rags of tablecloth, piles of broken plates and chunks of a scullery sink. A jar of marmalade had rolled across the floor, leaving a

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> long streak of marmalade behind, and running side by side with it there was a ribbon of blood. But in among the broken crockery there was lying a leg. Just a leg with the trouser still on it and a black boot with a Woodmilne rubber heel. This is what the people were oo-ing and ah-ing at....
>
> I'll tell you what my stay in Lower Binfield had taught me, and it was this. *It's all going to happen.* All the things you've got at the back of your mind, the things you're terrified of, the things you tell yourself are just a nightmare or only happen in foreign countries. The bombs, the food queues, the rubber truncheons, the barbed wire, the colored shirts, the slogans, the enormous faces, the machine guns squirting out of bedroom windows. It's all going to happen. I know it—at any rate I knew it then. There's no escape. Fight against it if you like, or look the other way and pretend not to notice, or grab your spanner and rush out to do a bit of face smashing along with the others. But there's no way out. It's just something that's got to happen....
>
> The bad times are coming, and the streamlined men are coming too. What's coming afterwards I don't know, it hardly even interests me. I only know that if there's anything you care a curse about, better say goodbye to it now, because everything you've ever known is going down, down, into the muck, with the machine guns rattling all the time.

There are two minor points of interest about this. One is that Lower Binfield, the place of remembered happiness in "Coming Up for Air," is also the place, in the closing chapters of "Down and Out in Paris and London," where Orwell is accepted by the tramps as one of their fraternity. The other point is the echo of the phrase "down, down, into the muck," from Comstock's reverie about his self-degradation in "Keep the Aspidistra Flying." But the important one is that this passage, written in 1939, contains the entire substance of a novel written ten years later—"1984." There is clearly something perverse in this. By then the squadrons of planes had done their worst, and Lower Binfield—which may be taken as a symbol for ordinary England—had not only known the dramatic, apocalyptic terror of concentrated bombing attacks but had experienced the mass impoverishment and long-drawn-out near-starvation that brings on revolutionary crises. The British declined to go to pieces under the strain; the big faces, the colored shirts, and the rubber truncheons never appeared, and no machine guns squirted out of bedroom windows. It would be unfair, perhaps, to say that Orwell was disappointed, but at any rate he felt cheated. Like a number of other writers who had thought themselves ill-used by prewar society and had been unconsciously looking forward to Armageddon and

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social shipwreck, he consoled himself by constructing a fantasy of universal ruin. "1984" is not a rational attempt to imagine a probable future; it is an aggregate of "all the things you've got at the back of your mind, the things you're terrified of." Most of these, in "1984," are of an infantile character, and they clearly derive from the experience described in "Such, Such Were the Joys." At Crossgates, women—the headmaster's wife and the "grim statuesque matron"—were particularly dangerous; they seemed to be spying on Orwell all the time, and whenever they caught him doing anything they handed him over to "the head" for physical punishment. This idea crops up early in "1984":

> Winston had disliked her from the very first moment of seeing her. He knew the reason. It was because of the atmosphere of hockey fields, and cold baths, and community hikes and general clean-mindedness which she managed to carry about with her. [This is, of course, the essence of the English private-school atmosphere.] He disliked nearly all women, and especially the young and pretty ones. It was always the women, and above all the young ones, who were the most bigoted adherents of the Party, the swallowers of slogans, the amateur spies and nosers out of unorthodoxy.

But the real horror of Crossgates is that the masters seem, by some kind of magical omniscience, to know what every boy does and even what he thinks. This horror appears in "1984," and in the first fifteen hundred words:

> The telescreen received and transmitted simultaneously. Any sound that Winston made, above the level of a very low whisper, would be picked up by it; moreover, so long as he remained within the field of vision which the metal plaque commanded, he could be seen as well as heard. There was of course no way of knowing whether you were being watched at any given moment. How often, or on what system, the Thought Police plugged in on any individual wire was guesswork. It was even conceivable that they watched everybody all the time.

The whole pattern of society shapes up along the lines of fear laid down in "Such, Such Were the Joys" until the final point of the dread summons to the headmaster's study for the inevitable beating. In "1984," the study becomes Room 101 in the Ministry of Love, and the torturers correspond closely to the schoolmasters; in fact, they use some of the tricks Orwell complains of in his picture of Crossgates. Even the idea of Big Brother, which seems to be drawn from a rational examination of the propaganda technique of dictatorship, goes back to the same source. Big Brother, the feared dictator whom everyone pre-

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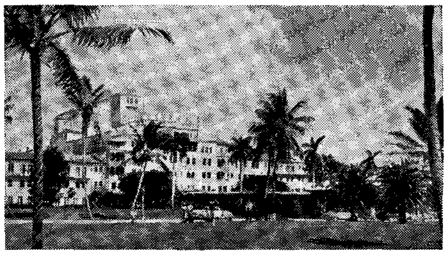

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tends to love, is really Bingo, the headmaster's wife:

> How difficult it is for a child to have any real independence of attitude could be seen in our attitude towards Bingo. I think it would be true to say that every boy in the school hated and feared her. Yet we all fawned on her in the most abject way, and the top layer of our feelings towards her was a sort of guilt-stricken loyalty. Bingo, although the discipline of the school depended more on her than on Sim [her husband], hardly pretended to dispense justice. She was frankly capricious. An act which might get you a caning one day might next day be laughed off as a boyish prank, or even commended because it "showed you had guts." . . . Although my memories of Bingo are mostly hostile, I also remember considerable periods when I basked in her smiles, when she called me "old chap" and used my Christian name, and allowed me to frequent her private library, where I first made acquaintance with "Vanity Fair." . . . Whenever one had the chance to suck up, one did suck up, and at the first smile one's hatred turned into a sort of cringing love.

This passage from "Such, Such Were the Joys" does a good deal to explain why the opening scene of "1984" ends with the hero committing his hatred of Big Brother to writing in his diary, and why the book ends, when he has had his punishment in Room 101, with his tearful declaration that "he loved Big Brother." In between, the hero's spirit is broken by a man called O'Brien, in reality his enemy, who pretends to be his friend and even lends him a forbidden book he wants to read. As these parallels fall into place, one after another, like the tumblers in a combination lock, it is possible to see how Orwell's unconscious mind was working. Whether he knew it or not, what he did in "1984" was to send everybody in England to an enormous Crossgates to be as miserable as he had been.

There is another aspect of "1984" that merits examination: In it, the bombing nightmares that occur in "Keep the Aspidistra Flying" and "Coming Up for Air" repeat themselves with manic violence and a generalized sadism that is clearly beyond control. They begin in the first dozen pages, with an account of a newsreel in which a child is mutilated, and they continue throughout the book, alternating with even uglier fantasies about torture. The pretext is political realism, but it is hard not to feel that what is involved is to a considerable extent a matter of rousing fear for fear's sake. The book is Gothic, in the pejorative eighteenth-century sense of the word, in that it seems to relish the murky and the horrible. But this is not surprising; the mind behind the book is Gothic, and it reveals its characteristic pattern of distortion in the

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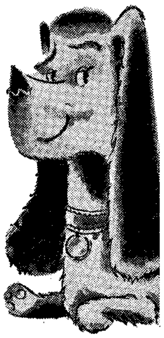


TWO WORLD FAMED HOTELS IN Mexico
HOTEL DEL PRADO
MEXICO CITY
and in ACAPULCO
HOTEL PRADO-AMERICAS

most astonishing contexts, sometimes in ways that are almost touching. While in Marrakech in 1939, Orwell feeds a gazelle:

> Though it took the piece of bread I was holding out it obviously did not like me. It nibbled rapidly at the bread, then lowered its head and tried to butt me, then took another nibble and then butted again. Probably its idea was that if it could drive me away the bread would somehow remain hanging in mid-air.

Orwell cannot, or will not, remember that while they are sucklings the young of all such creatures butt their mothers as a signal to let down their milk, and form a habit that they tend to repeat when hand-fed with anything they like. Horses do it gently when you feed them sugar lumps. It is anything but a gesture of dislike. But then, there is nothing in the realm of common or uncommon experience that Orwell cannot stand on its head and interpret in a negative and essentially paranoid sense. There is another revelation of this warping in the first verse of the poem he wrote in 1935, and which he quotes in "Why I Write":

> A happy vicar I might have been
> Two hundred years ago
> To preach upon eternal doom
> And watch my walnuts grow.

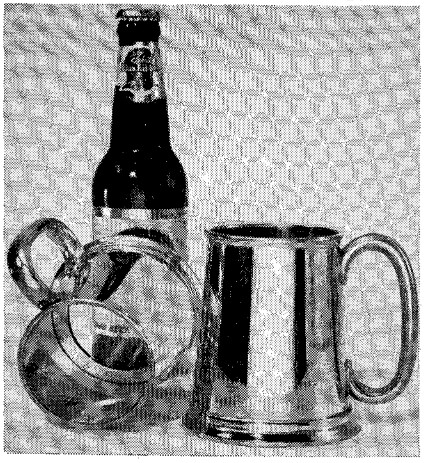
Vicars, as Christian ministers, are supposed to preach a gospel of love, and an offer of salvation, even now. The truth is that if Orwell had been a vicar two hundred years before he composed this verse, he would have been a Dean Swift, flinching from the same things with the same passion, and we would write of him as a French critic has written of Swift, "He carries the rational criticism of values to a point where it menaces and impairs the very reasons for living." We would also say of him, as the same critic has said of Swift, that "his personality is a problem which has not as yet disclosed the whole of its secret." Bad as Crossgates was, and bad as the state of the world was during Orwell's lifetime, neither justified a picture of a future order in which all children are treacherous and cruel, all women dangerous, and all men helpless unless cruel and conscienceless. Only the existence of a hidden wound can account for such a remorseless pessimism.

—ANTHONY WEST

•

A 100-pound doe was killed when it ran into a car driven by J. Everett DeChambeau in North Falmouth last evening. Town game warden picked up the deer to turn it over to the house of correction.—*Falmouth (Mass.) Enterprise.*

Too late.



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